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THE
CALL OF THE WORLD

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THE CALL OF THE WORLD

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REMINISCENCES OF A YEAR'S TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

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BY

ARDASER SORABJEE N. WADIA, M.A.

Sometime Professor of English and History, Elphinstone College, Bombay; Dakshina Fellow in Natural Science; Author of "Reflections on the Problems of India," "The Message of Zoroaster," and "Fate and Free-Will"

"Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound where it will, I will go with this book in my hand and I will say aloud, 'There is what I have done, what I have thought and what I have been.'"—*Rousseau.*

A A-d-40

1918

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" The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way."

Ruskin.

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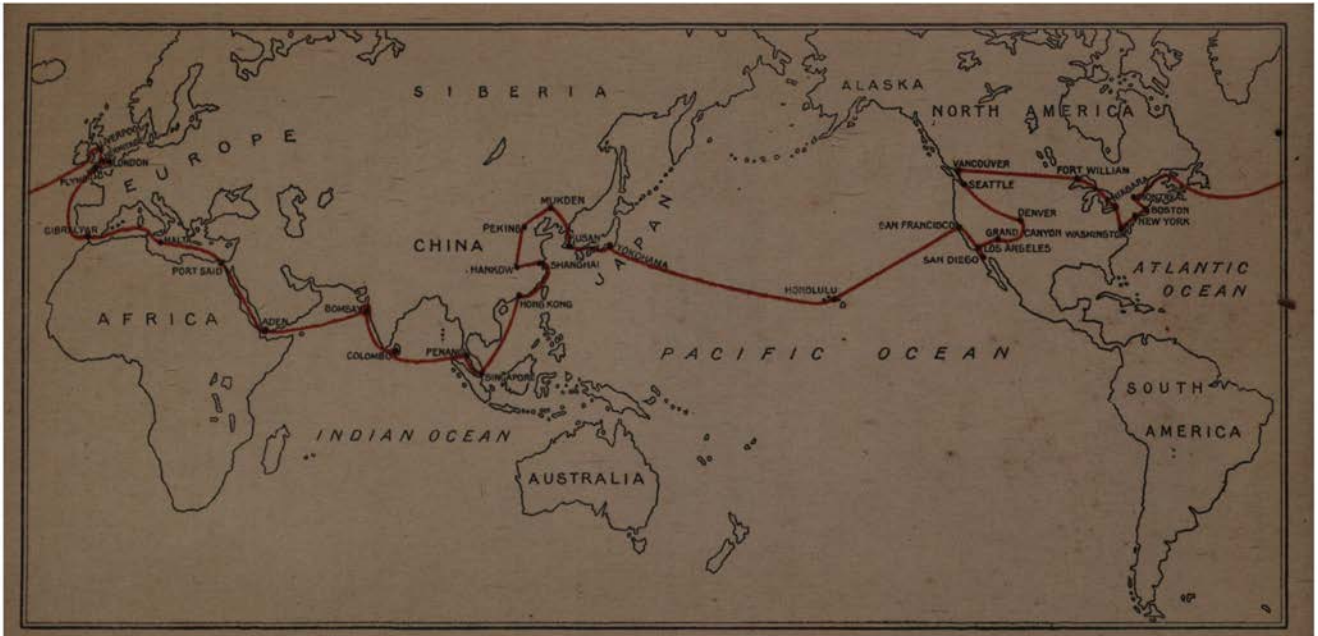
" Could I but write the things I see,
My world would haste to gaze with me.
But since the traitor Pen hath failed
To paint earth's loveliness unvĕiled,
I can but pray my folk who read—
For lavish Will take starveling Deed."

Kipling.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF TRAVEL

"The earnestness and studied self-conscious concentration of the tourist defeat their own end. It is the careless fleeting glance that registers vivid and lasting memories, not the puckered brow and screwed-up eye." *Mark Twain.*

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To

Marie Corelli

" But to get all the enjoyment out of an author's imagination, we, who read his book, must ourselves ' imagine ' with him. We must let him take us where he will; we must not draw back and refuse to go with him. We must not approach him in a carping spirit, or make up our minds before opening his book, that we shall not like it."

Marie Corelli.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

MY DEAR MISS CORELLI,

One November evening as I was having my usual bicycle-ride, quite unexpectedly a thought streamed into my mind—as if some hidden voice had whispered to me in so many words—"Why *don't* you go round the world?" Fanciful and baseless as those words undoubtedly were, in them nevertheless I seemed to hear the Call of the World. At any rate, *wanderlust* seized me on the instant and I had, before I got down from my bicycle, outlined a world-tour in my mind which, incredible as it may seem, I eventually took practically as I had planned it out on the impulse of the moment that eventful evening.

As the tour owes its origin to a chance thought, so also does the book to a chance word of a friend of mine who came to see me soon after my return home. He asked me on what I intended writing next. I said I had no definite plans, but I might do the next book of my "Message" Series or take up the subject which has always fascinated me—namely, of Superman. Upon which he said, "Why won't you for once leave your ethics and politics and philosophy aside and write on something lighter—say, on your recent travels!" I replied I had no aptitude whatever for that sort of writing. "But

why won't you try?" he remonstrated. Be this as it may, that last word got fixed into my mind and I "tried" with the result you see.

Having thus never intended writing of my travels, I never in all my tour kept a diary. Consequently, I was—except for such help as I could get from letters written home—entirely dependent on my memory for the writing of these pages. That being so, it is quite possible, nay, very probable that my memory may have failed me in some cases and here and there, all unknown to me, partial inaccuracies may have crept in in the general statement of facts and incidents. This I am the more anxious to state at the very commencement, as the book—as you will have noted from the subsidiary title—purports to give reminiscences of my tour, and of these quite an important part naturally consists of what was said in my presence by different people on different occasions. I have tried to recall the words and phrases actually used, and though ordinarily I have found my memory quite trustworthy, it is not unlikely that it may have betrayed me in particular instances and my friends and acquaintances may even detect it actually mis-reporting them. I, however, feel confident that when they consider the circumstance which led to their being misreported, they will look with an indulgent eye on the unintentional wrong I may have done them in the above instances. But I am not so sure that three or four of them would be so easily inclined to extend the same courtesy to me in cases where I have knowingly trespassed upon the confidence

they all too trustingly reposed in me and narrated certain incidents in which they were immediately concerned and which by all the rules of polite society it was incumbent upon me to keep closely guarded. I am the more concerned because these incidents touch—as you with *your* intuition will have assuredly guessed—the sex not my own. But I have learnt to place above the considerations of sex, before the obligations of friendship or the rules of polite society, the claims of Literature. Her cause is more sacred to me than any other, and the least of her claims I consider to be the most solemn obligation of my life. And the least she could claim of me in a book of reminiscences is that I should just be true to myself and faithfully record every leading incident of my tour without demur and without remorse.

This same sense of what I in duty owe to Literature has made me take up a rather controversial subject which some of my friends, in whose judgment I have ordinarily much confidence, said "had better be left alone" at the present juncture of things, especially as I could not bring myself in line with the opinion which at present prevails everywhere and finds favour both with "the thinking few and the unthinking many." But to leave for any consideration, weighty or otherwise, a topic of such absorbing interest and of such momentous consequence as the present War, alone and undiscussed, was to me unthinkable. To demand that because I could not in all instances see eye to eye with the ordinary Britisher, I should deprive myself of the most elementary rights of British citizenship—

namely, of Free Discussion and Private Judgment —is simply preposterous!

It was also remarked to me that there is too much of a personal note in the book, which, being confessedly a travel-book, should have been confined strictly to mere description of the sights I saw and the people I met. Before you turn over many pages you will perceive the justice of the remark; but then I had no ambition of writing another Murray or Baedeker or rivalling the claims of these acknowledged masters in their own branch of literature. Besides, what note could be more insistent in Reminiscences than a personal note—what more natural? I am, moreover, an impressionist of literature and to me, in consequence, nature and its creations have, from a purely artistic standpoint, no meaning and no value except as they leave a definite impression on my being and evoke a responsive chord thereof.

Believe me,
Most truly and sincerely yours,
A. S. WADIA

"WOODLANDS," PAREL, BOMBAY.
May 1, 1917.

ACROSS THE SEAS

" Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night! "

Byron.

CHAPTER I

ACROSS THE SEAS

LEAVING home is always a difficult task. In the East it is specially so. The parents being used to have the children with them all their lives are naturally averse to the idea of parting from them for any length of time: and the children being brought up in the habit of dependence on their parents show a certain hesitation to face the coldness and loneliness of the outside world. However, in my case the initial difficulties were considerably smoothed down by the fact of my mother having once before faced such a "calamity," and I, though habituated and loving like a true Easterner to be mothered, yet unlike him, felt cramped at home and longed to breathe the free air of the open world. So one November afternoon, after taking leave of my people and friends who had come to wish me Godspeed, I got on a waiting tender and a few minutes later found myself on board the P. & O. *Arabia*.

Ere yet it was light we began to move slowly out of the harbour and then faster and faster till one by one the dearly-remembered landmarks of my own city and birth-place disappeared in the grey of early morn. It took some time to settle down in my new surroundings. When I did, I found that the boat was simply crowded with the wives and children of

the officers who had gone to fight the battles of the Empire on the various fronts in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The officers not having been told where they were being sent, their wives in consequence were left in the dark as to their whereabouts. To the natural anxiety they felt for their husbands, this little circumstance, I noticed, added ever so much, and many a poor woman sighed in my presence and said that if she could only come to know *where* her husband was, a great weight would be lifted off her mind.

It was a veritable rule of the weak on board. The infants took possession of the best part of the deck with their "cages" and "prams" and what was left of it was in easy command of the rest of the children who romped about the deck, chased each other, and in all other ways made enough noise to scare a timid bachelor like me from whatever projects he may have formed about his future. Besides this wholesome pest, there were the Anglo-Indians. From long personal experience I knew of their delectable ways towards those who had the misfortune to be born outside their caste. But then the newspapers had sent me on board with the impression that the War had altered matters considerably and a new and healthier spirit was abroad. And if it were as it was said, it would hardly have been a matter of surprise to me. For it was hard to believe that the simple justice and evident truth of the proposition—namely, that people belonging to the same empire and owing allegiance to the same crowned head were to all intents and purposes fellow-citizens and that as such it was not unnatural that in the same

grade of society any one part of it should deem itself on a footing of perfect equality with any other—should for ever lie beyond the capacity of the average Anglo-Indian brain. But a few days on board soon showed me the folly of trusting to newspaper-reports and more so of believing that reason and justice were ordinarily stronger forces in the world than sentiment and prejudice. Not that there was a single instance of positive rudeness or open offensiveness. But there was that irritating distance, that calculated coldness which without wounding makes one bleed within in muffled oaths. To get away therefore from the nuisance of children and the distant courtesy of my fellow-passengers, I sought for the most part of the day the shelter and quiet of the reading-saloon. I either wrote or read and passed the one quiet hour I got on deck before tea in lying down at full-length on my deck-chair and watching the heaving bosom of the sea as I revolved in my mind the things I had been reading in the morning.

The books I had with me were *The Great Illusion* and the famous Bernhardi. No two books could be in greater contrast! Each day I read a couple of chapters from both and gave an impartial hearing to the arguments they advanced for the special cause each had at heart. I found Norman Angell had a wonderful command of arguments and a still more wonderful knack of arranging them so as to produce in the mind of a lay reader an instant conviction—a little bit too much so, I thought—of the futility of war and the possibility of having universal peace. Bernhardi, on the other hand, I felt indulged

in loose thinking, slurred over his opponent's arguments, and by taking up the cause of a particular country in his general defence of war laid himself open to the charge of special pleading. Being somewhat of a student of German philosophy and a devoted disciple of Nietzsche in particular and having always felt that the War was in the nature of things, I have had little patience with the puerile platitudes of an ordinary pacifist. The case, however, was different when one came across such an exponent of the creed as Norman Angell. Besides, I had then but too recently read of the doings of the Germans in Belgium and of other minor tragedies inseparable from war not to feel, in spite of my convictions to the contrary, a natural sympathy with the great cause which Angell upheld. It is true enough that many of the axioms of modern state-craft are no longer true and that in a war the winning side on the whole, both economically and politically, is more of a loser than a gainer. All this is true enough and sound enough. But what the pacifists—and for the matter of that the theorists as a class—forget is that human action never was and never could be regulated on the principles of profit-and-loss philosophy. Man shall not live by bread alone! In human life there are elements and chances, motives and ideals—forces dark and ungovernable which defy analysis and deride at reason. There is the vaulting human ambition to be satisfied and the superfluous human energy to be employed. There are those nameless outbursts of passion and those mysterious stirrings of the imagination for an object

the very nature of which one cannot clearly explain even to one's self. It is all well and good to say that human energy and ambition ought to find a nobler outlet than in the shedding of human blood and the laying waste of fair lands and populated cities, and that those mysterious stirrings of the imagination would find a wider and worthier field in the creation of works of art and literature and human passion and prowess in mastering the wild forces of nature or in wresting her closely-guarded secrets from her. Still as fact and history stand and human nature being what it is, *the contending element* in it will never be eradicated nor find employment in any set direction but will run into channels the most varied and the most opposite—

> " And, for ever and for ever,
> As long as the river flows,
> As long as life has passions,
> As long as life has woes—
> The moon and her broken reflections,
> And the shadows *shall* appear
> Like the symbol of love in the heavens
> And its wavering image here."

We touched Aden, passed through the Red Sea and before long sighted Suez. Soon we entered the Canal and as the steamer proceeded tediously up its turbid waters we saw the first signs of war in the shape of some freshly laid graves of Indian troops round which their comrades stood mourning. Next morning we touched Port Said, stopped and coaled and left in the afternoon. A French cruiser accompanied us for some distance and we had not

proceeded very far when a breeze sprang up, beat up the waters of that shallow sea and for the first time we experienced rough weather. And so it kept till we reached Malta. I shall never forget the sight this ancient isle presented as we approached its age-worn walls and embattled heights. The moment I stepped on shore I felt several centuries slipping away from under my feet and myself carried back as if in a dream to the age of the Crusaders. The Maltese cross, the heraldic device of the knights of St. John, the quaint black hood of the women and the prevailing yellow mellowed by time, all went to make the illusion complete. It seemed as if nature had purposely adapted it to play the part it did in the chronicles of mediæval romance and chivalry; and even to-day its unique position and the old-world air about it would provide a perfect setting for many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. The three hours we were there flew all too fast and not without casting many a long, lingering look behind did I retrace my steps back to the steamer. Here happened an incident trifling in its bearing which yet was of peculiar significance to me as it brought to light in its own little way the traditional English trait of pluck and tenacity. As we were slowly moving out of the harbour, our attention was drawn to a little boat some distance away pulling for all she was worth to overtake us. As the tide and wind were against her and we were by then steaming at a fairly good speed it seemed hopeless that she could ever manage to reach us. But the little thing persisted and we all leaned over the deck-rail and watched admiringly

the plucky though unavailing efforts of its occupants. When we had moved out a good distance and slowed down to drop the pilot, the Captain on learning that the little struggling object in the distance contained a belated passenger, gave orders to stop the steamer for a few minutes. But as we were by then fairly out in the open sea, and as each moment the in-going tide was getting stronger and stronger, the boat, in spite of the frantic efforts of its men, seemed to make no headway whatever and every one on board felt certain the poor man would be left behind. But we had reckoned without the man and the race to which he belonged. For there he bravely stood up in his tossing craft and went on steadily urging his little band of men unmindful of the tide and the obvious impossibility of reaching the steamer. We had in the meantime dropped our pilot, who, taking in the situation to the great joy of us all, went in the direction of the boat and transferred the unfortunate individual to his own. The pilot's boat being better manned, it got the better of the wind and wave and was soon alongside our ship, and next moment, amid the general cheers of us all, Major James, late of the Cashmere Durbar, ran up the gangway.

As the Mediterranean was not then infested with the little " U " nuisances, we sailed each night with all lights switched on. But for the care-worn faces of women on board, we might have forgotten the very existence of war. After leaving Malta, as Marseilles was then closed to ordinary traffic, we made straight for Gibraltar. The day after we left Malta was a

veritable halcyon day. There was not a fleck of cloud anywhere and just a suspicion of a breeze which barely touched the almost glassy waters of the Mediterranean. To cap all, it was most agreeably cold with the sun bright and high in the heavens. Her own bright mood nature seemed to have imparted to those on board, for we were all throughout that day in the best of spirits and every one seemed to be particularly anxious to be agreeable to every other. Next day I happened to discuss Bernhardi with a colonel who came to return the copy I had lent him. The conversation turned upon the historic speech of Sir Edward Grey and the then recent oration of Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall and the reasons which they said forced England to take up arms. I asked him if England could in strict justice advance the pleas of the preservation of smaller nationalities and of the violation of solemn treaties as two of the principal reasons which necessitated her entry into the war. "Why not?" interrogated the Colonel. "How could she," I questioned, "in the face of History? If she had upheld the rights of smaller nationalities, what would have been her history? India, Burma, and Ceylon, Egypt and Malay States would not have been under her sway, and Ireland, Scotland, and Wales should in all conscience have been left free and independent to work out their own national evolutions." "Besides," I went on to inquire, "in her chequered history, has England been never known to go back on her word? Has she not at times found it impossible to keep to her treaty-obligations? That beautiful

island we just left, would it have been in her possession had she carried out the first clause of the Peace of Amiens? Have not some of her own great men [1] taken her severely to task for breaking that solemn engagement?" "I don't know much about that Peace," remarked the Colonel, "but even were it all as you say, is not the world better off for that? And are you not in India happier for being under our rule?" "Undoubtedly so," I replied, "and that is why I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of British rule and have argued with my friends that we ought to meet the entire expense of our several expeditionary forces and thus take our full share of the Imperial burdens just as the Colonies are so worthily doing. But for all my admiration of British rule I cannot willingly turn my back on the pages of history. England cannot magisterially impose rules upon others which she has never been particularly over-zealous to carry out herself." I then asked him where was the necessity of our entering into controversial matters which needlessly laid ourselves open to the cold, discomfiting scrutiny of history and the not unjustifiable taunts of our enemy, when one of the reasons

[1] *e.g.* Fox, Scott, Hazlitt, Lockhart, and Alison. Fox, in one of those impassioned outbursts of his for justice and fair-play which so distinguished him even among the galaxy of noble-minded men around him, exclaimed:—"No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us—greater than we thought at first—to break a solemn engagement—to retain Malta, for instance—would be an unworthy breach of faith which would compromise the honour of Britain. . . ."

advanced by Grey was quite sufficient to justify the momentous step he took. England's independence is vitally connected with that of Belgium, and as every nation has an undeniable right to fight when its independence is threatened and as each nation is the sole arbiter of its own action, England was perfectly justified in taking up arms for the effective preservation of her own independence.

It was still dark when on the third morning after we left Malta we sighted the historic Rock. A luminous haze of indescribably lovely hue veiled the nearer hills and the distant mountain peaks. I had noticed this particular hue in many a painting of Turner's, but having never observed it in nature myself, I thought the mists owed their lovely tint to his prolific imagination rather than to nature. But the longer I live and the more keenly I observe nature the clearer I realise Turner's greatness, and the more deeply I feel the truth of Ruskin's statement that Turner followed nature more faithfully than anybody ever did before, and that when any one noticed any fault in Turner on this score, the fault lay not with Turner but with the person's faulty observation and limited knowledge of nature. We were given but three hours to do "Gib." I employed them in going to the terraced park, seeing it and walking up the mountain-road leading to the Galleries. I must have walked for quite two miles when at a bend of the road a superb panorama of a distant range of hills enclosing a peaceful bay burst upon my view. It was a sight to tarry and dream over, and long I paused and dreamily I watched the

tiny vessels as they sailed lazily over the still, blue waters of the bay. Gibraltar seems to be a great place for fruits. I remember having a huge bunch of Loyola grapes—perhaps the most luscious I have ever had—all for thr'pnce. We had not left the Rock long behind when there blew a gale and soon there was a heavy swell on the sea which became quite rough, and thus it continued day after day all the way across the Bay and up the Channel. Poor *Arabia* rolled and tossed and pitched like a little boat, but nothing daunted she plunged headlong into the heavy seas and kept her course true. It made a magnificent sight to see those waves break over her bow, and once it became so rough indeed that the waters dashed right over the hurricane-deck and the tooth-brush and the shaving-stick and the rest of the little things in my cabin took suddenly into their heads to play at hide-and-seek all up and down and round the corners. Being not much of a sailor, and unused as I was to the rigours of winter, I had none too pleasant a time those days. What with its fog and cold, high wind and high seas, this was certainly the most trying part of the voyage and its gloom was but once relieved by a little excitement we had early one morning at four, when an unknown cruiser suddenly came out of the dark, steamed up within hailing distance and peremptorily ordered us to stop. Hearing the lascars run up and down the deck, most of us jumped off our berths and rushed out in what at the moment we happened to have on. Having congregated at a corner of the deck, we anxiously watched the movements of the

mysterious warship. Soon a boat was seen leaving her in our direction and a little later we found that we were pulled out of our bunks at that unearthly hour just to give us a chance of seeing an officer of His Majesty's Navy come on board to proceed Home on sick-leave. As we entered the Channel the weather became worse, so much worse indeed that the Captain would not risk an entrance into Plymouth harbour, though we were tossing and pitching for the whole day within twenty miles of it. The day following seemed equally bad, but as the morning advanced the waters became quieter, the mists of a sudden rolled off, and there in front of our eagerly scanning eyes stood England.

IN ENGLAND

" When walking with me in Richmond Park or elsewhere, Borrow would frequently stop, look round and murmur, ' Beautiful England! ' and then begin to declare eloquently that there was not in the world a country to be compared with it for beauty, virtue, valour, truth, time-honoured age, and love-exalted youth."

Watts-Dunton.

CHAPTER II

IN ENGLAND

NEARLY a whole day was lost in Plymouth getting ashore. But once landed, we found a P. & O. express in waiting ready to carry us to London. It was quite dark when we left Plymouth, but the tedium of the long journey was fortunately relieved later on by the moon appearing and lighting up the country along our course. It was very nearly eleven when we steamed into Paddington and, as expected, I found my English mother waiting on the platform to welcome me "home." The reader, I am sure, must be puzzled to read the last sentence, so I had better, before proceeding further, put in a line in explanation. Eight years ago at Easter-tide, I happened to be in Rome and one afternoon as I was moving out of the lounge of my hotel, an English lady somewhat advanced in years turned round and asked me if I was the Mr. Wadia whose name she noticed on the hotel-register. When I had satisfied her curiosity, she went on to inquire if I was related to a gentleman of my name who resided at Richmond many years ago and whose family she remembered knowing intimately as a girl. On my replying that he was my great-grandfather, there commenced an acquaintance which in the course of years developed into a close and most intimate friendship

and which eventually culminated in my discovering in her a second mother and in her home my English home. It was, in fact, to spend Christmas with her that I had taken the long voyage at such an inauspicious time of the year, and knowing as the reader now does the terms on which we stood, I will leave it to his imagination to picture for himself our meeting at Paddington that night and what a joy it must have been to both of us—to me especially after the tediously long voyage and the still more tedious set of people among whom my lot was cast for those three seemingly interminable weeks.

> " Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,
> From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
> While she perused me with a parent's pride.
> . . . . . .
> In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
> Of calm enjoyments, after sixty years,
> And more than sixty, of untroubled life,
> Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
> Honoured with little less than filial love,
> What joy was mine to see thee once again,
> Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things
> About its narrow precincts all beloved,
> And many of them seeming yet my own! "

These lines of Wordsworth, so strangely true in our case, came insistently to my mind that cold December night as we sat talking by the fire into the small hours of morning. The following day being Sunday we went to attend the service at Chelsea Hospital to meet our old friends the Veterans there. At the end of the service the bent and feeble old warriors, dressed in their characteristic red uniforms, made a brave sight as they filed past us bearing

scars and medals of many a hard-fought battle. We followed them into their quarters with the quaint wooden cabins and watched them having their great Sunday dinner of meat and potatoes and pudding. Spotting two Mutiny-veterans I stopped to talk to them. One with dilated eyes and open mouth described what terrible times they had guarding the women and children in the Residency at Lucknow; while the puckered old face of the other beamed as he lifted his crutch and vividly related how they stood their ground with Bobs at the Siege of Delhi. On Sunday afternoons, while in town, we generally went to concerts either at the Queen's or Albert Hall. At the latter place I heard the boy pianist, Solomon. In his boy's breeches and lace-collar he naturally touched the heart of his audience the instant he stepped on the platform and at the end of his wonderful performance he captured it right away and carried all before him. The whole big crowded hall almost rose to its feet and cheered him to the echo. And well it might, I thought, for never did a pianist rouse in one such a surging torrent of accumulated emotion one moment and melt it away the next into such a caressing ripple of silver-toned notes.

While in India I had frequently read that London had lost its old-time gaiety since the outbreak of hostilities and that at night it looked comparatively dark and deserted. I was, in consequence, considerably surprised to find it as gay and crowded as I had known it years before. The matinées and evening performances at whichever theatre I went I found

always crowded, and one had to wait a long while before one could manage to secure a seat at any of the better-class restaurants. But for the khaki-clad figures and the recruiting-posters, one would hardly have felt in the gay Metropolis that the Empire was engaged in a life-and-death struggle within 100 miles of it. Everywhere I perceived that same fatal tendency of reading wishes into facts, that same easy self-assurance and belittling of the enemy that I had been noticing in India since the commencement of war, as if victory was within sight, almost within grasp, and only awaited the breaking-up of Winter. I made it a point to discuss the War with all I happened to be talking to and not one of the hundreds I spoke to had the slightest doubt as to how or when the War was to end. Invariably they proudly threw back their heads and ended with a meaning glance—"Let the Spring come and we'll have the Germans on the run." They hugged close to this comfortable idea and listened with glad avidity so long as I said anything in consonance with their view, but became insistently restless and listless when I expressed my doubts or called in question their pet belief. Knowing as I did what national feeling meant, I thought it only natural that Englishmen should hold to that belief, and disdaining as I did to give my opinion otherwise than I thought and felt, I usually changed the subject after the first few questions to some other topic. But once in a while I came across some one who was broad-minded enough to wish to know what I thought, in which case I would make no concealment of my

misgivings. I would say that I have been somewhat of a pessimist from the day the War commenced in the sense that I could not believe that Germany, though she may suffer some severe reverses now and again, could ever be really defeated, or defeated so decisively that we would be in a position to dictate terms to her. I never subscribed to the then prevalent belief that economic pressure or financial failure, internal trouble or the Russian steam-roller will separately or conjointly be the decisive factors in the War. "They are bound to have some influence, to be sure," I said, "but it would be fatal if we relied on their elusive help to secure us ultimate victory." There was another mischievous theory that was religiously believed in some quarters that the element of time was all on our side. "In war," I went on to say, "it is never safe to rely on Time, for many a surprise may lie hid in its womb which may militate against us and shatter our best-laid plans." Perceiving a note of despair in my arguments, one or the other would often question me, "If we cannot depend on all of these things to work out their sure end, what *are* we to rely on?" "On our right arm," I put it shortly. "That is the only trustworthy thing the Allies have. The fortunes of war will sway with its strength and the swift and sure use we make of it, but the War will be finally decided by the skill and cunning with which we use it. It is frequently said that it is 'the man behind the gun' that counts. That's true enough; but it isn't the whole truth. What finally and unfailingly counts is—the Brain behind the-man-behind-the-gun.

In a word, it is Superior Generalship that will tell in the end and decide the War."

In London, it is said, one need never have an idle moment. This proved only too true in our case: for in sight-seeing, in going to theatres, in visiting friends and picture-galleries, and in taking little suburban trips, the fortnight we were there passed all too swiftly and Christmas-day was almost within sight. So one bright afternoon we left London for our home in the country. What a magical transformation was it, and in how short a time! But an hour ago we were speeding in a taxi to Paddington amid the rush and hurry of an Imperial city and now as if by magic we were transferred to the peace and solitude of an English countryside. There's a healing in the country-air, says a poet; and if ever I felt it, I felt it that afternoon as we alighted on our little village-station and walked home amid the old familiar scenes of six years ago. How well I remembered every curve and turn of that walk! The old stile, the scented pathway, the uneven hedgerow along the road, the dear familiar click of the gate-latch, and the cherry-tree still standing guard by my window as of old. A cheery fire was burning to give me a warm welcome home and to complete it there came the maid with tea and cakes. The following two days we were busy visiting the poor of our neighbourhood and taking them their Christmas-gifts. "Mother" made the puddings at home and herself collected the woollen odds and ends for the old and feeble. I liked to watch and loved to take part in these dearly-cherished customs of old England and it

did my heart good to see the old people receive their anxiously-awaited yearly dues with an old-fashioned curtsy and unfeigned gratitude. Long may England preserve these time-worn customs of hers and may no bastard democratic ideals come to sever the entirely right relations that at present exist between those who have enough and to spare and those who have not and are in want!

When I went to our village-church I found a few ladies busy decorating several parts of it with evergreens and flowers. The pulpit was allotted to us and we carried out our share of the work as well as we could with holly-leaves and chrysanthemums. That evening we did a cross and several wreaths for the graves by intertwining laurels and holly and ground-ivy round wire frame-works: and then decorated our home,—I giving a touch of the East by making a festoon of holly-berries and hanging it on the lintel of the porch. All this was quite novel to me and yet I found I could enter with the greatest ease into the spirit of it all. Two of our near friends came on Christmas-eve to have a quiet tea with us and that evening we felt the first effect of the War in the absence of the carol-singers. "Mother" being used to hearing and entertaining them each Christmas-eve all her life, missed them very much, but to me their absence was calamitous, for I lost the opportunity of a life-time. Next morning as we walked out to attend the Christmas-service, a wonderful scene met my eyes. There was not a breath of wind and a solemn stillness seemed to brood over the face of nature. Every twig and leaf

and blade of grass was covered with a thin coating of what looked like fine crystal sugar. I felt as if I were in a dream, walking in an enchanted land, so powerfully did the first sight of hoar-frost affect me. All with one voice proclaimed it—a perfect Christmas-morn. The little church was full and the service had already commenced when we entered our pew. I, of course, could not join in the service—at any rate, in spirit—so remained a silent spectator of it right through. I had a walk by myself up a neighbouring hill after the service and on coming home soon sat down with "Mother" to our Christmas-dinner, and well I enjoyed the turkey and the flaming-hot plum-pudding with a twig of holly stuck jauntily on the top!

The next few days passed off quickly enough and merrily besides. One day the Vicar gave a treat to his Sunday-school children. We went and helped him in dressing the Christmas-tree and in the evening waited on the children with tea and cakes. I lighted the candles on the tree and cut the various toys from off it and handed them over to the boys and girls who stood round in a ring, scanning the treasures with eager eyes. On another day we took various things for our Belgians and the poor people were no end delighted with what we gave them. We had six of these refugees. A lady gave her cottage rent free and each week a sum of twenty-five shillings was collected in the village for them. Even the poorest contributed their pennies and as I not infrequently accompanied "Mother" when she went round for collection, I could see from the general

condition of their household that every penny they contributed must surely have meant the giving-up of some one or other of their few comforts of life; still what they gave, they gave with right good will.

Believing with Borrow that for a stranger the best way of getting an intimate knowledge of a country and its people is to walk through great parts of it, speaking to people he happens to meet —my days were mostly spent in taking long walks to our neighbouring towns and villages and talking to those whom chance threw across my path. But I forget I have not yet acquainted the reader with the name of our village and the county in which it is located. Hermitage is its name and the county Berkshire. No more inspiring or one more appropriate name could have been given to this retired old-world hamlet nor a county prettier or one more English could have been selected for it than Berkshire, where the scenery, as Miss Mitford so truly puts it, " without rising into grandeur or breaking into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and so thoroughly English." I could not exactly trace the origin of the name, but the tradition runs that many generations ago when the village was little more than a straggling wood, there lived a hermit in a little sequestered grove of beech and birch to which the neighbouring villagers gave the name of Hermitage. To this day the well from which the hermit drew his water is shown to the inquisitive stranger and the folk-lore attached to it is narrated to him, namely, that whoever throws a stone in it

wishing something while throwing will have his wish carried out before long. I am sure I must have bungled somehow in throwing the stone when the present owner asked me to do so, for my simple wish of having a drive in her motor-car remained unfulfilled through all the many months I stayed in Hermitage. Taking our village strictly, one could hardly count sixty habitations, cottages and cottage-like houses all told. Yet within these sixty abodes one came across a surprising variety of human beings, for our village stocked all grades of society from common peasants to titled gentry. " Mother " being the widow of the late Vicar knew practically every one. And so in a little while I came to form more than passing acquaintance with most of them and by the time I left Hermitage I had a fairly good idea of the varying modes of life and thought of the rich and poor of our little village-world. Two things struck me as singular,—the surprising amount of work which the well-to-do do-nothings put in and the intimate and entirely happy relations which existed between the poor and the rich. To take but the instance of the lady whose activities from morning to night fell within the sphere of my immediate attention, I found she was connected with various little guilds and societies of our own and neighbouring villages; such as the Nursing Association, Girls' Friendly Society, Waifs and Strays Home Committee, etc. Besides, she looked after eight boarded-out Barnardo children, collected funds for our Belgians, and took a sewing-class of our village-girls once a fortnight. But this was not

all. Most of her spare time was taken up in attending to the various little calls for help she received from several parts of the country and in visiting and inquiring after the old and needy of our village and neighbourhood. And what little was left of it was employed in collecting various garments or doing them herself for the soldiers, making them into parcels, and seeing personally to their despatch to the Front. All this was a revelation to me! And this came all the more strongly to me as it was so strangely in contrast to the state of things prevailing nearer home, where the ideals of the well-to-do classes are of a totally opposite nature.

What, however, most particularly impressed me were the cordial relations I noticed existing between the two classes. With my incipient Fabianism and congenital cynicism I went of a deliberate purpose to discover in the interest, which I found the upper classes take in the lower, an element of traditional English hypocrisy and make-believe; but to my surprise my search proved unavailing and I came away with an entirely opposite conviction that those whom nature and unequal social laws had favoured took a real, unpretending interest in those who were left unfavoured, and worked in a truly Christian spirit for their welfare and advancement. And it was not all one-sided. The poor paid back their obligations in ample measure by their touching gratitude and the high respect in which they held their benefactors. And it was a pleasure to observe that in spite of their close relations that fine sense of distance was instinctively preserved by both

parties and that there were no attempts at familiarity or obsequiousness on the one side nor loss of dignity and respect on the other. At times I almost felt I saw before me a state of society which the poets have dreamed of and statesmen striven for—a society in which the rich man helped the poor and the poor man loved the rich. It will be said that I struck across a particularly fortunate village and that such happy relations do not prevail everywhere in England—most certainly not in the towns. That unfortunately is only too true. Even in our own village I noticed in some of the rising generation, fed as most of them were on the cheap democracy of penny pamphlets and ha'penny papers, an incipient hesitation in showing that customary deference to their well-to-do neighbours which they saw their elders do only too willingly and spontaneously. Whenever I noticed this and got an opportunity of talking to the young people I managed to let the conversation drift on to the dreams of democracy and told them how its beautiful ideals would —at any rate, in the case of country people—prove ruinous to the very class in whose welfare they were advanced. For, I argued, if they refused to treat the rich with deference, they being handicapped by nature from the very start must in the end stand to lose in the unequal struggle. The rich could not in the nature of things be expected to take that lively interest in their well-being which they unquestionably did at present and must in the course of time become quite indifferent to them, having a hundred and one other more attractive channels to divert

that time and energy which they were now with evident pleasure employing in their cause. .

A point about the English home which forcibly struck me was its noiselessness. Every one seemed to walk on tip-toe, talk in undertones and do things silently. This was so strangely in contrast to the open-door life of the East where one is continuously subjected to all kinds of noise all through the day and part of the night. Even in well-regulated Eastern households the servants are habituated to handle things roughly and noisily and the people themselves to walk with a heavy tread and talk in an animated tone. What I could not quite understand about the English people was their constant grumbling about their weather. What would pass off for a mere drizzle in the East they called rain and what they termed " a regular storm " would be considered little more than a smart shower with us. I wonder what they would do if they were given a week or two of our heavy rains in the middle of the monsoon! I daresay in the country the roads are wet and muddy in winter; but if one has the right boots on, one never need notice their condition. I would often tell these weather-grumblers that it is one of my pet theories that England owes all her greatness to the rigours and uncertainties of her climate. The uncertainties make for that peculiar alertness of mind and body which so distinguishes an Englishman from all other men, and the rigours develop in him that remarkable tenacity of purpose to which he owes his world-wide Empire. Besides, the wet and cold of the outside world make one long

for the comforts of home and the joys of its fireside. The hearth is the very heart of an English home. It seems to awaken in one all the qualities one associates with the heart—warmth, geniality, fellow-feeling—in a word, a general flow of soul and spirits. But one has got to live in England to understand the charms of the English fireside. There is nothing more enjoyable than to come home from a long walk, tired and out of temper, pull up an arm-chair and settle down in it for a cup of tea. Nor is there a companionship readier or one more constant than that of the glowing hearth; and the tedium of many an idle hour in the long winter-evenings have I beguiled watching the lambent flame of a blazing fire.

It seems that the great idea of an English home is to have everything snug and cosy, and the houses in a village are built of a size and of a height to carry out this basic idea. Being used to the large, high, spacious bungalows of the East, even in the largest of village houses I fancied I saw a kind of giant doll's house. The same is the case with English scenery. England does not pretend to take a man's breath away by opening out to him magnificent scenes of huge mountains and deep valleys and rushing torrents. She has no such ambition. To other and sturdier hands she leaves it to stir his imagination, being content if she can but touch his heart by the simpler charms of her landscapes and the seductive softness of her distances. Poets have sung of her shady lanes and sunny commons and novelists have called in all the resources of their

Long I stood and enjoyed the beautiful prospect! A dear friend of my host who had volunteered her services as a lady-worker there was by me as I stood looking, and it may be it was her sweet presence that lent enchantment to the scene and was really the cause of all my exultation and enthusiastic enjoyment of it! But I am anticipating events.

While in Chester my host persuaded me to give a public address on some subject relative to India. Having never before appeared on a public platform, it was with some hesitation I consented to read a paper on "Indian Nationalism, False and True." A gentleman well known in Chester and a local astronomer of repute presided and the paper went to prove the general proposition that no nation can live for long a life foreign to its own. I argued that an Eastern nation, adopting Western culture without proper safeguards, would get it not as a vivifying infusion but as a dead appendage. Consequently, if educated India in its present incontinent desire for all things Western failed to understand this and broke off from the ancient root, its apparent progress would mean in the end nothing but disintegration. Her splendid heritage—the great culture of the past —would be lost and there would be no other to replace it. The sound principle of progress, I maintained, lay along the line of keeping to her own ideals and institutions and adapting them to changing environment rather than borrowing foreign ideals and institutions and adjusting them to her peculiar environment. It was, in consequence, false nationalism to cry for compulsory education and abolition of caste-

system, or hanker after Western industrialism and Colonial self-government. I made, in passing, a reference to the War and brought the paper to a close by remarking: "We sprang to arms at the call of the Empire because we know that the Flag for which we are shedding our blood and laying open our treasuries is the same grand old Flag that has ever stood for all that is best and brightest in the history of humanity." The last words evoked a round of applause and more than one speaker rose to thank me for the address. This courtesy on the part of the audience I appreciated all the more for I thought at one stage of my address, while enlarging extempore upon a passage in my paper, I had glaringly bungled and, in consequence, was somewhat downcast at the end of it and had prepared myself for the mere customary half-hearted clapping which to a nature like mine would have been more galling than the worst manifestation of open indifference.

Having often read of garden-cities and being anxious to see one, my host's father arranged to take me one morning with him to Port Sunlight which is practically owned by Sir William Lever—now Lord Leverhulme—and where he makes his well-known soap. We got down at the factory-station and walked over the well-paved roads and saw the various buildings which Sir William had built for the physical and intellectual recreation of his workmen. Then we went through various factories and saw the complete process of the making of that indispensable article of household use. In the huge building set

apart for packing soap for export, I observed hundreds of girls employed in wrapping the bars and putting them in boxes. One girl would in the twinkling of an eye take a bar, wrap it in a thin paper and put it down. Her companion opposite would instantly take it up, slip it down a paper-box and adjust the fasteners. Both did their work in such feverish haste and their little active fingers moved with such mechanical precision that I was not surprised to see a regular pile of boxes got ready as I stood watching them. One of the heads of departments who conducted us thought I would naturally be struck by this magnificent display of British skill and industry, and so turning round questioned me with a look of evident pride, "Isn't it wonderful? Just look at the amount of work these girls turn out!" "Well," I said, smiling, "it is wonderful to be sure! But what strikes me as wonderful is not so much the work they turn out as their inexplicable patience and quiet submission to their lot in life. Fancy, thinking, feeling human beings on the threshold of life consenting placidly to exhaust their force of heart and intelligence in wrapping bars of soap and adjusting fasteners of boxes, morning to night, year in and year out! This is slavery with a vengeance! I wonder they don't go mad. I would, I am sure, if I had to do it for a week." My companions laughed and shook their heads, and one of them said, "Far from going mad, they like their work and prefer it to domestic service or any other work that keeps them at home. They want above all independence

and the factory work gives them what they want." As we moved out of the packing-department, the bell for mid-day interval went and we saw long rows of girls going to an adjoining building where Sir William provided his slaves with a meal, at once cheap and hearty, consisting of a plateful of meat and potatoes with a chunk of bread and a cup of tea thrown in—and all for the sum of three pence.

One of the last things I did while at Chester was to take a trip to Prestatyn to see a bit of Borrovian Wild Wales from the top of the hills there; but the very last thing I did was to attend a lecture by Hilaire Belloc on the War. Mr. Belloc took great pains at first to prove the general proposition that in a war, other things being equal, the deciding factor was man-power. Then he marshalled up wonderful figures and showed that the advantage on that point lay entirely on the side of the Allies; consequently the War must *ipso facto* be decided in their favour. Then he went on to show how the truth of his proposition was even then being worked out inasmuch as through enormous wastage in its man-power the German offensive in the East had then exhausted itself before the walls of Warsaw just as it had in the West the previous September on the Marne. He concluded by maintaining that there were all the signs to show that Germany was already feeling the grip of the Allies on both sides and before many months had passed she was bound to collapse under its steady pressure. As might be expected, the crowded hall cheered these concluding words of the learned lecturer and I was perhaps the solitary ex-

ception who sat there with folded hands. My friends, knowing as they did my views on the War, went on to suggest that now that I had heard what the greatest authority in England on the War had to say I should at least have the good sense to defer my uninformed opinion and haphazard forecasts to his superior knowledge and insight. I admit, I said, that I found his words wonderfully consolatory and his argument beautifully persuasive, but somehow or other they have left no distinct conviction with me. In spite of newspaper versions to the contrary, one fact I unmistakably noticed in England wherever I went, that people of a certain class, particularly the women, were in a state of suppressed nervous tension as if they feared the worst in spite of what their plain reason and superior judgment told them. This tension is only natural in a state of war, but it also explains why people flock to the lectures of men like Hilaire Belloc and why sooth-sayers and figure-jugglers like him get heard and applauded. Their words act like a sedative on the unsettled nerves and relieve, at any rate for the time being, the tension from which this species of people periodically suffer.

February was nearing its end when I travelled south back to my village. All along the route I saw the first signs of the approaching Spring. I was particularly glad to notice the change that was coming over nature, for in my school-days we had the Royal Readers for our English text-books and so were taught all about the different seasons. The Spring was most frequently referred to and it was, in

consequence, the one that specially took my boyish fancy. I was therefore looking forward to it with peculiar delight and now that we were on its threshold I resolved to watch carefully and follow closely each of its different phases. But there was a special reason besides why the Spring was welcome to me. We were promised a great move forward in the West, and so I was studying weather-conditions and anxiously awaiting the news from the Front. And we hadn't to wait long. For one morning early in March came the long-expected news of our offensive at Neuve Chapelle. The next day brought fuller details of our splendid achievement. We were told how the artillery by concentrated fire blew the German trenches to pieces and how gallantly the men raced across the open and bayonetted or captured the unnerved and well-nigh dazed Huns. The papers for days afterwards were full of this great success and our little village was not behind the rest in manifesting its patriotic jubilation at the good news. For the first time, I saw the dull uninspiring eyes and the habitually impassive faces of our villagers light up with real joy. It seemed that at last we were coming in for our due! Specially so, when some time after we heard of the taking of Hill 60 and were told of its strategic importance. Being by birth, sentiment, and conviction a Pro-Britisher, I naturally shared the general enthusiasm I found around me; still somehow I felt all along a lurking suspicion that considering the type of foe we had to deal with our successes could not in the nature of things be so overwhelming as they were in

the first flush of victory represented to be. This suspicion was partly confirmed by strange tales and persistent rumours of serious blunders which one heard all round, and even our little village was not free from stories of "our artillery playing on our own men" and of "whole divisions being cut off" and "generals being recalled." The heavy casualty-lists we received later on seemed to lend weight to these tales and we were beginning to question whether our "signal successes" did not require to be accepted with considerable qualifications, for it seemed to us the enormous sacrifices we made in men and material were out of all proportion to the result achieved by the recovery of a few hundred yards of ground from the enemy. However, the fresh move made in the Dardanelles by the Navy partly drew off attention and prevented the more critically-minded from peering too closely into the great success on the West Front. The mishaps that met our first ventures into the Narrows did not in any particular degree damp the spirits of the people, and when later on we were told of the combined move, most of us expected great results from this boldly-conceived adventure. Personally I was most enthusiastic about the campaign as it displayed both imagination and enterprise—qualities, so rarely exhibited in the conception and conduct of modern campaigns, for the growth of which modern trench-warfare perhaps provides but a poor soil. Consequently, when some one or other of my friends let drop their misgivings about the Dardanelles Expedition, I had no patience with them, and asserted

quite confidently that the capture of Constantinople was inevitable and merely a question of time and that however pessimistic I might have been about the general result of the War, of the outcome of this particular campaign I had not a shadow of a doubt.

The Spring had by now well set in, though unexpectedly we had for a day or two a spell of regular wintry weather. Heavy snow lay on the ground, in some places almost knee-deep; and as roofs and trees were covered with a layer of it, they made a wonderful sight. Such a snow-scene except in pictures and cinema-shows I had never seen in all my life, and so I enjoyed it thoroughly, playing at snowballs and plunging right heartily in mounds of soft crunching snow. The March winds I found at times rather trying, specially when a blast came in all its fury and searched me through and through, though I had provided myself with extra thick clothes in anticipation of its known impertinences in this direction. But neither March winds nor unseasonable snow prevented us from taking the various excursions we had planned to different parts of England. We commenced with a visit to Aldershot to meet old friends of ours, and there I saw for the first time an aeroplane flying in the air. I saw quite a number of them later on in the day when my friend—one of that fine type of Englishmen who had buckled on their belt and sword to serve their country at an age when most men retire from the active pursuits of life—took me to the grand aviation-ground. What struck me particularly about the aeroplanes was their perfect poise in the air. I expected to find them

go erratically like birds blown hither and thither by every passing gust of wind. But their steadiness and perfect mastery of the air amazed me and gave me at the same time some idea of the astonishing docility of the wild forces of nature before the over-mastering power of human will and ingenuity. On another occasion I took a week-end trip to Bath to meet a retired Anglo-Indian colonel and an author well known in certain parts of India. I knew him from his writings as a man of feeling and imagination whose rare insight into Indian life and character was only surpassed by his sincere and sympathetic mode of expression. I had not met him before, but when I did and broke bread with him I felt as if I had known him all my life. He told me how, when the time came for him to leave India, his Rajput non-commissioned officers pressed round him and wept bitter tears of parting. I could well believe him, for when the time came for me to take leave of him I thought that,—estranged as our feelings have been from the Anglo-Indians by a century of overbearing manners,—no Indian could part from the gallant old Colonel without feeling a little less unkindly towards his whole haughty tribe. In Bath, contrary to expectations, I found nothing particularly noteworthy except the statues of the Emperors on the top of the peristyle round the old Roman bath. I think I have seen statues the best that are to be seen in the world. I have been taken round the sculpture-gallery of the Vatican by a professor of fine arts and have sat in the Louvre well-nigh an hour admiring and noting every curve and dimple of Venus de

Milo: but I would, I think, give up seeing them again for having another look at those eyes and lips of Caesar at Bath which seem in their very marble frigidness to be instinct with the half-utterance of some world-moving thought or pulsating with the burden of some mightily-wrought emotion.

About the end of March we went for four days to the Isle of Wight, making Cowes our headquarters. As we steamed into the famous harbour, we passed by the grounds of that most exclusive club in the world—the Royal Yacht Squadron. To it, I was told, only the crowned heads and select peers had entrance. Anyhow, I had an entrance too, and that very day! Seeing a side-gate open I just stepped in, strolled by its beautifully-kept sloping lawn and leisurely retraced my steps back to the Royal Promenade. In the lovely isle I indulged to my heart's content in my favourite pastime of long walks. One morning I took the ferry-boat for Ryde and walked all the nine miles of open, pastoral country back from there. Another day I went by train, got off and walked on the sands of Sandown to Shanklin, took the picturesque path up the Chine, full of wild ferns and flowers, and then went down the Landslip by the sea to the pretty precincts of Bonchurch, and then finally through that bright and bonny village—where Swinburne lived and dreamed his early dreams—to the goodly town of Ventnor. One afternoon by special permit I went to Osborne, walked through every nook and corner of its extensive and beautifully-wooded grounds, saw Queen Victoria's favourite Swiss Chalet and then went round the royal

arbour of pines and cypresses, reading with much amusement the plates bearing the names of the different German princes and princesses who had planted them. However, to me the most memorable excursion was to Tennyson's home. We first walked up to the old Carisbrooke Castle, its crumbling walls and deserted halls waking up in my mind memories of Charles and the Civil War, and then took train for Freshwater. Once there, we walked through the little town and shortly after were standing by the gateway leading into Tennyson Lane. We presently entered it and strolled leisurely through that " leafy lane," and then coming up to another gateway we had the first glimpse of ivy-clad " Farringford," resting peacefully between over-arching trees and receding fields of daffodils which in the distance melted into one mass of gold. These lovely flowers clustered by thousands round trees and spread themselves out so invitingly in the open fields that I could no longer resist the temptation of making a closer acquaintance with them, and so ignoring the notice against trespassing, I simply climbed over the rather high gate and loitered amid those fields so dear to the heart of the poet and so reminiscent to his lovers of all that is best in him! After that, all through that long afternoon stroll, we found not a place that did not breathe of the poet. There was the " gray old grange " and the " lonely fold," the " low morass " and the " whispering reed " of which the Laureate sings. I stepped over many " a simple stile from mead to mead " and took the very " sheep-walk up the windy wold " to see his monument, and

edged while coming down the very " quarry trench'd along the hill and haunted by the wrangling daw." No hoary knell of ash and haw, no runlet tinkling from the rock, but whispers into a kindred ear—" here the great singer sang his matin-songs and there he heard—

> " ' The low love-language of the bird
> In native hazels tassel-hung.' "

Easter fell in the week following our return from the Isle of Wight. I again went and helped "mother" to decorate the pulpit of our church, though I did not attend any of the services as I did at Christmas-time. In fact, after going to church for a Sunday or two I gave up the experiment as futile and wasteful. I know, of course, that things instilled into our minds from early childhood give rise to a sentiment which cannot be neglected, and that strange, undefinable force that impels us on to seek the mysterious Something beyond our ken and above our reason creates a positive necessity which must be satisfied somehow. I admit from this emotional standpoint the English Church is an indispensable institution which does undoubted good in providing each week that recreation to the mind and that refreshment to the spirit which the country people in the distant villages most vitally need. All this I admit at once and fully. But when one looks at the Anglican Establishment from a cold, rational point of view, its whole arrangement appears silly and meaningless. To attend the reading of disjointed Lessons from a picturesque world of myths, to sing sonorous hymns

the text of which was an abuse of one's good sense and understanding, to join in set prayers which with all their pretended meekness were in parts subversive of the true spirit of Christianity and in parts positively presumptuous, and to have to listen to sermons which treated the congregation as so many grown-up children—was to me all a sort of mockery and waste of time. I, therefore, left "mother" to seek the nourishment her spirit needed each week in our village sanctuary "uprear'd of human hands," while I, like my Persian fathers of old, went up a neighbouring height and there in that "unwall'd temple" of the great Unknown stood and drank in the serene happiness that seemed to fill the air of Sundays as the swelling chorus of distant church-bells came rippling on to my ear. What a magic there is in a deep-sounding bell! What memories it awakens and how powerfully it affects our moods! No matter how melancholy I might have been a moment before, the instant I heard a deep-toned bell melancholy seemed to melt away. It is said that some of our First Seventy Thousand—as they lay weary and footsore that fateful Sunday under the warm August sun in the shallow trenches round the treacherous salient of Mons, thrilling with anticipations,—found in that hour of tension their thoughts suddenly turning to the old home church and the mellow call of the church bells. Bourrienne relates that Napoleon, who heard the most disastrous news without as much as moving a lip, was yet so deeply moved by the sound of a distant bell that his voice trembled with emotion, and often at

Malmaison interrupted discussions on the gravest affairs of state on hearing the church-bells of a neighbouring village. But to me that Sunday, as the Easter-bells from the several villages in our neighbourhood filled the air with solemn meaning and mysterious power, came the fond remembrance of those words which broke forth from the lips of world-wearied Faust as he put away from him the goblet of "dark brown draught" he had prepared to quiet for all time the torments of his restless soul:—

"What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?

Aloft to yonder Spheres I dare not soar,
Whence sound the tidings of great joy;
And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
Back it recalleth me to life once more.

And fond remembrance now doth me, with childlike feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold.
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows—Earth, I am thine again!"

One day in April we went to see Stonehenge. All ruins have some fascination for most minds. I cannot say all have equally for me. The Forum never for a moment fascinated me, even seeing it for a week, while the Great Pyramid on first sight held me rooted to the spot. I believe this was owing to the veil of mystery in which that oldest and grandest of world's monuments has ever lain enveloped. The mysterious has always a peculiar hold on the human mind. And so a monument whose history is lost in

the grey of mystic Past appeals to us with a force which another definitely associated with particular historical scenes can never hope to do. At best the latter can stir our imagination but cannot touch the layer that lies deeper still. Hence, while the Pyramid deeply touched me, the Forum left me comparatively unmoved. Anyhow I always associated some kind of mystery with the origin of Stonehenge, and so it drew me out of my hermit's retreat for a whole day. We went by train to Salisbury, saw the great Cathedral and then drove to Salisbury Plain. The last-named looked painfully bare and brown, and as we whipped up one of the turnings the famous Druidistical remains came into view. On first sight, beside the vast expanse of the open plain, they appeared miserably small and insignificant. Nor on a nearer view did they make any distinct advance in my estimation. It was, however, when I went round the few still-standing monoliths and trilithons and traced in their disposition a distinct concentric arrangement with the grand altar-stone as the centre, that Stonehenge began to assume a different character and a peculiar sanctity in my eyes. For I felt certain from this singular arrangement of the massive stones that it was a temple of the old Sun-Worshippers who were closely allied to, if not identical with, the ancient Fire-Worshippers. I, being the descendant of the latter, wondered within myself—"Could it be that of the successive hordes of Aryans that swarmed over Europe, the most venturesome penetrated into its furthest recesses and there established this well-known form of Aryan worship?" Fanciful as this

notion may be, the fact that I had traced a certain unmistakable affinity of religious thought and feeling between the builders of this oldest monument of England and my own Iranian ancestors, seized powerfully on my imagination, and from that day Stonehenge has been an object of sanctity to me and the place where it stands is now in my eyes the most hallowed spot in England.

The Spring by now had well advanced and the English countryside looked its loveliest in its new garb of green. The trees and hedgerows were coming into leaf and every grove and glade was literally over-run with primroses and wood-anemones. The violets, which were but a week ago so shy and demure, had now taken courage and put out their purple heads, and on some high banks the daring spirits among them leaned out and cast alluring glances on the passer-by. Their simple coquetry at times quite overcame me and in spite of my fixed resolve to leave their charms untouched, I was often drawn irresistibly to them. Where so many and such a bevy of beauties courted attention in their silent way, it required extraordinary self-restraint on my part to be satisfied with the favours of a few. But somehow I did manage to exercise self-restraint and never had more than a dozen to bear me company on my long walks. It was, however, not so much the alluring charms of the English flowers as the sweet succession in which they followed each other that appealed to me most. The snowdrops and the crocuses were the first to offer their spring-greetings; then came small primroses mixing freely in happy

harmony with wood-anemones and bearing the promise of a larger and more exclusive breed; but scarcely had these last appeared when the woods revelled in wild hyacinths and the meadows in daffodils which were soon overtaken by the fragrant may and the light-hearted cherry-blossoms and overshadowed by the merrily-swinging laburnum and the prim and proper lilac; these again in their turn were ousted by the gorgeous gorse and the showy peony and the lordly rhododendron; and all these finally paled and faded away before the simple witchery of the lily and the crowning glory of the rose. What a constant source of joy the flowers must have been to me and what interest and instruction they must have provided me with on my daily rambles, I leave the reader to imagine for himself, contenting myself with describing one of my favourite walks. It is a fine bright April day. We have just finished breakfast. "Mother" makes me a neat packet of some biscuits and another of a few bits of plain chocolate, just big enough to slip easily in the two inside breast-pockets of my homespun. A moment later with a wave of my hand to "Mother" I step out and briskly walk down the gravel-path of my home, encumbered with nothing save a stick and a pocket ordnance-map of the district. Once on the main road, I turn in the direction of the village, noticing as I go the gardens of our neighbours and returning the greeting of our village baker as he drives past me in his high dog-cart. There in the corner is the quaintly-built cottage of Lady W——, by far the prettiest in the

village. Her husband, one of that glorious band of Empire-builders and perhaps the last of them, is away in the Canaries, the English Winter being too trying for him after his long years in Nigeria. I see she is out already in her poultry-yard with a basket slung round her arm. I know what that basket is for! Her Ladyship has a regular passion for broody-hens, of which she has a number. She hails me over the hedge with her familiar "Out for a walk?" as I take off my hat to her and turn the corner of her garden on to a path lined with fresh young Spring foliage. The path winds aimlessly for a moment or two with the charming waywardness of all true paths; presently straightens up and deviates not an inch till it comes to a stile. I step over it into a strip of meadow-land, then over another stile and once again on to a path opening out into a road leading to a neighbouring village. I take this road, but hardly have I walked a few steps when I stand undecided. For there is another road branching from it which takes one up to Cold Ash with broad vistas of the far-extending country on either side and leads down by many a pretty winding to the very place I was making for. But it's long and circuitous and in parts rather uninteresting, and so I decide to walk straight on. The road now lies through a wood of towering Scotch-firs which in places have grown so close that scarcely a straggling ray of the sun pierces its thick foliage. Still I notice, as I walk on, many a big tree lying stretched on the ground like a giant slain. On inquiring of the men who were doing the nefarious work, I find that, the

War having sent up the price of timber, the owner, quite in keeping with the spirit of the age valuing his giants according to the price their carcases fetched in the market, had them hewn down to take advantage of the high prices and of his country's need. Being born a tree-worshipper after the manner of Goethe and Ruskin, I swear at the wretch and hasten my steps to escape the ghastly sight, and soon reach the top of the road. Here, by one of those strange contrasts in which Nature likes to indulge, I notice on the high banks rhododendron-bushes running too regularly to be self-sown, and so I again inquire and find that the rich owner of a neighbouring country-house had this cutting made in the road to make the gradient easy for the poor dray-horses which when they came to this steep part tugged and struggled and at times lost their foothold and fell. When the cutting was made, there was naturally left a high bank staringly ugly on either side. Being a man of taste and feeling, he had the banks nicely sloped and sown with wild flowers and flowering-shrubs. Although the good man has passed away these many years, his kindly thoughts can never die, but will blossom on these banks every Spring and Summer and cheer the sight of many a toil-worn labourer on his way home in the evenings and gladden the hearts of many a youthful village couple as they stray up the ridge arm-in-arm of a Sunday afternoon and stand close together admiring the blossomed bushes, wreathed in smiles and full of love's young dreams. I walked down and soon came to the well-remembered sign-post of the

Fox and Hounds. Finding a few people gathered round the post, I recollect that morning there is to be a Meet of the Shire hounds there. As I am told the Meet will be a sort of muster of the rank and beauty of our county-world, I stop and await events. I do not have to wait long, for there come streaming in from different directions quite a number of men and women on horseback. Most of the women that are there look distinguished enough and winsome enough, but the men—Oh, the men!—how ill-made they are! How dull they look! What dissipation sits on every coarse feature of theirs! Are they not this morning a blot on our fair countryside? Must thousands toil and sweat that these fine fellows in pink may live and hunt! For once I cease to wonder why democracy grows apace in happy England. But there goes a blast of the horn and the crack of the Master's whip and my unseasonable reverie all crumbles to pieces. The hounds with a whoop and a yell start on the instant, the pink brigade trots behind, followed closely by a crowd of merry boys and girls from our and neighbouring villages. A sigh of contempt escapes me as I turn away from the scene and resume my walk. The road now winds round the spur of a low hill; the wild flowers grow in abundance as the trees on either side become scarcer, now at a turn I get a glimpse of a sheep-fold with young lambs all bleating by their mothers' side and then of a long sweep of cultivated land over-topped by the faint outline of a distant village. Soon I pass some well-built cottages with little gardens in front, and a little further some more

with roses and flowering climbers running all over the pretty frontage of each. From one of these cottages steps out a girl with a red cloak and as she walks ahead and runs down a side-path the value of contrast in nature is brought vividly before my eyes. That the country was really so green I had no idea, till that patch of red flutters past the newly-out foliage of trees and bushes. This red cloak again bears testimony to the thoughtfulness and artistic perception of that good man I spoke of before. It was he who conceived the idea of giving away some half-a-dozen of them to the best-behaved girls of our village-school. Soon I come to the top of a little eminence. I have scarcely reached it when the mansion of the worthy gentleman meets my admiring gaze. Here by the gateway is the small private church half-concealed by the overhanging umbrageous trees, and there by the fine sweep of the broad drive are the giant cedars rearing up their mighty height from a perfectly kept lawn. And as I walk on, the high, glossy-leaved laurel-hedge accompanies me for a little while and then abruptly comes to an end, opening to view at the same time a terraced garden with rockeries and rhododendrons and a maze of winding walks all looking, in spite of a certain pervading order, as wild and natural as they possibly can be. And there above all this gathered splendour of wild and cultivated nature rises the noble mansion of faultless proportions with art written on every gable and strength on every turret of it, and with just a touch of modernity on one of the porches where stand in triumphant unity the flags

of the five Allies. All of which, set off by the grand sweeps of the open meadow-land and the background of wooded hills and dappled clouds, go to make Marlston House as fine a picture of an English country-house as one would care to see anywhere: and on many a ramble, when the rhododendrons were out on the bushes, I lingered by the lower end of its laurel-hedge, taking in the rare beauty of a scene which free nature and human art had combined to make for the delight of all who had eyes to see and hearts to feel and respond! But to-day I shall not linger there, for I have far to go. So I hurry down the narrow lane and on to the road and walk on scarcely tarrying anywhere. Except for the tall elms and ploughed fields and high ill-kept hedges, the country all round looks as unprepossessing and characterless as it is possible to imagine. But Nature, ready as ever to make up for her deficiencies by her resourcefulness, rouses me of a sudden from the listlessness into which I am fast sliding by letting fall on my ears from an elm tree above the full-throated notes of a thrush, and scarcely has the little songster ended its song when the melancholy strains of a cuckoo are borne across the fields, and ere these die down a lark merrily starts from a field hard by its short, quick trills as it flutters straight up, which in their turn are drowned by a chorus of cawing rooks blown about the sky by a passing gust of wind. Amid that happy succession and still happier intermedley of sounds, this dullest bit of my walk is soon left behind and the steeple of Bucklebury Church presently comes in sight, and a few minutes

later sees me walk past it and up the long, steep, winding hill-road to Bucklebury Avenue. This famous avenue of oaks was planted a hundred years ago to commemorate Nelson's last great victory. It is a double avenue and when late in the Spring the leaves are fully out, it makes an unforgettable sight. It runs for fully a mile and even at a leisurely pace one finds the walk through it all too short. Coming out of the gate at the other end I now quicken my pace, walk through Bradfield and by its College till coming to a stile I rest for a while and watch, as I have my biscuits and chocolates, the Bradfield boys play cricket on their college-fields. Another three miles brings me to Ashampstead Common—a veritable jungle of trees and brushwood and welcome shade. Once out of it, Yattendon is soon reached. Hard by on an eminence is the home of Alfred Waterhouse, built in the famous architect's characteristic style of a certain pervading richness in colour and material, design and decoration, all severely subordinated to a grand underlying simplicity of line and ornament. Here in her beautiful home the lady of the Court has during the winter her evening-classes of village youths to whom she teaches repoussé-work in copper and brass, and thus brings out whatever talent the rustic mind possesses for art. The result is the well-known Yattendon-ware, without a piece of which, it is said, in England no list of wedding-presents is complete. As I pass through the village with its quaint old roofed-well right in the middle of the road, I notice another instance of the late architect's kindly thought

for his rustic neighbours. For there at a bend of the village-road stands invitingly a little coffee-house, which the great architect designed and built himself and left it as a little love-token to his village. With its old-fashioned leaded-glass windows and oaken wall-seats and its sign hanging out in the good old way, it makes a veritable gem of a coffee-house where of an evening after their hard day's work gather the strength and intelligence of the village to read the papers and periodicals suited to their rustic tastes or pass an hour or two over a cup of tea and a piece of cake, listening to the little gossip of the village-world. But to-day to a weary wayfarer from a far-off land the coffee-house is an object of special joy and welcome; for with a sigh of relief he enters its lowly-built porch, asks for a glass of hot milk and rests his tired limbs on the first convenient seat he comes across. Rested and refreshed and breathing a silent word of thanksgiving to the departed donor, I wend my way home. Now the road descends sharply and then lies over a typically Tennysonian "babbling-brook," now making "a sudden sally by the bridge and sparkling out among the fern," then "stealing by lawns and grassy plots and sliding by hazel covers." But to-day I cannot as usual follow it "chattering over stony ways" or watch it "bubbling into eddying bays," for it's getting on to tea-time and I know "Mother" won't have her tea without me. So throwing just a hurried glance at it, I commence to ascend the steep incline on the other side. But as is always the case when we are most in a hurry there is always

something unexpected to delay us, so hardly had I gone half-way up the steep lane when whom do I espy by that cottage-gate but my aged friends, the old-age pensioners. I have not the heart to pass them by and so I stop and greet the old people and ask them how they are doing and how their sons and grandsons are faring at the Front. But I could not have made a more egregious blunder than by asking the latter question. For the old people, not content with merely telling me how their brave warriors are faring, go on recounting to me all the gallant doings of all their fighters in all their details. I much enjoy their enthusiasm and it does me good to see their old faces light up for once with the ardour of youth. Anyhow, it renovates my flagging spirits and I do the last mile home with lighter feet and a still lighter heart.

This was a walk more packed perhaps with the characteristic features of our countryside than any other; but it was by no means the only one of its kind. There were quite as interesting walks in other directions and there were a number of them, and with most of them I was intimately acquainted. The reader will naturally assume that these walks being such a source of enjoyment to me, I must have been quite happy during my stay in Hermitage. And so I was. And yet I could not say I was entirely happy. There were few mornings on which I did not wake up with a certain undefinable dull feeling—a kind of heart-heaviness. It was all the more aggravating as there was no ostensible reason for it. On the contrary, everything around me should have logic-

ally conduced to the opposite state of feeling. The early morning light, the freshness in the air, the matin-songs of birds, the flowers in our garden, all touched up with the happy anticipations of the tender care and fond regard of a kindred spirit during the day—and particularly as I always enjoyed a good night's rest and was then, so to say, in the pink of health — should have brought about an even unwonted lightness of heart and spirits. But there it was. There was no mistake about the certainty and persistency of the dull dead feeling, and each morning, like Faust of old, I soliloquised— "Why will the dull ache not depart?" A religiously-minded friend of mine attributed it to my energies being not more usefully employed for the furtherance of my own life and those of my fellow-beings and artfully let drop hints to the effect that it was a sign of divine displeasure—a sort of gentle reminder from on High to me to mend my ways. "That may be as you say," I replied. However, as matters stood, my energies were not wholly taken up by my walks. Besides finishing and bringing out my book on *Fate*, I did a lot of reading and writing, of gardening and digging, had lessons in shooting and in my own ancestral trade of carpentry and even took an occasional turn at the plough and learnt for myself the plain, unfigurative truth of that Biblical injunction not to look back once you have put your hand to the plough. But leaving the pious reasonings of my pious-minded friend aside, generally speaking I believe that matutinal heart-heaviness was due to the antinomy that lies at the base of all things.

As there is a vein of joy in the heart of sorrow, so conversely there is a vein of sorrow in the heart of joy. Besides, these experiences are inseparable from literary life or artistic life. No matter how robust-minded or cheerfully-disposed he may be, an indefinable despondency now and again takes possession of an unrecognised artist's or an unknown author's life. Even those who are recognised by the world and have acquired fame and celebrity are never known to be entirely free from the gratuitous attentions of this wretched Imp. And it is as well that it should be so; for in these attentions lie both the salvation and the greatness of the artist. Fame and success inevitably end in ease and relaxation, while even a passing feeling of dullness and despondency throws the artist off the gear of smug satisfaction and impels him on to fresher efforts and mightier achievements if only to shake the Moping Imp off his shoulder for the time being.

It was about this time that Canon Lyttelton delivered his famous lecture at Eton for which he was roundly abused and meanly insulted in most of the English newspapers. I warmly espoused the Canon's cause. For, after all, what was the crime of the Canon? That he had the courage of his convictions and said what he felt it his duty to say as the head-master of a great public school and more so as an anointed minister and servant of Christ. And what was the vicious thing he said? That England being a Christian nation, ought to remember the basic teaching of Christ about loving one's enemy and returning good for evil and, if she found it

impossible with the kind of enemy she possessed to act up to that sublime teaching, she should at least refrain from indulging in unchristian abuse of him as she was then unabashedly doing. Of course, it was but natural that when fuller details of the inhumanity and cruelty—one might almost say, the brutality and bestiality—of the Prussian soldiery in Belgium came to be published, the people should on the first receipt of details become momentarily infuriated and lose all control and revile the perpetrators in good round terms. But when the first outburst of indignation had subsided, to nurse wrath and ill-will and go on railing at our enemy, to give currency to every petty rumour and try to make capital out of every paltry incident was, maintained Lyttelton, unworthy of a great nation—most certainly of a Christian nation. And this was exactly what I found the newspapers doing, with the solitary and glorious exception of the *Times*. One could understand the press indulging in this vulgar vilification, for they, after all, had to reflect public opinion and cater to popular tastes. But what was one to think when one found the leading writers of the day and even a Cabinet Minister indulging in vulgar bravado which ministered to the same debasing passions of the masses! The Ministers as a class in their public addresses seemed never to miss an opportunity of eliciting popular applause by having, so to say, a fling at the enemy, and popular writers, like Belloc and Bennett, Wells and Chesterton, who from their lofty outlook on life might have been justly expected not to let their vision be blurred

by narrow nationalistic boundaries, and who from their more discerning reading of history should have made some effort, however unpopular and unavailing, to trace method in Teutonic madness or at least helped the people to understand the strange working of the German mentality, took instead to the more comfortable occupation of whetting the public appetite for vituperation or to the distinctly original task of *strafing* the Huns with their quills. Of course, nobody could question the purity of their motive. One only felt uncertain of the soundness of their judgment and the sincerity of their Christian feeling. They all, ministers and writers, were actuated, I know, by a certain high sense of patriotism. They saw the masses all around them, regardless of the great issues involved, take the war in the characteristic apathetic manner of Englishmen. They, therefore, believed that the only way of arousing them from their fatal apathy was to present before their mind's eye on all possible occasions terrible pictures of the misdeeds of their implacable foe. But they forgot in their patriotic fervour the inevitable working of the law of satiation and of the people becoming indifferent, when given in excess, to the very thing it so incontinently panted for before.

Canon Lyttelton was not the only one who had the courage to give expression to his unpopular convictions, but there were others, men like Selborne and Milner, Beresford and Loreburn, who also protested with all the emphasis at their command against the systematic under-estimation of our enemy's

achievements and the unworthy glorification of our own. They complained rightly of the molly-coddling of the people and of the doling out to them misleading official reports from the Front which kept the nation in the dark as to the real state of affairs and which indirectly promoted the very thing they all were bent on removing—namely, popular apathy towards the war. For these truly patriotic endeavours of theirs, one or the other of them was often dubbed Pro-German in my hearing by the self-styled patriots. But it's the way with Englishmen! The very nation in whose praise their foremost statesmen are pressing into service all the resources of eloquence and in whose honour their leading bards are singing pæans of praise and homage, was a hundred years ago thought to be the one nation that deserved to be wiped off the face of the earth. In the first lesson which Nelson imparted to the young midshipman on joining the service he enjoined, "You must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." Frequently he said his blood boiled at the very name of Frenchman, and once he remarked that no self-respecting Court in Europe ought to have any dealings with the French people. Even the prodigious intellect of Burke could see nothing in the French Revolution but the pure demoniacal ravings of madmen and murderers And when the noble-minded Fox with his wonderful perspicacity saw below all the froth and frenzy of the Revolution some rough-and-ready method of freeing the oppressed human spirit, some grand working out of the secret laws of human progress and freedom,

and dared to proclaim this to the unattuned ears around him, they literally howled him down as *advocatus diaboli* and his dearest friend parted company with him. But now we have learnt to appreciate the proper significance of that " red fool fury of the Seine " and how it has moulded for good the life and thought of the whole succeeding century. So also generations hence, when national passions and cultivated prejudices have subsided and saner views and larger conceptions come to prevail, posterity shall see in this Red Fool Fury of the Rhine—in this *Furor Teutonicus*—the birth-throes of a new world opening out new vistas of life and happiness to the pale, listless, purposeless, exhausted human spirit. Nobler literature will be born out of the ashes of Louvain and mightier architecture will arise out of the ruins of Rheims. European civilisation, instead of being put back, purged and purified will take a fresh leap forward, ready to meet, yea, with a lighter heart and a steadier nerve, what the future has in store for it. But, alas,

> " Who shall so forecast the years
> And find in loss a gain to match?
> Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears? "

It was then almost May when " Mother " and I once again went up to town. The parks looked perfectly entrancing in their spring green. We went to the Royal Academy and visited the picture-galleries to see once again our favourite pictures. Unfortunately some of these were removed and we missed very much our pet Turners in the National

Gallery and two or three of my unforgettable Dicksees in the Tate. The theatres I found crowded more than ever afternoon and night and the matinées were running almost every day. With the exception of Forbes Robertson, I had seen by then every one of the leading actors of the English stage, of all of whom Sir George Alexander's acting appealed to me the most. His superior personality and the way he has of living his part would have ordinarily carried all before him, but what in him particularly appealed to me was his magnificent reserve of power. One felt seeing him act that he had infinitely more of histrionic art in him than he chose to display on the stage, and what little he displayed was enough to make one conscious of the vast stores that lay behind it. And yet, strangely enough, the only time I found a play poorly attended in London was the one in which he took the leading part. One day we went to Hampton Court. It was the tulip-week; and those lovely flowers were out in their perfection. So perfect, indeed, did they look in their serried ranks that even those who visited the Court regularly at that time of the year declared that a more gorgeous show they had never witnessed before. Such an abundance of cultivated flowers and such an aggregation of the most varied and richest colours I myself had never come across in all my life! It was a veritable feast of flowers such as the Medieval Romancers and the Persian Poets loved to spread before the ravished gaze of their lovers. We also spent a day at Kew Gardens. Regaled as we were to repletion at Hampton Court, we were hardly

in a state to enjoy the comparatively simpler fare provided in these gardens. Still there was such a range of shades and colours in the foliage of trees, with walks so charmingly meandering in and out among them and by the little lakes, and such extensive and exquisite perspectives of water and woodland scenery were to be had at various turns and corners that I am not sure if I did not on the whole enjoy the simpler treat provided at Kew Gardens more. We walked to Queen's House through the bluebell wood, and while returning from there we passed two ladies so simply dressed that we took no particular notice of them and yet we had not gone a few yards when we were told they were the Queen and Princess Mary.

We paid a flying visit to Brighton one clear bright day. The famous sea-side place made no particular impression on me and I should have left it unmentioned here were it not for a little incident that showed how radically East differs from West in certain matters. While we were going round the Aquarium, I saw at a distance two Indians in the long, loose grey coats of wounded soldiers. I drew "Mother's" attention to them, upon which she expressed a great desire to meet the brave fellows. I accordingly took her where they were, and she asked me to tell them how grateful the English people were to them for coming over to fight for her country. They bowed and smiled and seemed to be not a little delighted at being addressed so familiarly by an Englishwoman. I soon ascertained they were commissioned officers of a well-known Gurkha regiment

and were wounded in France only a short time before. While talking, I inquired among other things whether they were well looked after at the Pavilion. And one of them replied that things were made as comfortable for them as they could possibly have desired, but, he said, pointing to his long, loose coat, —" What is this? Is there *izzat* in this? This is for sepoy-people, not for officers like us!" "Mother" being told what they complained of, asked me to explain that loose garments were just the proper things for the wounded and I added that if they looked round they would find all English wounded officers having a loose overcoat like theirs. But they shook their heads and repeated, "There is no honour in loose clothes for an officer." I, of course, could quite follow the working of their mind, but "Mother" was puzzled and asked amazed— "What has honour to do with loose clothes?" "Nothing," I replied, "from a Western standpoint. Everything from a purely Eastern. Why?— You will never be able to understand, nor I to explain."

One sunny afternoon we went to Windsor. We lingered long by the parapet of the Castle terrace looking at the magnificent panorama of the country, with the river sparkling under the bright afternoon sun between green fields and Eton College which rose so prominently in the distance above the clustering tops of giant elms. I soon walked down to the College, saw the Chapel, library, and dining-hall, strolled by the river's bank under the historic elms and then went and watched the boys practis-

ing cricket on those "playing fields" on which Waterloo was won. I was considerably amused to notice the quaint sartorial servility of the boys. They all seem to have dressed to order. They all needs must have cellular shirts and white cambric ties and collars of a particular shape and wear their trousers turned up and leave the last button of their waistcoat undone. Eton led me to see the other great public-school of England. Harrow is finely situated up on a hill, and a prettier spot within hailing distance of London it would be difficult to imagine. But, in spite of all its prettiness, it has not that feeling of spaciousness nor that air of distinction about it which makes Eton such an object of attraction and reverence even to a rank outsider like myself. But there is a spot in the Churchyard of Harrow where I sat long the evening I was there and for which alone Harrow has now a permanent place in my memory. It is the spot up a winding hill overlooking a wide expanse of country beside the stump of an elm underneath whose once-drooping boughs on many a peaceful evening in his happy youthful days reclined Byron and "mused the twilight hours away."

Through the courtesy of our county member I got an opportunity one afternoon of going to the House of Commons and following the debate. By pure luck I got a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery and felt as if I were a Member of the House itself. For the Members were seated in the row immediately in front of me and except for a low wooden partition and an iron rod there was nothing

to distinguish us Distinguished Strangers from the common Members of the House. The House was unusually crowded. That afternoon Mr. Asquith made his first general statement as to how things were progressing in the Dardanelles. Though I learnt nothing new which I had not known already from the papers, still as the statement was skilfully worded and sounded, at any rate, very reassuring, the House followed its reading enthusiastically and vigorously cheered the Premier as he took his seat. I also heard that afternoon Sir Edward Grey, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Birrell and a host of other lesser lights like Mr. Tennant and Lord Robert Cecil. But, strangely enough, neither the speaking nor the personality of any one of them left any particular impression on me. The member who most drew my attention was Mr. Austen Chamberlain. His distinguished presence, his clear speaking, his attractive mannerism, all went to make him the most noticeable figure in the House that day. But the man I particularly wanted to see and hear was not there—I mean Mr. Winston Churchill. The dash and courage he displayed at Omdurman, the spirit of adventure and resourcefulness in his escape from Pretoria, the hatred of foolish consistency and fearless adherence to living convictions in his political tergiversation, the foresight in his naval preparedness, the imagination in the conception of the Dardanelles Expedition, and to cap all, his illustrious ancestry, all went to make him in my eyes as fine a representative type of British character and traditions as I would wish to see and long to

meet anywhere. I, therefore, missed him in particular that afternoon in the House and I regretted very much his then recent replacement by Mr. Balfour at the head of the Admiralty. This latter for quite a different reason. I have a peculiar distrust of elderly statesmen and have no end of faith in younger men. It is true enough that in a great national crisis the elderly statesmen, because of their long experience and policy of caution, may be relied upon to bring no disaster on a country; but then they also are less likely owing to their lack of initiative and freshness of vision to lead her to any notable achievement. The inexperience and known precipitancy of younger politicians may lead to the committal of mistakes, and serious ones at times; but even these serious mistakes stand a good chance of being retrieved in the long run and of being actually turned in the end to the achievement of some signal success, some undreamt-of triumph!

I was in London when the first of the Zeppelin raids on England took place. Once their bombs fell off Dover, some couple of miles out in the sea, and one of the ha'penny papers made fun of the incident by saying it was " no use shelling the sea." In fact, the first futile attempts were treated everywhere with mocking contempt and the Zepps derisively called " toys " and " gas-bags." Whenever my friends spoke to me of Zeppelins in this derisive strain and tried to raise a laugh, I remarked that I was glad to notice that fresh evidence of their traditional sense of humour, but the laugh might one day turn against us. " We may," I continued, " detest

the Germans as much as we like and deride them to our hearts' content, but let us be careful how we despise them! To be sure the Germans are not made to be despised. Their Kaiser despised our small army and see now what that contemptible little army has done and grown into. Knowing what I do of their history and character, I am not so much afraid of their rapid successes as of their initial failures in any enterprise they undertake: for with their tremendous will-power their first failures can but serve to lash them on to mightier efforts and more daring enterprises." Whatever part, ignoble or otherwise, the Zeppelins were destined to play in this war, the future, I felt sure, lay entirely with them. In those much-despised gas-bags I saw not only the greatest achievement but the promise and potency of the most revolutionary achievements of our present century; and I am left in no doubt that the name of the great Count will be handed down to future ages side by side with those of Newton and Watts as one of the great benefactors of humanity. The future that lay before the steam-engine at the beginning of the last century, the same and infinitely more lie before the Zeppelin in the present. Railways and steamers will be relegated before long to mere local subsidiary transportations. The trade-routes and carrying-services of the world will lie in the air. With very little imagination one sees Cook arranging a month's air-tour round the world from New York or a week-end excursion to the North Pole from London or a day's trip to Mount Everest and back from Calcutta. Of late the League of

Peace of which Dante dreamed and the Federation of Nations for which Napoleon strove have been seriously discussed in national despatches and the newspapers of the world. If anything brings about the realisation of such a League and Federation, it will not be the Bible nor the Hague Tribunal nor even the victory of the Allies but the Zeppelin. For in the free Empire of the Air there can be no national barriers nor tariff-walls, and other barriers and walls, just as strong and just as absurd, of race-hatred and colour-prejudice, if ever they came to be thrown down, could only be by the flight of the Zeppelin in the great aërial common of the world.

About the middle of May we returned to our village and took things quietly for the following fortnight. In these three weeks things had advanced considerably. A new set of flowers had replaced the old. Our garden was one mass of colour and the countryside simply revelled in every shade and variety of green and gold and purple. Fruit trees were over-laden with blossoms, wild parsley and hyacinths grew in rank profusion, meadow after meadow gleamed with golden butter-cups, and the gorse, then in full bloom, made a most agreeable sight from a distance. But in what I revelled most at the time was the wild-flower air. Of all sweet things there is none so sweet as fresh air—sweeter still is country-air, but sweetest of all is wild-flower air. The green lanes and shady paths were fragrant with the blended perfume of a thousand scents. And so, instead of taking my usual long country-walks on paved roads, I strayed into unfrequented

lanes and grassy glades or followed a straggling path up some eminence which commanded a distant prospect of peaceful hamlets lying among undulating sweeps of cultivated country which I loved to watch rolling on and on seated under the shade of a spreading beech or lying down in a clump of wild hyacinths. It was while thus lying down on my couch of wild hyacinths that I, half-wakefully, half-dreamily, recalled a favourite quatrain or two from my adored Omar Khayyâm and wistfully meditated on the meaning and purpose of life. But meditate as I would, I could find no real meaning nor any satisfying purpose in our mortal existence. I had before then spent many years of my life going through various literatures of the ancient and modern world in quest of the touchstone that would before my wondering eyes transmute " Life's leaden Metal into Gold." But go where I would—to ancient Greece or Rome, Persia or India, to medieval Italy or Spain, to modern Germany or France, England or America, I, like Omar, " Evermore came out by the same Door as in I went." However, the book I generally carried with me was a life of Byron written by one who knew him in life and published the year after he died. But the English poet I was most frequently reminded of as I rambled in the countryside was Goldsmith. Snatches of his *Deserted Village* memorised in my boyhood would often insistently, at times annoyingly, haunt my ears; and particular sights carried my thoughts back to certain well-remembered passages of that sweetest chronicler of English country-life, Miss Mitford. Her home being

within easy reach of Hermitage, we went one day to see it. We took train to Reading, and there engaged an open carriage and soon found ourselves driving through a rather uninteresting bit of English country. We had not driven for half-an-hour when we came to a particularly dusty part of the road with some two dozen cottages on either side almost mean in appearance with no gardens to speak of. The driver stopped before the biggest of this collection of cottages and, immediately turning round and pointing his whip to it, said, " This is Miss Mitford's 'ome." So this was the world-famous Our Village—this dirty brown patch of land with a collection of a couple of dozen disreputable-looking cottages! The reader can imagine my consternation and my disappointment! I was seeing visions of its paradisaical charms in my distant Eastern home and—here was their magnificent realisation in all sober palpable truth. Such, alas, is the fate of all realisations! There was nothing for it but to make the best of the bad bargain, so we entered the cottage, saw the different rooms, noticed the old furniture, looked into the old-fashioned wall-cupboards, entered her famous bedroom where it was possible " to light the fire, shut the door, and open the window without getting out of bed," and finally, like thorough-going American tourists, had tea in her study. Later on we drove to Swallowfield to see her subsequent home and then went to the pretty churchyard and laid on her grave there our floral tribute to her genius.

The extent to which the Boy Scout Movement

has spread in England is simply astonishing. Each of our neighbouring villages had a company of scouts, and ours, in which I took particular interest, was the smartest of them all. I went out with them on their great field-day, joined in their annual treat, played games with them, and one afternoon took them out with their drums and bugles on a route-march, brought them home and had tea served to them. Glowing with health and vigour they made a fine sight as they sat round in a circle on our lawn, talking and laughing and making merry over their cup of tea and cakes. This was perhaps the last thing I did before we travelled up north to spend a fortnight on the Lochs and Lakes. On my previous visit to England I was in a regular touring frame of mind —that is, not caring so much to see a place thoroughly or enjoy seeing it as bent on hurrying as fast as possible and seeing as many places as I could. Being driven by this one idea of getting on, while in the Lakeland I saw all the principal English lakes and stayed on most of them, and likewise while in Scotland I had a hurried look at the biggest lochs but did not stay on any one of them. However, in all my hurry I had not been slow to notice the loveliest spots on the Lakes or the bonniest nooks on the Lochs and resolved that if ever I revisited them I would stay on Windermere somewhere near Bowness and on Loch Lomond at Tarbet. My partiality for Loch Lomond or my selection of Tarbet few would be inclined to dispute, but with regard to Windermere claims will be put forward for Derwentwater, Ullswater, and Grasmere. After experiencing the

spaciousness of Windermere, one feels somewhat confined at Grasmere as if there was not enough breathing-space there. Except for the head of the lake and the woods and rocks of Stybarrow, the rest of Ullswater is rather a tame affair, and though Derwentwater has the spaciousness, it has not half as many or as varied walks as Windermere, nor has it so many coigns of vantage by the lakeside or up the hills encircling it where one could go and read and dream. Anyhow we fixed on the Hydropathic at Bowness as being on the whole the best place to stay at, commanding as it does a fine, unimpeded view of the west arm of the Lake with the distant Langdale Pikes rising far and high above it.

Having a long journey before us, we left home betimes and caught the first morning train northwards. But our troubles began almost as soon as we started. At the first changing station we found the connecting train taken off for military requirements. The result was, we missed connections everywhere and could not reach our destination as expected that night but only got as far as Kendal. This was most annoying, specially as we had an engagement next day at Lake Coniston and I was not certain whether we could get there by the appointed time. The fact was Mrs. Arthur Severn, having come to know of my passionate fondness for her great cousin, had asked us to come and lunch with her and spend a few hours at Brantwood. It was well-nigh midnight when we reached Kendal, but the moment we got off the train I made inquiries and was considerably relieved to hear that it

would be possible for us to keep our engagement. So next morning we left Kendal early. On our way we passed the old Furness Abbey. One sadly missed that fine desolation, that noble unsightliness, that touch of past grandeur and present neglect one loves to associate with all historic ruins. All was spick and span and in its proper place. The walls looked as if they were scraped and cleaned but yesterday; the walks were swept and scrupulously tidy; and there were the rhododendron bushes looking all fresh and flowering and in their appropriate places for the gaping American tourists. Were it not for the disappearance of the roof and a few broken arches one would have hardly suspected that one was looking at a ruin at all. The train soon made its way through bushes of gorgeously-tinted rhododendrons all growing wild and in perfect bloom. In fact, all along the track I found wild flowers growing in patches of rank profusion right up to Coniston. On alighting at Coniston, I went to the station-master and was inquiring of him how we could get to Mrs. Severn's when I felt a light touch on my arm and on turning round I found "Mother" by the side of a lady advanced in years but with a face so radiantly fresh and so instantaneously taking and there was such undefinable charm about her voice and all her little ways that I had not been introduced to her many minutes when I felt how very true Ruskin was when he said of her that "everybody felt the guileless and melodious sweetness of Joanie's face." We left the platform to find a well-appointed carriage and pair awaiting us at the entrance. No

sooner had we taken our seats than we were driven at a rapid pace through the village, past the Ruskin Museum and the village churchyard where that inspired seer and faithful Christian sleeps side by side with the rude forefathers of the village; then came out on the lake and round the north end of it which De Quincey so truly calls " the sublime head of Coniston." The road then began to rise gradually till we entered the more wooded part of it with masses of flowers on either side. We must have driven quite two miles through this extremely pretty part of Coniston, getting now and again glimpses of the lake and of the distant village before we came to Brantwood. As we drove up to the front entrance, the two Misses Severn came out to receive us. We were soon taken in and introduced to Mr. Arthur Severn. Shortly afterwards we sat down to luncheon. I noticed on the walls round me the original of many a well-remembered painting. There were portraits of Ruskin's father and mother by Northcote. There was his own picture as a child with the blue hills he loved so well, and there was my favourite portrait of him seated by his desk, so spare of body, almost boyish in appearance, with lips sweetly compressed and eyes looking steadily into the dim future. After luncheon Mrs. Severn took me into his study. I had a hurried look at the long rows of his books and more than a look at the fine bust of the Madonna he had brought from Italy, his curious collection of crystals and precious stones, his neatly-bound manuscripts, his famous green plush-chair in which in the closing years of his life the Professor, as Mrs.

Severn called her cousin, used to sit and contemplate the lake and Coniston Old Man for many a long hour. Mrs. Severn kindly asked me to sit in the chair. " Thank you," I said, " but if you don't mind I would rather not. We in the East have a notion that it is pure desecration for a *chela* to occupy the seat of his *guru*." However, when I was taken to Ruskin's writing-table on which he worked and wrote most of his books I was given the surprise of my life. Except for two books, the table had absolutely nothing on it. And those two books were mine. Mrs. Severn, perceiving my evident surprise, remarked in her own quiet way, " Don't think, Mr. Wadia, I had those books placed there this morning. They have been lying there ever since I received them and there they shall remain and those two only." The reader may well imagine how elated I must have felt and how fast my heart must have raced at hearing those words. Hearing things of this kind is perhaps the only real joy an unknown author experiences in his solitary existence, nay, most frequently the only recompense he gets for the years of toil and tribulation that his vocation unknown to the public at large entails. People have an idea that books get written for nothing, that the author is a waster, a sort of parasite on society. They can see a cooly or a navvy sweat at their gate any fine afternoon and can feel that he works and earns his honest bread. But when the brain sweats at the desk from morning to evening, no one can see that it works also and earns its bread just as honestly and as honourably, although no beads of perspiration stand out on

the brow as they do in the case of the cooly and the navvy. Anyhow, in such unexpected appreciations of his work, the young, unknown author often finds the only bright spots of his life—at any rate the only compensating element for the habitual neglect and silent censure of the people at large. Mr. Severn took me later on to several rooms upstairs, showed me Ruskin's bedroom with several Turners hanging on the walls, the room in which he breathed his last and another where Mr. Severn was giving finishing touches to the series of pictures he had painted in and about Stratford-on-Avon to illustrate *The Making of Shakespeare* which Marie Corelli had in hand just then. Afterwards we went down, walked through the garden and by Ruskin's favourite wooded path, saw the slope planted by the Professor himself with Persian lilacs, and finally came to the bowling-green where I played bowls with Mr. Severn till tea-time. As I had a long way to go I left Brantwood soon after tea with a store of precious and most unforgettable memories. Mr. Severn accompanied me for the first mile, but after that I was left to do the rest of the seven or eight miles to Bowness by myself. It was past eight when I reached Bowness, but as the walk lay through Hawkshead and along Esthwaite Water, the scene of Wordsworth's early life and the opening theme of his *Prelude*, I quite enjoyed my solitary tramp. The next and following days I had long walks to different places round Windermere. One day we drove on a char-à-banc to Langdale Pikes, and on our return passed by Blea Tarn, that "liquid pool in a little

lowly vale with one bare dwelling, so lonesome and so perfectly secure," which Wordsworth loved so well and beside which he lived so contentedly for a year, and then partly drove and partly walked down the famous Red Scar Road which opened at each winding exquisite views of Grasmere and the hills enclosing it. On our way home we stopped at Dove Cottage. The old keeper showed us round the cottage and told us when and how she met Wordsworth and talked to him. Later on we walked up the garden at the back so prettily laid out by the poet and his sister and sat on the rustic seat at the top where the laureate held his evening-communion with nature. However, I did not care for carriage excursions and so I would, as a rule, walk to some distant bend or high spot which overlooked a long stretch of the lake and there rest and read and return late to the Hydro by coach or steamer. Rydal Water somehow always fascinated me. It was perhaps the quaint beauty of that little lake or more likely the literary associations connected with it that drew me to its side. Anyhow, I remember one fine morning rowing across the lake to the Ferry Inn opposite Bowness and then walking along the shaded path by the lake, round Wray Castle and through the pretty Rothay Valley past Rydal Mount to Wordsworth's seat on Rydal Water. The afternoon had well advanced when I reached the rocks on the top of which is the seat. It is now overgrown with trees obscuring the view of the lake, and so I went down to the shore and there I threw my tired limbs down on a couch that I most unexpectedly found

spread before me of soft lush grass. There was the lovely lake stretched before me placidly reflecting the neighbouring high hills and the winding road up a small incline to Grasmere, with exquisite little isles thickly covered with trees of variegated foliage nestling on its glistening bosom, and there, where Dorothy and her great brother must have passed many an idle hour and Coleridge and Southey rested a while on their tramp back to Keswick, I lay reading my Byron and drinking in the beauty of the quiet scene which at times glowed with a strange unearthly light as the soft somnolent air lulled my senses and a still softer slumber stole over my drooping eyelids—only to be roused the next instant to the rough realities of life by the noise and clatter of a passing coach.

However, the most memorable walk I had in the Lake District was up Helvellyn. My Chester friend suggested the walk and he came specially to Bowness to take it with me. We left the Hydro by an early coach and were at Grasmere an hour after. We got off the coach, paid a hasty visit to Wordsworth's grave, entered a narrow lane, crossed a tiny ghyll, hit upon the track and with it commenced our long ascent. It had been wet overnight, so the track was sodden in most places and at times we lost all traces of it. But my friend had the instinct of a Red Indian in him and so he found no particular difficulty in picking up the track each time we lost it. It was noon when we negotiated the craggy path up to Grisedale Tarn and were soon on the top of it—the little mountain lake lying undisturbed at our feet.

We had not much time to spare so we just walked on and presently came on another ghyll, crossed the bare plank bridge over it and were soon following the zig-zag path up Dolly Wagon Pike. Half-way up the Pike to our surprise we found a bench and took a much-needed rest and refreshed ourselves with what little we had with us. It was a scene strangely wild, almost weird, that met my eyes as I sat and looked round. Not a sound nor a sign of movement anywhere. Not a tree nor any semblance of vegetation or colour except the dreary brown of mountain-heather which served but to intensify the still drearier brown of the scraggy, crumbling heights all round. We had rested hardly twenty minutes when we once again commenced our ascent, and it was getting on for 2 p.m. when I reached the top of Dolly Wagon. After that the track lay quite easy up and down the broad mountain-summit and before long we were up the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn. Unfortunately it was rather misty up there and the sun came out of the flying clouds but fitfully, and so we got, as the mists cleared up for a few moments, a glimpse or two of the gleaming lakes and blue valleys far, far down in the basin of the enclosing mountains. But now came the ticklish part of the job. We intended going down by the Striding Edge, and when first I saw the Edge from a distance it appeared so very jagged and narrow and so perilously precipitous, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet on either side, that I was taken aback for a moment and told my companion it was inconceivable that there could possibly be any track on it and, if there

were, that any one would be so foolhardy as to venture on it. My friend replied that not only was there a track but the Striding Edge was " the thing to do " for all who climbed up Helvellyn. I could hardly believe what he said, but remembering a little maxim of Carlyle's I had garnered in my college days, " Solve all doubts by action," I instantly brushed aside the pusillanimous thoughts that had taken possession of me and just went ahead. And when we came to the top of Helvellyn and my friend traced the track leading down the Edge, I simply followed him without looking back an instant. In about a quarter of an hour we jumped on the Edge, having descended or slid down, to put it more correctly, the well-nigh perpendicular stony track from Helvellyn. Once on the Edge, the path did not appear perilous at all, though at times we had to pull ourselves up sharp jutting-out rocks with both hands, and frequently round a corner the path became uncomfortably narrow and needed rather steady nerves to keep away from Eternity that yawned invitingly at our feet. However, without much difficulty we compassed this exciting bit of our excursion, and when we came to the end of it we saw Patterdale lying hundreds of feet below us. Going down into the dale was rather tedious, as the path seemed to lengthen as we went, and it was very nearly five when we walked through the woods of Patterdale and entered a way-side inn to have some tea. From here I intended taking the Ullswater Coach for Ambleside and then another for Bowness. It was now nearly six and I was rather fatigued with

my three thousand feet climb up and down and so was looking forward to having an enjoyable drive on the coach. Conceive of my surprise when on inquiring at the inn I was coolly told that the last coach had left an hour ago and that the only way to get back to Bowness that night was to go on foot there. That meant another fourteen miles to do and another fifteen hundred feet of climb up Kirkstone Pass. But what was worse I had to do them by myself, as my companion was going on to Keswick that night. However, there was no way round the difficulty but only over it. So bidding good-bye to my friend, off I started on my solitary tramp and before long reached the foot of the Pass. Wearily I began the ascent and the awful desolation of the Pass would have before long told on me were it not for a swiftly flowing mountain stream which kept me company half-way up and seemed to carry me on the wings of its melodious chant as it hurried sparkling down its rocky, tortuous course. But once away from its mysterious influence the magic wings seemed to be clipped from under my feet and I became as weary-footed as before. Happily, the inn on the top came opportunely to my succour and quite set me up with a glass of milk and some cake it had to offer me. Though it was very nearly eight as I came out of the inn, it was still light up there, and the sky and the mountain-peaks were all aglow with the fiery red of the sun that had just then set. I took the Troutbeck Round though I could have saved a mile or two by going direct: But the fame of the Round had reached my ear even in my dis-

tant Eastern home, and now that I had a chance of seeing it I did not like to miss it. And well it was that I took it, for the road for the space of a mile or two overlooked a quietly beautiful Westmorland valley with the little grey cottages looking out of the tops of clustering trees and the typical Westmorland stone walls artistically intercepting the whole length of it. Then at a bend of a sudden the lovely valley disappeared and as suddenly on the opposite side there opened before my wondering gaze—

> " the bed of Windermere
> Like a vast river, stretching in the sun,
> With exultation, at my feet I saw
> Lakes, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,
> A universe of Nature's fairest forms,
> Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst
> Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay."

In the iridescence of twilight that evening that grand panorama of Windermere appeared to me exactly as it did to Wordsworth one bright summer's day a hundred years ago. A turn or two blotted out the panorama, and after that it was nothing but a long dreary tramp to the Hydro, which I reached some time after ten, having walked very nearly twelve hours with but three or four intervals for refreshments. I felt quite done up when I reached the Hydro, but thoughtful " Mother," even at that late hour, had a hot meal kept ready for me which set me up a bit and later on a steaming hot bath relieved me considerably.

This walk up Helvellyn was certainly the most

memorable incident of my week on Windermere. There was, however, another little incident—little, I mean, from most men's point of view—which was to me, if not more, equally memorable. And it was the discovery of Kipling's " IF—." One night there was a concert at the Hydro and one of the items was a recitation by a lady and " If " was the subject of her recitation. I heard her with rapturous enthusiasm. It came to me like a revelation, like a new psalm of life. Even as I write I seem to hear her recite:—

> " If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
> And treat those two impostors just the same;
> If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
> Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
> Or watch the things you gave your life to broken
> And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools."

At the end of our week at Windermere we left for Loch Lomond. The first few miles of our journey to Penrith, as it lay through the wilds of Westmorland, proved interesting, as also the last few miles over the West Highland Railway which before it reaches Tarbet picturesquely winds round hills high above many a low-lying loch and charmingly passes by many a glistening wooded glen. At Tarbet I passed the days very much as at Bowness. Glen Douglas, Glen Falloch, and Glen Croe were all in turn seen and admired. But none of the glens I went to I enjoyed so much as that beautifully shaded road between Inverbeg and Tarbet which at each break in the trees along the lakeside opened out exquisite little vignettes of lake, hills, and clouds and set me humming

within myself the refrain of that old, old song I used to sing when quite a child and ere I understood a word of English—*The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.* The longest excursion we took together was to the Trossachs. By an early steamer we crossed over to Inversnaid, then got on a waiting coach and drove to Stronachlachar at the head of Loch Katrine and while waiting for our steamer walked up and down the pine wood that so prettily fringes it. It was midday by the time our steamer left the Lachar. Once fairly away, the blue expanse of Loch Katrine lay stretched in all her length glistening under the noonday sun. Ben Venue soared high up on the right and Ben Ledi rose gracefully on the left, and soon after there came in sight the mossy banks and weeping willows of Ellen's Isle and as we rounded it we saw the last faint streak of the Silver Strand where Fitz-James—

> "Stood concealed amid the brake
> To view the Lady of the Lake."

A moment later the steamer touched the pier, we got off and strolled at ease through that far-famed mile and a half of the Trossachs to Loch Achray—at first making no progress at all, so often we stood admiring—

> "Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
> Each plant or flower the mountain's child,
> Grouped their dark hue with every stain,
> The weather-beaten crags retain.
> With boughs that quaked at every breath,
> Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
> Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
> Cast anchor in the rifted rock;

And higher yet, the pine tree hung,
His shattered trunk and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

On our return journey, having an hour to spare at Inversnaid, I employed it in going to the famous Highland outlaw's cave. The way lay very much as Scott describes it in *Rob Roy*, all up and down a rough, broken, narrow, mountain-path overgrown with copsewood and frequently crossed by twisted tree-trunks and sharp-cutting rocks, and the cave itself now consists of a few huge pieces of grey-stone, lying all in a heap.

Ben Lomond—which I watched at all times of day and never retired at night without having a last long look at it as it lay in majestic repose in the grey stillness of late twilight—beckoned me one day to attempt its dizzy height. So early one bright, beautiful morning I rowed across the loch in a boat and when on the other side I brushed aside water-weed and plunged knee-deep in rank grass to make my way to a lonely cot I espied at a distance. In answer to my knock the old cotter appeared at the door and as he stood talking to me his " toddlin' wee thing " came out and clung to his knee and from under its arched head lifted its little eyes suspiciously up towards me. A little later he led

the way up the hill and we had not gone a hundred yards when he suddenly stopped and, pointing to the path we were on, said, "*Fällow thes and if ye dinna fäll into a bäg or git läst in moorlan' ye'll shuar come to Ben Lämun.*" "Oh, really!" I exclaimed and thanked him as I slipped a small silver piece into his hand, for I could not but admire his native logic though it was hardly a cheering thought to speed a lonely stranger with on his not quite unhazardous venture. I followed the track and it ran quite distinctly for some time, but before long it began to grow fainter and fainter till coming upon a strip of tall grass it got lost into it and I went hither and thither and retraced my steps to recover it, but all to no purpose. For a moment I stood puzzled! But knowing in a general way the direction in which Ben Lomond stood, I just followed my native instincts and made my own way. This is a tedious mode of progress, for when one is on a beaten track one just keeps to it, giving one's mind and eye to things and sights around one; when, however, a person has to make his own way, he has to keep a sharp look-out and watch every step he takes forward lest he trip on something or stumble into a hole. This takes away all the interest of the walk, and the enjoyment of the scenery is practically impossible. But there was no way out of it and so I made my solitary way through tall grass and by bramble thickets, and I must have gone on for quite two hours before I came to the top of a ridge from where I could see Loch Lomond lying some hundreds of feet below me with Tarbet and our hotel appearing

like a mere speck by the indented lake shore. Turning round to proceed farther I saw a shallow and extended basin some fifty feet deep lying right across my way. I had an uncomfortable minute or two looking at it, for it immediately put me in mind of the old cotter's warning about bogs and moors. I went forward none the less and got on very well at first, but I began to feel the grass under my feet getting softer and softer till all of a sudden the water oozed up from the ground and partly ran over my boots. Instantly I took a step or two backwards and went on retracing my steps till I came on firmer soil, and then once again went ahead and had not gone some distance when I found myself confronted by a solid patch of thickly intertwining heather quite two feet high and extending in one long endless sweep to the bottom of the basin. It was anything but comfortable making one's way through this network of twining stems. But the thing had to be done and so I just went ahead. When at length I reached the lower end of it, I saw a sickening mire lying in front of me—the very picture of the Slough of Despond of Bunyan's. This was evidently the bog my old friend had warned me against and so I proceeded cautiously, feeling for firm ground as I went and making extensive detours to take no risks. Contrary to expectations I went over this last bit of bogland with surprising ease and was soon climbing up a hill on the other side. Once there I stretched myself at full length on the soft grass and looked round and felt what I had so often read of the breathing

solitude and the weird loneliness of the higher Scotch moorland. A thought came to me as I lay stretched—what a plight would I be in if by some mischance I tripped and sprained my ankle! But the evil thought had hardly had time to take possession of me for I got up the next moment and began the ascent of the hill and when I reached its top found another height soaring above it. This was very steep and I felt certain when I scaled it I would be on the top of Ben Lomond itself. Being very steep, to reach its summit I had to work round its sides and when after patient toil I reached it, judge of my surprise and disappointment when I found still another height rising above me almost as high but much more precipitous, with the sides rough with crumbling rock. There was a distinct track up its rough surface, but as I had been climbing by then nearly four hours, going up this crag meant real hard work; but feeling that it was the top-knot of the old Ben I pulled myself together and began to ascend with alacrity, and in my new-born ardour so rapidly did I climb that when I reckoned I was about half-way up, a turning round a projecting rock revealed the astounding fact of my being on the top itself. Exultantly I ran forward and waved my cap and shouted, "Ben Lomond, at last!" It was a sublime panorama that met my eyes! A most magnificent host of mountain peaks stood arrayed round me! There were on one side Ben Vane, Ben Ime, and Ben Donich, with Gareloch and the whole of Loch Lomond with its cluster of thirty little isles. On the other side stood Ben

Voirlich, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venue, with Loch Vennachar and Loch Katrine lying snugly between the two last. I refreshed myself with what little I had brought in my coat-pockets with me and then taking off my boots and making a pillow of my coat I lay down and soon passed off into the world of sweet forgetfulness. After the refreshing siesta, I took the pony track down to Rowardennan, and as a beaten track ran all the way I came to my objective in little over two hours and, taking the lake-ferry, was back to Tarbet by sun-down.

It was past the middle of June when we left the Land of Bonnie Banks and Braes and were once again back in our own dear village. A new set of flowers met our delighted gaze as we entered our garden. These were Madonna lilies and large peonies and hundreds of red roses up the wall by the porch all vying with each other, it seemed, to welcome us back home. The War, in the meantime, had assumed a new phase on the Eastern Front. Lemberg was retaken and Warsaw—before the walls of which that facile war-prophet of England, Mr. Belloc, had said in February the German offensive had exhausted itself just as it had done the previous September on the Marne—was on the point of being taken and our own great offensive in the West, with the hopes of which the people were buoyed up and kept in good humour for the past many months, showed no signs of coming off. Excuses were not wanting now as in the Spring. It was then want of munitions, it was now want of men. I could scarcely repress my laughter when my friends, while discussing the War,

seriously advanced those hackneyed pleas. I asserted as usual, " It is not the want of *munitions*, nor of *men*, nor of *money*, but the lack of a more important ' *m* ' that is the source of all our trouble. It is the want of the requisite ounces of *mind*-stuff in those in whose hands the destinies of the Allies are entrusted that keeps us back from achieving our purpose." Man-power, Money-power, and Munition-power were undoubtedly important factors, but the deciding factor, I said, and I was old-fashioned enough to believe, was as ever superior Mental-power. " We have," I would say, " brave men, heroic officers, but no general. We have, no doubt, fine, reliable, cautious generals who may be trusted to stave off defeats, make no mistakes, nor bring on disasters on us; but there is no captain of men who by his creative genius and iron will can organise victories, inspire his men with his own energy, and venturing on risky enterprises, wrench victory out of the jaw of certain defeat and eventually lead his triumphant host on to the great goal we have set before us. But the pity of it all is that, outside the vicious coterie of generals who have managed to secure for themselves the official eye and ear, we have a general of this type in England whose heroic stubbornness and sleepless vigilance saved us from an impending disaster in South Africa and whose single creative thought has now harnessed the long-wasted energies of the boyhood of the world for the furtherance of great national purposes. If any general has the requisite creative genius to invent new principles of strategy and tactics to revolu-

tionise the whole art of trench-warfare and the requisite will-power to put these principles into practice against all opposition—that general is the hero of Mafeking."

Oxford was a favourite haunt of mine during my stay in the village. Being within an hour's run of Hermitage, I went there whenever an opportunity presented itself. The old "quads" had something or other new to show me each time I entered their hallowed precincts and the gardens at the back were an unfailing source of enjoyment to me. St. John's garden, with its well-kept lawn, its flower-beds, and its spreading age-worn trees with seats beneath, was the one I took a peculiar fancy for. The view that most fascinated me was that of Magdalen College from the fields across the river. The Cherwell lazily meandered between them to the fine Magdalen bridge in the middle-distance, with the old college-tower rising above amid a woodland scene as bright and pretty as one would love to see anywhere and at all times. I was also attracted to Addison's Walk, partly on account of the literary associations connected with it, but mostly on account of its beautifully shaded avenue. However, the life on the river in the afternoons was what I liked to see most. Cambridge, I think, in this connection is prettier still to watch. The scene presented there by the college-backs on a summer afternoon, specially that long winding bit of the Cam between Trinity Hall and Magdalene College, is something worth going a long way to see. I have in mind particularly the bright May afternoon I stood on one of the pretty

bridges over the river watching the "undergrad" at play. Here a tall, slim youth glided down the Cam standing in his punt pole in hand; there on the lawn by the river bank basked in the blazing sunlight a strapping big fellow dreamily smoking his pipe. Hard by in a boat under the shade of a spreading tree lay his companion reading all huddled up between soft red cushions; and far away in the distance at a pretty bend of the river with that fine pile of buildings of St. John's for background were a number of flannelled young men strenuously employed on the tennis-courts.

To be on the Thames in summer when the roses are out is one of the joys of England! The whole strip from Oxford down to Windsor is familiar to me. I did it leisurely, either going by the river-steamer or walking on the tow-path—but walking or otherwise, always taking small bits at a time. I can't say which parts I like in particular, for I like every inch of it. Nowhere in the world, I believe, in the same number of miles does the scenery change so rapidly or so interestingly. The loveliest scenery is apt to lose some interest for one on a second or third visit, but on a tenth visit the Thames lost not a particle of interest for me. Certain parts of it I have done over and over again, and each time I went I grew increasingly fond of them. As I said, every inch of it is interesting to me, still there are spots which are favourites of mine. They are the picturesque approaches of Windsor from Boveney Lock and of Maidenhead Bridge from Cookham, the pretty bit along Great Marlow, the long, beautiful strip

between Pangbourne and Goring and that wild stretch from Clifton Lock down to Wallingford. But in its full summer glory, when the roses cover the arches and run over the river-side cottages and the high places along the river-banks present a study in variegated foliage, the part between Shiplake and Henley is perhaps the loveliest on the Thames.

July was fast approaching and I was making preparations for my tour of America and the Far East and had already booked my passage by an Allan liner for Montreal when one morning I received a letter in an unknown hand. It ran:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have been reading your book, *The Message of Zoroaster;* and having studied these subjects all my life, and being very keenly sympathetic with you on many points, I should be glad if it is possible that we should know each other in this present phase of things, as I am sure we have known each other in the past, and as we shall know each other in the future! . . . I feel so sure of your comprehension that I am risking your possible surprise at my writing without an introduction though I dare say you know my name. I hear you are going abroad soon —that is why I write at once in the hope that we may meet before you go.—Yours in all sincerity,"

The reader can imagine my surprise when I read at the end of it the name of a world-famous novelist. To say simply that I was rejoiced to receive this cordial note of recognition would be but ill-expressing the nature and extent of joy I felt when I came to the end of it and saw the signature. Not that I had never received before a similar unexpected recognition from another equally famous writer: for, as chance would have it, the same book had a

particularly complimentary and singularly original review taken of it a couple of years before in the pages of *The Illustrated London News* by one of the leading thinkers of the day. But because she was perhaps the one novelist of modern times whom I had the patience to read and whose unquestioned originality of conception had been admitted by people of such different tastes as Queen Victoria and Empress Elizabeth, Gladstone and Tennyson, Leighton and Alma-Tadema, I felt elated at the prospect opened out to me of knowing so famous a personality. I immediately wrote back to say that nothing would delight me more than to meet her as proposed. To which she replied asking us both to come and dine with her on a particular night. Accordingly one Tuesday morning we left home for Stratford-on-Avon. It was past noon when we came in sight of Shakespeare's birthplace and shortly afterwards we found ourselves comfortably settled in the hotel called after him and in rooms named after his historic characters. As we had a few hours to spare we thought we could not employ them better than by taking a trip on the Avon. So we walked down to the Memorial Gardens, took a boat, and first did that delightfully wooded reach between the Memorial Theatre and the church where rests the bard of all time; then turned round, passed the gondola of our hostess and leisurely glided down the Avon. It grew narrower and narrower as we left the town behind and soon we were passing underneath an avenue of pollarded willows, one of which, strangely enough, " grew aslant the brook

that showed the hoar leaves in the glassy water," exactly as fair Ophelia found its prototype that afternoon when she came to it " with fantastic garlands of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples " and clambered on a pendent bough to hang her coronet of weeds with such tragic result.

It was still light when we returned from the river, and later on, when we dressed and came down, we found a superb limousine waiting to take us to " Ye Crofte " of " Rychard Mason." We soon came in sight of the beleaved, beflowered front of the old croft and a minute later I found myself in the presence of the most out-of-the-ordinary and certainly the most intensely living personality that I have ever come across. Her exuberance of spirits was all the more remarkable when one noticed that she was neither slight of build nor in the prime of life. Nor was this extraordinary agility merely external, for a glance at her searching eyes and animated countenance bore out the same fact and made it all too evident that it was no ordinary soul that inspirited them. Buffon somewhere says, "*le style est l'homme même.*" Here, I said to myself, was its living exemplification. She received me with both hands extended, asked me all about my books, and said she did not agree with my last as she believed in free-will. The conversation then turned over her books and I said one night six years ago when I had been cruising on the Norwegian Fjords and up in the Land of the Midnight Sun, the skies were aflame with the red and purple and gold of the midnight-sun and from an unseen quarter there

came floating over the waters the words of a song, and as I, in the solemn stillness of the northern night, stood enchanted on the deck listening to the ravishing melody, I was instantly put in mind of the opening page of her well-known novel and felt how faithfully she had described that land of light and love. "I don't know Norway," she replied smiling, "I have never been there." "Really!" I exclaimed in mild astonishment, "you've never been to Norway? How very surprising!" She said one would not be surprised at what she said if one knew the compass and power of the imagination. Then she spoke of a famous Frenchman who happening to meet a friend of his after many months asked him where he had been all that time. On being told that he had been visiting Spain, "Ah, what a pity," he sighed, "now you will never be able to describe Spain." "This reminds me of Tom Moore," I put in. "He never was out in the East and yet all who have been to Cashmere admit with one voice that in his *Lalla Rookh* he has caught the soul of that fairyland and described it as it has never been described before or after him." A moment later dinner was announced and I led her in. We formed but a small party of five. Besides "Mother" there was her life-long friend and companion, the daughter of a countess, and witness and partner of all her early struggles, and an elderly gentleman well-informed and extensively travelled. The conversation at the table turned on all sorts of subjects connected with war and travel, art and literature. Scott and Socrates, Shelley and Shakespeare were all called up and in

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their turn dismissed, and when I left the table I could not but marvel at the extent of her knowledge and the wonderful way she had of diving down and bringing up on the instant any of her garnered treasures. From the general conversation I gathered that our hostess owed the strong emotionalism she betrays in her writings to her Italian father and that pervading tone of mysticism which makes her novels so precious to most of us to her Scotch mother. There, as we sat at the table next to each other, I could not help reflecting that we two belonged to the same great craft and yet what a world lay between us—between her literary fame and success and mine. They say extremes often meet. I don't know if they often do. But I know they met that night at Stratford-on-Avon as never they did before. Dinner over, she led us out into her extensive garden at the back of the house. As we moved out I threw a glance up and round me and saw the broad old-fashioned staircase, dimly lighted with a quaint old lamp; then passed through an oak-panelled and oak-raftered hall such as Scott loved to describe and possess, and came finally to a modern winter-garden which opened into the garden at the back. It was a beautiful moonlight night into which we stepped as we came out of the winter-garden and the reader can imagine my feelings as I strolled in that old-world garden side by side with one of the world's celebrities. When we had completed our round of the garden we came upon the old high-gabled back of her house which stood out in sombre contrast to the illumined sky behind and which with

the ivy-mantled Elizabethan archway and sun-dial in the foreground formed a study in light and shade which made one involuntarily pause and admire the sight before one. Once in, one noticed many little tokens of regard and affection in which she is held by her admirers all over the world. There was a rather heavy armlet crudely jewelled sent to her by an Indian Maharaja and there was a quaintly made necklace, perhaps of the time of the Pharaohs, which was for long in the family of an Egyptian Prince and which he sent because he said "it belonged to her of old." When it was time for us to leave, and as we were moving out, she asked me why I wished to go to America. "Because I want to learn the philosophy of hustle," I said. Upon which she laughed and remarked, "You will learn nothing in America. Go back to your country: there you have all that you need."

Having an engagement at Birmingham the following day, she left Stratford early in the morning, but before doing so she wrote to say that her car was at our disposal. So after breakfast we took a spin round the town and the neighbouring country. We had left the precincts of the town when I began to be impressed by the peace and solitude, the luxuriance and greenness of the country, and that impression took the form of a mild ecstasy when the thought rose in my mind that these were the lanes and these the woods that fed the wondrous imagination of the great dramatist when a boy and that amidst them the youthful poet-lover must have poured out into the ravished ears of his "sweet

Anne " the burden of his tale of love and longing for her. We stopped at Anne's old thatched cottage and were much interested and not a little amused noticing its inner arrangements and the furniture it contained. However, as we speeded noiselessly along the silent woods and green fields, comfortably settled down in our luxurious limousine, an idea insistently came to my mind that she—who had in her famous *Phantasy* identified the Motor as the Devil's own chosen instrument for beguiling men into the ways of incessant hurry and maddening movement, " without pause, without pity, without love, without regret "—should have herself pressed into her service one of the most high-powered of the Devil's contrivances. All the charm of the scenery through which we were speeding could not remove the obsession of this idea nor a grateful remembrance of her splendid hospitality and her great kindness could help me to reconcile the apparent contradictoriness of her word and action. But I suddenly remembered what Ruskin said when he found himself in a similar position and remembering it I could understand her possession of " the Devil's Motor." [1]

[1] A lady correspondent doubted the sincerity of Ruskin's abuse of railroads on the score of his making use of them himself. Ruskin replied to say: " I do so constantly, my dear lady; few men more. I use everything that comes within reach of me. If the devil were standing at my side at this moment, I should endeavour to make some use of him as a local black. The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can and using what is inevitable to the best purpose. I use my sickness for the work I despise in health, my enemies for the study of the philosophy of benediction and malediction; and railroads for whatever I find of help in them—looking always hopefully forward to the

On our return to the village, I spent the last few days in paying farewell calls. My approaching departure from a land, the scene of so many months of quiet rural enjoyment and true human fellowship, to another of unknown aspect and unfamiliar faces was in a way weighing down my spirits, when I was momentarily cheered by the receipt of a packet from Brantwood containing two large-sized original drawings of Ruskin's and an equally large unpublished photograph by Hollyer in which the Grand Old Man of Coniston is seen in his venerable stoop and flowing patriarchal beard seated beside Mrs. Severn. The two precious drawings are now before me. One of them is of the three windows of a palace at Verona, with sections of archivolts to show the mouldings. Most of it looks as if hurriedly drawn and very roughly coloured, though one noticed in the perfect sweep of an arch here and the exquisite flow of a curve there the unmistakable evidence of a master-hand. The other is the plan and the sectional view of the Apse of the Fari, still more hurriedly drawn in pencil and every inch of blank space covered in his characteristic small hand with detailed notes on the different parts of the Apse.

The day at length came, as come it must, when I had to leave behind my dear village and bid good-bye to my English home. I looked out of the window long and wistfully as the train steamed out of our

day when their embankments will be ploughed down again, like the camps of Rome, into our English fields."—*Fors Clavigera*, letter XLIX.

little village station and passed the paths and cottages, the trees and fields that had each month increasingly endeared themselves to me. But sadder still was the parting at Oxford from one who had been my "ministering angel" all those seven long months and the constant companion of all my varied peregrinations. Bound to me by no race ties, no national traditions, no religious sentiment, no colour affinity—on the contrary severed from me by every known tie which brings two human beings together—she still cherished for me all the regard and all the affection which a mother would cherish for her son. For once, it appeared to me, Kipling erred in saying, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." It seems on the altar of basic fellow-feeling and round the hearth of common human sentiments, East and West, "like life and death, can mix their dim lights to broaden into boundless day."

For a long time, as I sped northwards towards Chester, I sat moodily in the train blankly gazing at the country flying past me. Latterly, however, I recovered my spirits sufficiently to glance at the newspaper I was carrying and my eyes chancing to light on Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch on the landing of the Allied troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula, I began reading it. The Dardanelles Expedition was one of my pet things of war and as the past career of its gallant leader was illumined with deeds of daring and adventure, his personality appealed most strongly to my imagination, and so I read with avidity the seven long columns of his moving

despatch and applauded in my heart the dash and dauntlessness of the Anzacs. That night and the next I stopped at Chester and spent the day visiting and bidding good-bye to my various friends. While here, there happened one of those little incidents of life which often come to spice the ordinary humdrum course of existence. My Chester friend gave a little farewell tea to me and among the party was the lady-worker, the same who stood by me on the terrace that afternoon at Eaton Hall and whose presence, as I said before, lent enchantment to the beautiful prospect of the ducal gardens spread before me. For some reason or other we happened to stray into our host's library and my eye chancing to alight upon the door I found it to my surprise accidentally closed behind us with just she and I left inside. Of course, I did the most obvious thing to do in a library—namely, took the book which lay nearest me and, as it happened to be mine, read to her some of my favourite passages. On looking up I noticed she seemed to be somewhat listless. Believing it was due to my book, I threw it aside and took up another which I felt sure could not but interest her. But when the change met with no apparent success, it dawned on me that even in a library reading was not always the most obvious way of entertaining one's companion, and before I had time to devise some other mode of entertainment I felt two soft little hands on my face and a moment later I found them clasped in mine and my lips holding sweet discourse with two others of their kind. How long the four held the discourse and

what the nature of it all was, the reader, I am sure, will not in the least be interested to know, nor am I in a position to enlighten him on the subject even if he were, for this strange lip-language being quite new to me then, I am myself ignorant to this day of the nature of the discourse they were so deeply engaged in.

On the ninth of July I left Chester for Liverpool and that same afternoon embarked on the *Scandinavian* for a sail across the herring-pond. Hardly had I put my things in the cabin when the air was filled with the ghastly hooting of a hundred steam-whistles blown all at once. On the instant I rushed out on the deck only to find the leviathan *Mauretania*, which was lying in the dock with four thousand troops on board for the Dardanelles, moving out to the cheers of thousands assembled in the docks and the whistles of all the boats big and small lying in the Mersey. We blew our whistle and lustily cheered the warriors as they steamed past us on their great Imperial mission, merrily waving their hands and hats. We shortly followed in their wake, but the great liner soon disappeared out of sight, and as I stood watching by the deck-rails the receding shores of dear old England faded away in the haze of the evening leaving only consoling memories behind—dear and precious.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

" 'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene:
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream."

Montgomery.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

ONCE out on the open sea, we sailed full steam ahead. We were told we had just then entered the danger-zone and all the lights on deck were switched off and those in the cabins were carefully shut off by means of thick brown paper and towels over the port-holes. That night before retiring I tried on the life-belt and had it handy near my pillow on a cabin-stool. Nothing happened that night and the next morning we were passing by the Irish coast near which only a week before the great regenerators of the wicked world had paid their chastening attentions to two of our ships. But, strangely enough, this and the other fact that we were then in the very heart of the danger-zone seemed not in the least to perturb any one on board. On the contrary, we all talked and laughed and the children ran and chased each other as if we were having a pleasure-cruise up a Norwegian fjord safe within its enclosing walls of rock and far from the perils of sea and the malignity of men. It was a mixed crowd that greeted me next day on board. There was an American composer of some European repute, long-haired and dreamy-eyed, with a beautiful young wife who had contracted a loathing for the West, made Bible of Bhagavat Gita, had monkeys for

pets, and thought one day of retiring like a hermit in the snowy solitudes of the Himalayas. There was an American millionaire who had taken up literature for a pastime and who was a friend of the Grand Duke, from whom he was just then returning after spending two months with him on the Russian Front. There were thirty Latter-day Saints—as the Mormons with truly Christian humility style themselves—returning from their missionary endeavours all over Europe. There was a South African family from Cape Town. There were half a dozen bashful brides going out to their sighing grooms far away in Alberta and Alaska and up in the Rockies. There were an equal number of wounded Canadian officers invalided home, and there were about twenty of the immortal "Pats" all battered and broken but cheerful as ever and looking heroes every inch of them, even on their crutches. And there were the rest of the nondescripts. Some going out to seek their fortune in the Land of Promise; others, on whom fortune had already smiled, were returning home from their holiday in the "Old Country." These latter were a vulgar lot, loud and ill-mannered and betraying at every turn all the delectable traits of *nouveaux riches*. Ordinarily I should have shunned their company, but I could not forget that we belonged to the same great Imperial Brotherhood of which they, no less than I, were devoted members, and as I desired to understand their democratic ideal of Liberty and Equality, I just brought myself to associate with them. Besides, to have kept away from men of any class or creed would have been

totally at variance with the first principle of my life which I had taken from Spinoza and laid to heart before starting on my world-tour; namely, "To make it the chief care of my life never to ridicule, nor to deplore, nor to execrate but always to *understand* the ways of mankind." I have always felt with Carlyle that "every quarrel is at bottom a *mis*-understanding" and that the greatest service a man can do to his fellow-man is to understand him. Hundreds of people can criticise for one who can sympathise, but thousands can sympathise for one who can understand. To understand clearly is humanity, morality, religion all in one. I somehow always took Christ to mean this when he asked his disciples to love their enemies and that was why I persistently contended with my English friends that, no matter how despicable the ways, how mad the philosophy of the Germans might be, it was incumbent upon them as Christians to try and understand their ways and find method in their madness.

I conversed now and again with the Canadian officers on board. They said that trench warfare was so tremendously costly that they did not know how we were going "to do the jäb," but that we would eventually do it somehow they all felt certain. I interrupted to say that I was not so certain as that, nor did I know how we could possibly do it unless we produced a Marlborough or a Cromwell to lead us and a Chatham or a Disraeli to guide us. Then one of them went on to give me some idea of the costliness of modern warfare. He said one afternoon a Canadian regiment was ordered to make a sally—

a thing almost of daily occurrence—and when it returned, out of the twenty-one officers only one came back as he had left, six being killed outright and fourteen wounded, some of them seriously. Finding one of them hale and hearty without a wound or a cut, I asked him why he was sent back. To which he replied that the constant strain and the terrifying noise of the big shells had shattered his nerves and to such an extent that at times for nights together he did not get a wink of sleep and every unexpected noise sent a tremor through his body. I said I was told by one of the officers that the award of military honours was a pure matter of luck. "So it is, unfortunately," he remarked, and then pointing to an officer who had his hand in a sling and was leaning against the deck-rail some little distance from us, he went on to say, "That chap there is the bravest fellow I have seen in my life. I have seen him again and again rush out in the open in the thickest of the fight to bring in a wounded man and he must have in my estimation won the V.C. half a dozen times over, still you will be surprised to hear that not only has he received no recognition whatever but he is not even mentioned in Despatches. Such are the fortunes of war!" One day the conversation turned upon the relative merits of British and Colonial statesmen and the share which the latter ought to have in the shaping of the Imperial policy. Most of the officers remarked that their Borden and Laurier were as good as any two Cabinet Ministers of the Old Country and they saw no reason why they should not have equal

voice in the conduct of Imperial affairs. There was only one officer to agree with me when I interposed and remarked that Borden and Laurier, Botha and Smuts, Hughes and Fisher, and our Mehta and Gokhale were good in their own spheres but can never be really compared to Asquith and Grey, Lansdowne and Lloyd-George, Morley and Balfour. These latter were a class by themselves and long would they have to remain so if the British Empire was to be spared the fate of her great Roman prototype. The decline of the Roman Empire might virtually be dated from the day she allowed the Provincials to enter the Imperial council-chamber. Wisdom and foresight deserted the chamber, faction and expediency took their place and the old unity of purpose and policy was lost. With this solemn lesson before me, I concluded, I could not but look with disfavour and dismay upon the glib talk of Imperial Parliament and Imperial Ministry that I had been hearing all round me.

I found the American composer a most interesting personality, and many a blank hour on board I passed talking to his beautiful wife. She showed me photographs of their idyllic home away in Kent where they farmed and composed for the last twelve years. She wrote librettos to his compositions and so attuned were they in mind and body that the husband found he could come *en rapport* with the spirit of music only when his fair collaborateur was in his immediate presence. Naturally enough, they had common tastes and common ideals. They both were extensively read in Oriental literature,

the Persian poets in particular being their favourites. They had certain strange notions and beliefs, among them being the typically Oriental belief that colours and precious stones have vital influence on our health and happiness. Consequently they wore particular colours only and except for opal would not even look at other precious stones, much less wear them. One morning I happened to be talking to the South African family and incidentally remarked that it was a pity they did not see the folly of treating the Indian immigrants as they did, considering that after all we were all fellow-citizens of the same great Empire. To which the materfamilias replied that they were from Cape Town where people perfectly realised the injustice of the treatment meted out to Indians up north in Natal and the Transvaal. But they were helpless in the matter as their vote in the Federal Parliament counted for little on the question. Most middle-class people in Cape Colony found the petty Indian traders, with their system of selling on credit, quite indispensable to them, and so in their colony they had hardly any restrictions put on the Indians. Not only were they given the Municipal vote but a Mahommedan doctor was then actually a member of their legislative assembly and his Scotch wife and children moved in the best of society. This was a revelation to me, for in India our orators and publicists when they discussed the question vented their spleen on the South Africans wholesale without making any reservations. Still, I said, she would admit that even in Cape Colony the Indian is not much of a *persona*

grata. "That is unfortunately only too true," she replied, "and it is solely due to certain objectionable ways he has of living. For instance, there are quite a number of Indian dairy-men in Cape Town. These men live and eat and sleep in the same room in which they store their milk for sale. When a thing like that comes out in the papers, we naturally get annoyed with them and impatient spirits among us take up the cry of shutting out these people who seem to have no instinct for the elementary hygienic laws of nations."

But the people who most interested me were the Mormons. They were mostly young men who were on their way back to Salt Lake City from their two years' missionary-work in Europe. I found them a particularly intelligent lot, sober-minded, with none of the easy, frivolous ways of young men, displaying a general curiosity in things around them and a particular interest in the East, its life and thought. Each night after dinner they formed little circles round me and we took up and discussed all sorts of subjects. Among these the War naturally took a prominent place. Having but lately passed through the danger-zone, they asked me as to what I thought of submarine warfare and whether it was justifiable or not. The question of submarines, as that of Zeppelins and poison-gas, I observed, was not so simple to answer as it appeared. On the face of it, it was indisputable that the Germans were making use of them in the present war contrary to International Conventions and the usages of civilised warfare. But then, when one looked into the funda-

mental nature of war, all conventions and usages were *ipso facto* rendered absurd and untenable. "Conventions and usages," I maintained, "are the outcome of law and morality. But war, strictly speaking, is the negation of all law and morality. Consequently to import conventions and usages in war is to introduce something fundamentally contrary to its very nature. Hence all the difficulty. We might as well expect two men who are at death-grips not to hit below the belt or break the rules of the Ring as expect two nations who are struggling for their very existence to keep to certain usages and conventions adapted to antiquated modes of warfare. The Englishman with his instinct for sport and fair-play insists on having certain set rules and regulations in the playing of this most thrilling of games and cries out when other people refuse to look on war with a sporting eye and consider it as a life-and-death struggle where men are justified in making a full and free use of their elemental passions and savage instincts to preserve themselves. As self-preservation is the first law of life, so national safety is the first law of nations. Consequently no effort, however cruel and inhuman, made for preserving national existence could in strict equity be pronounced unjustifiable."

When we were within a day's run of Canada, it became suddenly very cold. The reason was we were passing through the ice region, though unfortunately, it being very misty, we did not see any icebergs. It was while there that the second officer gave me the surprising news that the evening we

were rushing past the south of Ireland the officer on watch saw at a distance of a mile or two a submarine suddenly emerge on the surface of the sea. The officer expected every moment to be ordered to stop; but, instead, the submarine dived down and disappeared. The captain believed it was the war-paint of the *Scandinavian* that made her look like a war-vessel in misty weather that scared the submarine and saved his ship, and the reason why he kept us so long in the dark was because we had a number of women and children on board and he did not wish to create an unnecessary panic among them.

Late one evening I had the first glimpse of the New World and soon after we rounded Cape Race and Cape Ray and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Next morning I happened to get up at about three and went on deck to find we were anchored off Quebec. The beautiful old city reposed peacefully in deep slumber on one side while from the other the first rays of the sun shot up radiantly above a low ring of pale green hills. We were not allowed to land as the immigration officials had not come on deck. I thought I would have some trouble with these autocratic individuals, but most unexpectedly they said not a word when I told them I was a tourist. Our steamer after landing the passengers steamed up the St. Lawrence. A few minutes after leaving Quebec we passed the historic Heights of Abraham and were pointed out the spot where the great little general of thirty-two late one evening in September landed his 5000 men and won a continent

for his king and country ere another day had set in. Well might the poet sing:—

" A day may be a destiny, for life lives in but little,
And that little teems with some one jot, the balance of all time."

When in my schooldays I read of these Heights I pictured tall precipitous hills almost piercing the skies, and this picture I had still in my mind. Conceive then of my surprise when I found the world-renowned Heights so ludicrously low that they looked little more than mounds, the summit of which I could have attained by running up the identical path Wolfe took in little over twenty minutes.[1] I did not think the less of Wolfe's genius and of his extraordinary exploit for this cruel shattering of my boyish fancy-picture. On the contrary I exclaimed to my Mormon friend who stood by me as we steamed past the Heights: " Ah, if we only had a general of Wolfe's daring and intuitive genius and a minister of Chatham's imagination and unerring foresight, the War would have had a different tale to tell. Rome, it is said, perished from ' the failure of the crop of men,' and I am afraid at this critical juncture in the history of the Empire, England betrays a lamentable shortage in the crop of men—men of daring and originality who could carry her over this

[1] I am surprised that Dickens in his *American Notes* should have drawn so largely on his prolific imagination and spoken of these Heights as " giddy heights " and of " the dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory." And yet in a way one ought not to feel surprised at anything Dickens writes, for a certain vein of wild exaggeration consistently runs through the descriptions and characterisation of most of his works.

supreme crisis. By such men the Old Flag was carried up those Heights and into the utmost recesses of the Himalayas and by such men alone could it be kept flying. There is, to be sure, faith and determination in abundance in England at the present moment but she has no vision and no philosophy, and without vision to guide an imperial people and philosophy to nerve them, there can be no distinct future." As we progressed up the St. Lawrence the country became flatter and flatter. Now and again we passed fishing villages and towns of quaint wooden houses looking so flimsy as if made of deal-boards. These flimsy-looking, deal-board houses and the broad-based, four-wheeled pony-carriages which flitted about hither and thither by the riverside were the two things that struck me most or rather amused me on my first acquaintance with the New World. As we went higher up the river, the scenery became wilder and in places the St. Lawrence broadened out and carried little islands, some of them well-wooded and others so thickly covered with a kind of wild-flower that they looked like floating patches of purple on the glistening surface of the river. Late that afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills, I got the first glimpse of Montreal behind a row of factory chimneys and thick clouds of smoke which they emitted. With my detestation of smoke and factory chimneys the first sight did not seem particularly promising. Shortly afterwards the *Scandinavian* came alongside the pier, the gangway was hoisted up and a moment later I stepped down on America.

IN AMERICA

" There is a Land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night:
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair
As thou, America, of earth supremely blest! "

Montgomery.

CHAPTER IV

IN AMERICA

BEFORE proceeding further, I must pause here for a moment to tell the reader what took me to Montreal. Ordinarily like all other world-tourists, I should have gone straight to New York and across the continent to the Pacific Coast and then sailed for the Far East. But it so happened that my book on Zoroaster had somehow found its way to Canada and there fallen into the hands of one of those Canadians who of recent years have taken to that Prophet of Ancient Persia and acknowledge him as their Lord and Master just as we Parsees do. On reading the book, he happened to write a letter to a leading Montreal paper on a controverted point of his religion in which he incidentally mentioned my name. A copy of this letter he sent for my perusal and from it commenced an acquaintance which ended in my going to Montreal to meet him and his asking me to be his guest while I stayed in Canada. He is Colonel of a Canadian Highland Regiment, now on the retired list, and his cousin is the millionaire who had taken out at his own expense the Princess Patricia Regiment to France to fight the battles of the Empire. As he was at the time away from home, he sent a friend of his to meet me at the docks, who saw me

through the customs and within half-an-hour I was settled down in my hotel.

Everything around me appeared strange and new! People spoke in strange accent, unfamiliar words fell on my ears, new contrivances met my eyes, and it was in a half-bewildered state of mind that I found myself walking in the streets that night. I had not proceeded far when I was surprised to notice the extremely flourishing state of Montreal, its fine well-built roads, its tall, solidly built buildings, its rush of tramcars and carriages and its public parks and places of amusement crowded with men and women. That night my mind was too full of new ideas to get anything like sound sleep, but what made it impossible to have any sleep at all was that somewhere in the vicinity of my hotel there were infernal bells going on at regular intervals all night. As I was told on board that this part of Canada was priest-ridden and Roman Catholicism was still going strong among the old French settlers, I naturally took the bells to be church bells and thought the priests were carrying their joke a little too far in making the Montrealeans manifest their religious ardour all night long, However, on inquiring next morning I found to my great amusement that they were really locomotive bells which the law compelled the driver to ring on entering a railway station.

As I intended planning my American tour with the help of my friend, I passed my first week in America at Montreal awaiting his arrival from San Francisco, where he had gone to attend the Mazdaznan Gahan-

bar at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Two words in the last sentence must have struck the reader's eye as strange and needing explanation. Mazdaznan is the name under which the American Zoroastrians are known in Canada and the States. It is only a contraction of the original term Mazdayasnian, which means, literally, a worshipper of Mazda, and by which name the Parsees and the rest of the followers of Zoroaster are frequently known in the East. The other word Gahanbar was the name given to certain national festivals in ancient Persia. They marked the different seasons of the year and the most important of them was the one that came off at the Vernal Equinox which was then the Persian New Year's Day. The Gahanbar, besides, was perhaps the most perfectly democratic institution the world has seen. At a Gahanbar all from the emperor and the imperial princes down to the peasants and paupers mixed freely together, sat at the same table, partook of the same food, and drank of the same wine. No distinction whatever was allowed to be made between class and class throughout the extended Imperial domains. In fact the Gahanbar was a kind of open-air communion to proclaim their common humanity and avow their religious kinship.[1] The Mazdaznans of America have

[1] Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* says: "In the spring of every year a festival was celebrated, destined to represent the primitive equality, and the present connection, of mankind. The stately kings of Persia, exchanging their vain pomp for more genuine greatness, freely mingled with the humblest but most useful of their subjects. On that day the husbandmen were admitted, without distinction, to the table of

ever attached to the Gahanbar its pristine mystical significance, and when at its festal board they come together from all parts of America they renew in the presence of their Master their ancient Covenant in common and reaffirm their spiritual kinship-in-Mazda. With the Parsees, however, the Gahanbar with the rest of their religious beliefs and practices is reduced to a pure formality and has now come to mean a free communal meal which is shunned by the upper classes, and of those that attend it, few if any carry with them the faintest notion of its spiritual significance or the great democratic ideal it subserves.

When each day of my limited time in America meant so much, waiting for one whole week for the return of my friend from San Francisco was rather a severe lesson in patience. However I managed to pass the mornings reading the bible of the Mazdaznans, called *Ainyahita*, and the afternoons visiting different places of interest round about Montreal. Mount Royal, from which Montreal takes its name, is a beautifully wooded hill with fine roads and shaded paths running up and down in all directions. It commands splendid views of the St. Lawrence

the king and his satraps. The monarch accepted their petitions, inquired into their grievances, and conversed with them on the most equal terms." Hyde in his famous *De Religione Persarum* remarks that the emperor was accustomed to address his husbandmen at the principal Gahanbar in the following terms: "From your labours We receive Our subsistence and from Our vigilance you derive tranquillity: since, therefore, we are naturally necessary to each other let us live together like brothers in concord and love."

and an extended panorama of the country around and is the great afternoon resort of the fashionable Montrealeans. To the tourist, however, the principal attraction of Montreal is shooting the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. A friend of the Colonel took me there one afternoon. We boarded an old-fashioned paddle-steamer at a place called Lachine and had not gone far when the Rapids came in view in all their fury. Rocks jutted out most dangerously in all directions and waters rushed round and up these projecting rocks and fell in torrents over the edge. As we came to the top of the Rapids, for a moment I held my breath! It looked like courting certain death! No steamer, I thought, even in the hands of the most skilful navigator in the world could possibly escape being rolled over and broken to pieces against this formidable phalanx of sharp, pointed rocks. However, we held tight to the deck-rails as the steamer's prow for an instant projected over the rim; almost simultaneously it took the plunge, lurched heavily on one side with the rocks almost grazing it, somehow recovered its balance, stopped dead for a minute in the terrific whirlpool of water rushing on it from both sides, then slowly turned away from the threatening rocks, took another plunge, avoided another series of rocks and yet another and then with a last straight sweeping plunge it cleared the rocks and the rapids and paddled merrily along the placid surface of the St. Lawrence glistening in the late afternoon sun and reached its destination as the grey of the evening was spreading over the royal city.

My first impressions of the New World were anything but cheering. Everything appeared to me so crude and everybody so rude. The thing that struck me most about the people I walked past in the streets and sat by in my hotel-lounge was their coarseness. There was coarseness in their looks, coarseness in their speech, coarseness in their ways. They walked indifferently, dressed slovenly, ate primitively, spat promiscuously, and behaved, in general, clumsily. In short, in all their little ways and habits of life they seemed blissfully unconscious of those nice turns and those fine touches which one generally associates with men of culture and refinement. To me who had come from a long stay in England and who had contracted in consequence all the prejudice which the English people have against the Americans, they all appeared to be either successful tradesmen or prosperous workingmen. I sadly missed that species of men known in the older countries of the world as gentlemen. It seemed to me America was much too young to produce men of birth and breeding. These, be it remembered, were my first impressions. And I had not been a week in Montreal when I found, as is the fate of all first impressions, that they were partial and in a sense false. For one evening my friend the Colonel returned from his long journey and I had not been in his presence half an hour when I found how totally wrong I was in supposing that America produced no man of birth and breeding. If ever there was one, here certainly was a man of birth and breeding. His looks and bearing proclaimed the man

he was—a gentleman in the best sense of the term. In this instance, however, my first impressions did not turn out to be wrong. For later on I found that his was the first family in Montreal. His ancestors had conspicuously worked for the advancement of the country of their adoption and the city of their choice, just as his cousin was nobly serving the cause of the Empire and of human liberty at the risk of his life and limb.

The Colonel and his wife took charge of me, so to say, from the moment they stepped down from their parlour-car. They took me to their clubs, motored me round and about Montreal, introduced me to their Mazdaznan friends, and initiated me into many of the ways and ideals of the Mazdaznan people. The first thing I noticed was that no meat was served to me at their table. They loathed the very sight of meat and had nothing but fruits and vegetables and various cereals at their different meals. They would never have fruits and vegetables at the same meal, for that they thought was unscientific as certain valuable salts and essential oils were neutralised in the process and, in consequence, lost their nutritive properties. And even with the vegetables, to get the utmost nutritive value out of them they believed that certain vegetables should be taken in a particular order. For instance, they said that tomatoes and lettuce must always precede potatoes, cauliflower, and lentils; if taken after, they lost almost all their nutritive value. Ignorance of these little facts was, according to them, the principal reason why people living on purely vegetarian diet did not

receive all the sustenance they needed for their health and strength. They made their coffee in a particular way, had unleavened whole-meal bread, and never drank a drop of water, believing that all the water their system needed was obtained in a concentrated form from the juice of the fruits they had at breakfast. They attributed the many ills of life to wrong diet and said that since they had taken to Mazdaznan dietetics they had never known, except for trivial ailments, what illness was. Dietetics, though important, is but one aspect of the full Mazdaznan creed; but even in this partial aspect the reader will be inclined to smile and call them faddists. So was I inclined at first and made light of their belief in their diet and fancied it was more of a trial than an advantage to give up the usual good things to which I was used in my old happily-thoughtless days. But before a week had passed I quite began to like their diet and in another week grew so fond of it that when the time came to leave them I at first actually sighed for it. With the ordinary vegetarian diet one feels as if one had enough of it before long—I at any rate have often felt so: but these people out of the comparatively limited materials at their disposal prepared such a surprising variety of dishes, knew such sauces and savouries and so many little secrets of the culinary art that my mouth waters now as I come to think of them.

One night at Montreal I read my paper on "Indian Nationalism." The Colonel introduced me to the audience, and, on the whole, the paper was fairly well

received though it evoked none of the enthusiasm it did at Chester. The weather at Montreal in mid-summer is anything but pleasant. It was warm and sultry and at times oppressive — so oppressive indeed that I could only bear to have on my light Cashmere suit I wore in India and often felt uncomfortable even in that. Of course, the well-to-do Montrealeans escape the heat by going to one of the many river-side places, or running up, as we do in the East, to one of the several mountain resorts. The Colonel's children were away from home at one of these resorts—a mountain-lake up in the Laurentian Hills. As he and his wife were going to join them, and as they wished me to see the wild, primitive life they led up at these summer resorts, they pressed me to accompany them. So one Friday morning we left Montreal by train for the Laurentian Hills. That was my first ride on a Canadian railway and my first experience of the Canadian countryside. Montreal was left behind in a few minutes and so were the suburban towns, and soon we entered the still unreclaimed parts of the country. We passed through patches of forests, then skirted a river, went over it and finally began to ascend. As we rose higher and higher the scenery grew wilder and wilder with not a vestige of life anywhere. Fir-clad hills rose in our sight and at our feet ran mountain-torrents, leaping down from ledge to ledge of rocky hill-side into the ravine below. We passed a lake and then another and finally stopped at our way-side station. We got off and took a primitive conveyance and were soon rattling away to our

distant mountain-home. The way lay through a valley and up by the mountain-side and round little motionless lakes, the glassy surface of which peacefully reflected the lilies and the flags growing round the edges. Finally we whipped up the home-trail and the Colonel's two little daughters came running up to our ramshackle, jumped into it and were next moment in the arms of their fond parents, clinging round their necks and alternately kissing and questioning them, as children are apt to do in their own little inimitable way,—making a sight so exquisite to watch for the grown-up people.

The bungalow presently came in sight and almost at the same instant the lake. I stood staring and smiling at the former, for it was not anything like what is known under that designation in the older parts of the world. It was entirely built of rough, unhewn, unbarked pine-stems—a kind of glorified log-cabin besides which a Swiss chalet would be a thing of positive luxury. The floor creaked and bent as one walked over it, and my room was just big enough to contain me and my two bags besides a bed and a chest of drawers. But herein lay, as I soon made out, the principal charm of these resorts. For the idea was to brace up the nerves by doing away with the enervating comforts of city life and enjoy for once the luxury of discomfort by taking to a sort of aimless, rough-and-tumble, happy-go-lucky existence. To carry out this idea in its entirety, we threw away, as soon as we entered the place, the debasing superfluities and wretched impediments of civilisation with which we had come encumbered

there. Your coats and waistcoats, your ties and collars, your frills and flounces, your boots and hats were things unknown to the happy semi-savages of St. Adolphe de Howard. No doubt they had on some kind of loose clothing which with a little stretch of imagination would pass for shirts and trousers or skirts and blouses. The hammock which swung tied up to two poles at one corner of the verandah, I thought, was a beautiful symbol of the whole spirit of the place—that spirit which calls for incessant activity and movement on our part and in that very activity and movement provides us with real rest and relaxation. Linda and Viola, by which pretty names the two lovely daughters of the Colonel were known, soon took me out for a row on the lake. We went over the open lake and round the little isles, and as I sat half-reclining watching the steady pull of the sturdy little arms I could not help admiring the ease and skill with which they managed their little boat. These Mazdaznan children are taught almost from their infancy to take care of themselves and are left as much as possible to themselves so that they may do very much as their inclinations lead them to do. They know in their own small way the tenets and exercises and dietetics of their creed and are even little doctors in themselves. To anticipate a little, we missed Viola one evening. We went on the trail and down to our landing-stage and started shouting her name and coo-hooing in the typical Canadian woodman way, but Viola was nowhere to be found. So we returned to the bungalow on the off-chance of finding her there and happening to

enter her room we found her fast asleep with a little strip of moistened cloth pressed across her baby forehead. It was evident enough what was wrong with her, and when I expressed my surprise at a child of four having sufficient knowledge and self-control to treat itself, her mother remarked that I would not be surprised if I knew how the Mazdaznan children were brought up in the habits of self-reliance almost as soon as they began to toddle and lisp. Even in moments of danger, she said, they might be relied upon to keep their presence of mind and in illustration she gave the instance of Viola herself. How one day she tumbled off the landing-stage into the lake and as she pulled her out of the water and scolded her for not taking care of herself, the child quietly replied, "I was all right, Mamma, I held my breath."

The first day at St. Adolphe I spent partly loitering on the trail and partly rowing on the lake. Towards evening Linda once again took me out for a row and we went to a little isle and got off the boat. As I stood carelessly looking round I fancied I heard some one singing; a moment later the words of a familiar song floated over the still waters and fell on my listening ears. I turned round in the direction from which they came and espied at a distance a maiden all in white with a red tam-o'-shanter thrown carelessly over her pretty head languorously paddling her canoe, half-reclining, half-sitting, and singing as she paddled. The time of day, the character of the scenery, the loneliness of the spot, and her sudden dramatic appearance, all put

me instantly in mind of Marie Corelli's Norwegian heroine, and from that moment I knew her only as Thelma. Linda hailed her as she passed by the island and shouted my name by way of introduction. She turned her exquisite head and sweetly bowed, but paddled on and disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared on the scene. Happening to allude to her that night at dinner, I learnt that her father was a great sportsman, a hunter and boxer, and a soldier to boot, owned all the islands and the lands round our lake and was at the time fighting in France at the head of his Scotch Regiment. The following day I went out rowing with an idea of going to some picturesque spot and there reading a Mazdaznan book I was carrying with me. So coming upon a pretty part of the lake, I beached the boat, tied it up and was looking out for a shady nook to lie down and read, when perceiving a trail I went to it to see where it led. Once on the trail I could not resist following it, with the result that after rambling hither and thither in the woods I eventually came out on a regular road. I then followed the road which went up and down and by the lake in a circuitous route till I found myself walking in the little village of St. Adolphe. That was my first close acquaintance with a Canadian village, so I idly sauntered up and down in my shirt-sleeves Apache-wise—with my head buried in my tweed cap at an outrageous angle and my hands deep down in my trouser-pockets. I watched as I sauntered the villagers busily employed by their wooden shanties or stood wondering at the wondrous riches and tempting contents of the little

village shops. Out of pure idle curiosity I walked into one of them, when, lo, whom do I meet but Thelma. She asked me how I had come there. " I don't know really," I replied, " my boat, I am sure, is lying tied up somewhere on the lake, but where I have not the least idea." " Why," she said in her quaint Canadian way, " I have my canoe here and if you really don't mind my ' laundry,' we'll go in search of your boat." She could not have read my thoughts better: so off we went to her French laundress, put the basket of linen into her canoe and stepped down into it. Not being used to balance myself in a canoe I was a bit shaky and so shifted up and down and put my hand here and there to steady myself. Thelma for a while slily watched my discomfiture and then burst out laughing and at the same time took hold of my feet and arranged them. The next instant I recovered my balance and was quite at ease in the canoe thereafter. With a few sturdy strokes she cleared the beach and we were soon swiftly cutting across the lake. She made an artist's study as she sat there facing me at the end of the canoe—her head beautifully poised and slightly thrown back, displaying a well-turned chin and a singer's throat as pillar-like and exquisitely-arched as in those dream-women of Rossetti's. Her sleeves were rolled up, laying bare two finely rounded arms that dipped the paddle in the water and swung it backward and forward with the ease and grace of a born canoeist. It must have been some little while before she spotted my boat and made for it, but I was so lost in watching all her little movements and following the keen glances

of her pale grey eyes that I lost all count of time and idea of the place we were going to. All that I remember is that with a long backward sweep of the paddle she swung round her canoe and the next instant I saw my boat lying next to me. Reluctantly I got up and transferred myself into the other boat and waved my hand in acknowledgment as she swiftly glided away and was soon lost to sight in the bend of the lake.

Since that morning not a day passed but I met Thelma and passed long hours in her company. She now and again drove me round the lake in her broad, four-wheeled Canadian gig, and along with her sister gave me my first dancing-lessons. Early one morning we all went up a neighbouring hill. This was my first experience of the Canadian woods and it proved to be a most memorable one. We in India are apt to think that we possess the most impenetrable jungles in the world. But one has to go to the wilds of Canada to understand what the word "impenetrable" really means. When Evan's Peak was first pointed out to me and I was asked by one of the party if I thought I would be able to scale it, I, who had pressed under my feet the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn and to whom Ben Lomond had bowed its head, could scarcely repress my laughter for the hill appeared so ridiculously near and so miserably low that it seemed superfluous to answer the question. But when I once entered the woods and plunged into the blinding thickets and began to fumble and grope about for a support to extricate my feet at each step I took, I understood why that question

was put to me. Imagine a thick, bushy undergrowth, reaching your face and upwards, of boughs and branches and of twigs and trailers crossing and re-crossing and intertwining and full of thorns, presenting one fearful mass of riotous creation, around you and before you and behind you, through which you could only move by bowing your head and pulling your cap low over your eyes and stretching your hands in front of you, now stumbling on an old tree trunk covered over with fallen leaves and rank weeds, then on a huge boulder all overgrown with moss and lichen—let one imagine some such villainous entanglement of misbegotten vegetation and one has a rough notion of Canadian virgin woods. To attempt to penetrate in ordinary clothes such an infernal entanglement would be only courting disaster and bidding for nature's garb before one was half-way through, and so we were all provided with special clothes. The ladies wore thick jerseys and divided skirts made of some impenetrable stuff and we men had rough sweaters, heavy corduroy trousers and thick bushmen's boots laced up to the calves. It took us very nearly two hours to do that strip of original chaos of little over a mile and it was such a relief when at length we came out and stood and took a long breath on the top of the Peak. After resting for a while and refreshing ourselves with blueberries, with which the bushes of the Peak simply swarmed, we began the descent. This was in a way more treacherous, for in places we had to stretch our feet and feel for foothold before venturing down. My hostess for once neglected to do

this and down she came tumbling and rolling over the boulder. But did Thelma or her sister stretch their feet or feel for support? Not they. They simply went skipping from boulder to boulder, now fearlessly sliding down then taking a heedless jump, now quickly bending low under a branch then cautiously wriggling themselves out of a thicket—but skipping or sliding, bending or wriggling, always as merry and as sportive as the fawn. When gasping for light and air I at last came out of this fearful mass of rank vegetation into the open, sun-lit road, O, what a joy it was! I felt for a moment as if I must dance and shout out of the pure exuberance of feeling just as those savage followers of Stanley did when they emerged into the open country and saw the sun after days spent in the impenetrable forests of Darkest Africa. As if it were not enough blessing to be in the open, sun-lit air and breathe freely, Nature, which always loves contrasts and ever strives to outdo herself, suddenly lay bare before our wondering gaze a new source of delight. For we had not proceeded far from the stygian grove when we found lying low down on either side of our road field after field of wild flowers in the most varied tints of purple and gold which to our sorely-stricken eyes looked like the Elysian Fields of old. These flowers grew as a rule on high stalks and in such wild profusion and rank promiscuity that after seeing them one would hesitate to apply the term "wild" to their English analogues. Thelma and her sister could not be restrained from jumping off the road into the fields, and so the next instant were literally

buried under them, so tall the flower-stalks grew. They gathered not a handful nor a bunch of them but a huge sheaf each which they carried under their arm and wound the other round them in a kind of loving embrace as if they felt, like Sakuntala of old, that flowers were full of feeling and needed our affection as much as human beings did. Anyhow, even in this short time I began to perceive that in the New World men like nature imperceptibly slid down into extremes, and those habitual restraints on thought and action which social convention enforces on men and women of the older countries were either not known at all or, if known, were systematically brushed aside to assert the elemental right of human nature to live and move as it willed. For instance, when out riding Thelma and her sister never bothered about skirts and long coats but just rolled up the sleeves of their shirt-blouses and jumped on their horses in men's breeches and gaiters. When bent on a long walking excursion they became simpler still and appeared in shirt-sleeves and white pants. Before me on my table I have their photo in this simple get-up which shocked my people when first they saw it as hardly the proper things for ladies to wear under any circumstance, but which I thought quite proper and correct for the occasion and entirely in keeping with the wild environment of St. Adolphe.

One evening Thelma's mother got up a picnic to which all the bigwigs of St. Adolphe were asked. The spot selected was the sandy shore of one of her own islands. We met there at the time appointed and

the ladies of the party were soon busy getting ready our alfresco meal. We first scoured the neighbouring jungle for dry wood and soon we had a goodly quantity piled up—we men dragging out on the shore whole tree trunks at times. With the latter we soon lit a huge log fire. We fried our eggs and potatoes and made toast by sticking slices of bread on dry forked branches and holding them above the flames. The grand result of all this labour and trouble was charred eggs, burnt potatoes, and smoked toast. But the laborious operation had given us appetite and as we went on satisfying it we seemed to develop a peculiar taste for burnt, charred and smoked things and I fancied there was such a subtle relish about them that I really felt sorry that this side of our culinary art should have been so entirely neglected. As the evening wore on, we piled huge blocks on our fire and shortly afterwards the flames burst hissing up and made a sublime sight as they lit up in a ruddy glow the sky, the lake, and the surrounding islands. We sat near the fire gossiping or ran round it playing games. It was getting on to midnight and the late moon had just come up when we stepped into our canoes and sang our way home.

In these varied ways the ten days I was at St. Adolphe passed off all too quickly and pleasantly, but the happiest moments of my stay up there and those which will keep the memory of St. Adolphe ever green in my heart were the hours I spent in the mornings, when I had Thelma all to myself. The usual plan for me was to row across and run up the hill to her bungalow, where I would meet her coming

down the steps with my *Zoroaster* tucked under her arm. We would then idly saunter down to the boat-house, on entering which she would arrange the cushions in the canoe and the next moment would gracefully slide down into them with her head mischievously reclining on her bare snow-white arms. I would then step down, take the rear seat fronting her and—being by now familiar with every bend and headland of the lake—leisurely paddle her to a favourite spot of mine on the far side of the lake, seated on which we had a particularly fine view of a long stretch of it and yet were safely ensconced from the gaze of prying eyes. Once there we jumped off the canoe and selecting a dry, flat, somewhat elevated spot under a spreading tree and well enclosed by blueberry bushes, I would in my usual way stretch myself out at full length on my side with my head raised on my upturned arm and then taking the cushion from Thelma's hand would arrange it so as to have her seated as snugly near me as possible Reclining thus I would open my book at random and read to her a few paragraphs here and there, incidentally telling her who the Parsees were and where their fatherland was, how they came from the old Persian stock which defied the might of Rome and menaced the liberty of Greece, of their romantic attachment to the faith of their fathers and what strange adventure it led them into twelve hundred years ago. All this fell on her young spirit as strange and mysterious, and like Desdemona of old she seemed " with a greedy ear to devour up my discourse." At times, however, I would fling the book aside and listen as

she sweetly hummed the popular love-ditties or sang with fervour the Canadian patriotic songs. Her rich, melodious voice was evidently carried far down the lake in the clear crisp air of St. Adolphe, for away in the distance I could just see men in boats turning their heads hither and thither and upwards as if they believed in spite of themselves that the ravishing music that streamed down on their distant ears could have no other source but the spheres above. But to me, as I lay motionless beside her drinking in the music that flowed from her parted lips, came those famous lines of old Omar:—

> "Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
> A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
> And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

At times she seemed to be possessed by the spirit of Music and not infrequently on these occasions, when the spirit had departed, she would all unknowingly slide into my arm breathless. And there as she lay nestled in it with her long eyelashes half drooping over her eyes and her face resting softly pressed against mine, her rhythmic breathing became attuned to mine and I felt, in the ecstasy of the moment, the burden of life slip off my shoulders and an unwonted lightness of spirit take possession of my whole being:—

> "In such excess of feeling, in such high hour,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> My mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made me; it was blessedness and love!"

Strong as was the feeling with which Thelma had inspired me, I cannot say it was entirely new to me. For years ago in my own country and among equally romantic surroundings I had experienced some such feeling and then I was heard to say to my friends that all that the poets have sung and romanticists written about the great feeling fell far short of my actual experience; for I fancied in the exuberance of youth all nature bathed in colours of supernal brilliance and found myself filled to overflowing with feelings of transcendental tenderness and harmony. But that was in my college days and I was then not much more than a boy, if not exactly in age, in the experience of life. That apart, this unexpected introduction of a wave of emotionalism into my life was a veritable blessing to me, for I was like the ordinary Parsee youth starved for years of simple affection in my own homeland. The Parsee youth and maiden, being brought up from childhood in semi-English atmosphere and their imagination constantly stirred by all that they see and read of English art, fiction, and drama, naturally long as they grow older for the realisation in their own lives of those scenes on which their imaginations have been so long and so persistently fed and make a silent demand for the satisfaction of those feelings which in the natural course of events arise in their lives unprompted and unbidden. But a rather rigid and too antiquated a code of their communal morality and the value the parents are apt to set on public opinion result in a denial of this simple satisfaction of the bare needs of the young unmarried. It is, however, forgotten

that the heart hungers and thirsts just as much as the body and mind and sighs for exercise, and that equally with the body and mind it is liable to be starved without its proper food and drink and to grow flabby without its appropriate exercise. The result is that our young women being forced to eat their hearts alone look prematurely aged, and being left without any serious occupation gradually come to lose all healthy interest in life. And our young men—the edge of whose surging emotionalism being not taken off by those sensible contrivances which prevail in Europe and America, of letting the young people mix more freely together and indulge in those harmless manifestations of the love instinct, —when they come to muster up sufficient courage, break away from the shackles of their absurd communal code, overstep in the first intoxication of freedom the bounds of reason and propriety and not infrequently end in bringing life-long vexations on themselves and their family. This problem which now faces the Parsee youth will presently face the Youth of India and, for the matter of that, the Youth of the East, as the East is being gradually westernised and as Western art and literature, industry and commerce come to transmute and eventually to supplant Eastern life and thought. The problem essentially is how to satisfy those desires and aspirations which Western thought and culture have awakened in the mind and heart of the Eastern youth and against which his peculiar environment with the whole force of his heredity and centuries of social usages directly militates.

Leaving the problem aside and taking ourselves back to St. Adolphe, my hostess was taken aback by these unexpected sallies of mine into the domain of emotionalism. From the reading of my books, she said, she expected to find in me a man so austere and superior-minded as to have none of those light-hearted, thoughtless ways to which not without much concern she was a witness of late. " I cannot help being myself," I replied. " Such as I am, such you must know me." I was besides, I said, too much of an egotist even to think of acting otherwise than my instincts and inclinations led me to. It is strange how seldom we come " to possess ourselves." And when we do on some rare occasion what complete strangers we become to our most intimate friends and, in fact, to our own ordinary conventional self. Ordinarily we look upon our passions as a regrettable but unavoidable evil, yet nothing ought to be more precious to a man than his passions nor anything needs to be more zealously and jealously guarded than any strong emotion that for the time takes entire possession of his soul. I attach a sort of sanctity to any strong feeling or impulse I unexpectedly find myself in possession of. For it is in it, I feel, I am most myself, in all other things of life I am some one else. With what tragic truth Oscar Wilde bemoans in that great little book of his:— " Most people are other people. Their thoughts are some one else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation."

At last the afternoon came when I had to bid good-bye to dear St. Adolphe, the scene of so much

beauty and so much happiness to me. But there was one consolation and that was Thelma too was going down to Montreal, and so I would have her dear company for the day I was to be there before moving southwards into the States. And so I had her company the next afternoon and we spent it on Mount Royal in the woods up there. As the afternoon wore on it turned out to be wretchedly wet and we returned home in drenching rain. Early next morning I left Montreal for New York. A surprise, it seemed, was in store for me at the station. For contrary to expectations my Lady of the Lake turned up there to bid me good-bye. How I wished it were only an *au revoir* and not good-bye! But I knew it couldn't be as I wished and so I parted with a simple good-bye. Among other friends there was also the Colonel, and he for one would not say good-bye, for he felt sure something or other would bring me back to Montreal before I left America. "Much as I should like," I replied, glancing at Thelma, "this could hardly be the case. For from New York I shall be travelling continuously westwards and before long thousands of miles will separate me from Montreal and *mon* . . .—well, never mind."

That was my first long journey in an American train. I found the ordinary cars perfectly comfortable, and as they were built long and heavy they ran perfectly smooth and one scarcely felt any of the jolting one experiences in the English trains. The engines were proportionately large and bulky, but had none of the fine lines of the English locomotive, and being painted in the dismal black of coal-tar

and never touched afterwards they looked dirty and made a particularly disagreeable sight when near. But what annoyed me most was their bell. The wretched thing went on every few minutes at every imaginable crossing and wayside station, for in America there are no gates and crossings are left open, and the only warning the people get of an approaching train is the ringing of this confounded bell. Besides, as there were only corridor-cars and the steps at the exits at either end reached the ground, the stations had no platforms in our sense of the term, and so the people moved freely to and fro and across the lines along the stations as they would on a public thoroughfare. In fact, in going through certain towns we actually passed through their main streets with shops on either side and people either walking carelessly or standing dangerously near the rails. About fifty miles from Montreal is the States' border, and there I had my first experience of the American immigration official. I was asked a number of impertinent questions, and the official learning that I came from India straightway put me down as an East Indian. I said I was not an East Indian but a Parsee. "What! Parsee," he exclaimed. "There are no such people." "Indeed," I rejoined, "I am glad to learn that from an immigration official!" Then he told me to produce the pass. "What pass?" I asked. "Immigration pass," he replied. I said I had none with me as I was not an immigrant but a tourist. "All the same," he went on to say, "before you proceed further you will have to get one from me by paying four dollars."

It was plain to me why he was so particular about the pass. For a moment I feared I should have to part with my four dollars, still I thought before parting with them nothing would be lost by playing the same game of bluff on him as he did on me, and so, though I had not the ghost of an idea of the American Immigration Act, I ventured to assert, "I know for a fact that your Immigration Act does not require any immigration pass or permit from genuine tourists," and then producing the letters of introduction I was carrying to Sir Courtney Bennett, the then British Consul-General, and Professor Lawrence of Columbia University, I continued—"and here are letters to confirm the fact of my being a genuine tourist." The moment he read the names on the envelopes he changed his whole demeanour and, without troubling me with a word more, bowed and disappeared.

The journey to New York from Montreal lies through very pretty country, particularly when we come to Lake Champlain. The train runs for miles together along the shore of that lovely piece of water and presents an excellent running view of the fine range of hills on the other side. Soon after leaving the lake we plunged into a thickly-wooded country with high hills on either side and a broad stream of water—I believe one of the upper reaches of the Hudson—running in and out among them. Anyhow, at Albany in the afternoon we came right on the river itself and from there ran all along its bank till we reached New York. I had read a good deal and heard more about the beauties of the Hudson,

and some had even ventured to say it possessed charms superior to the Thames. I therefore patiently and closely watched the famous river for miles together, pushed my head out of the window to see long stretches of it and find out for myself its reputed charms; but strive as I would I could discover nothing particularly attractive about it. Fancy comparing this broad, blank mass of lifeless water with its equally dull, dead surroundings to the subtler charms and ever-varying beauties of the sublime Thames! But these are the ways of the Americans. They like to play these innocent jokes on the poor Innocents Abroad from the Old World. As it grew darker more and more lights appeared on the river, till we passed by busy, full-lighted, noisy docks, and shortly afterwards we were running full two-storeys high over a broad thoroughfare along parallel blocks of buildings. That was my first glimpse of the world's greatest city, as my American friends chose to call New York. After crossing and recrossing a labyrinth of underground tracks, the train slowly steamed into the Grand Central and stopped almost to the minute of the scheduled time after a full eleven hours' run of well-nigh 350 miles. I gave my "grips" to a "red-cap" and stepped down and had scarcely entered the grand vestibule or promenade, when I stood rivetted to the spot, amazed at the size and magnificence of the station. I had seen nothing approaching this in all Europe. The ceiling seemed to be hundreds of feet above the floor and was done in pale blue with innumerable little electric lights scintillating like so many stars

up in the mistless vault of heaven. The walls and columns were of enormous size and of a richly-veined marble but subdued in tone, which made a wonderful sight in the soft glow of a thousand concealed electric bulbs. What struck me particularly was its enormous size! From the corner of the first terrace, hundreds of people that walked here and there in the grand vestibule looked like so many ants crawling on the floor. There was nothing even remotely vulgar or garish about the Grand Central but everything was done in the best of taste and with a wealth of imagination. It was a magnificent example of what human energy could do when wedded to appropriate imagination. For once I thought the Americans were right when they talked of having the greatest and the finest railway "depot" in the world.

I had often read of the enormous traffic of New York and its fearful rush and hurry before which that of London was as nothing. One considerate friend of mine had even gone to the extent of warning me of it lest I should be whisked off my feet the moment I stepped out of the Grand Central. I, therefore, as I approached the main exit of the station, buttoned up my coat and pressed my hands to my side to keep at least myself together in what awaited me outside. Conceive of my surprise as I came out and stood on the pavement and looked round in vain for the enormous traffic and the tremendous onrush that was to sweep me off my feet! New York appeared practically deserted. The few wretched hundreds I found on the road

were too contemptible for my notice after the pictures of jostling crowds my imagination had built up from reports. I actually stood in the middle of the pavement making inquiries and then walked leisurely across to the opposite side without as much as casting an anxious glance sideways. Fancy a man doing that outside Charing Cross at any time of the day! One would stand a good chance of being run over half a dozen times before one reached the opposite pavement. After leaving my things in my hotel, as it was still early I walked down 42nd Street, made my first acquaintance with the sky-scrapers, crossed Fifth Avenue and then Sixth and presently came on Broadway and, as I later on found, into the very heart of the theatreland. The roofs and walls of whole rows of buildings were ablaze with fixed and winking illuminated signs—so brilliant, indeed, were they in some parts that they veritably turned the night into day. This pageantry of night-signs is the most noticeable feature of New York by night, and in a way it is curiously emblematic of one phase, and not an unimportant phase, of American civilisation and incidentally displays a trait, and quite a leading trait, in the American character—that phase which ever burns to go one better or, to put it in their own phrase, "to lick creation" and that trait which ceaselessly contrives to force, nay, thrust, one's self and one's doings upon the notice of the world. One Mr. Singer raises a pile of forty-four storeys, so when Mr. Woolworth comes to raise his, he goes one better and has fifty-four storeys; and I believe when

Mr. Ford thinks of raising his, he will go one better still and have sixty-four, so that I quite hope to see when I next visit New York a sky-scraper of a hundred storeys, set full-square to the four winds of heaven.

I was in New York for ten days and saw during those days all that was worth seeing there, I mean in the way of sight-seeing. I had a letter of introduction to the editor of the *New York Herald* and that gave me a fine opportunity of seeing for myself the method on which a leading American daily is built up each night and the various complicated processes through which it passes before it sees the light of day the next morning. What particularly drew my notice were those ingenious labour-saving devices, for inventing which the American seems to have a special genius and which throughout my American tour furnished me with a never-failing source of interest and enjoyment. The special feature of American journalism is the Sunday edition. My editor-friend had the previous Sunday issue brought to him and its bulk fairly took my breath away. It had coloured sketches by scores, photographs by hundreds, and articles, I should say, by thousands. The editor cast furtive glances at me through his pince-nez with proper pride and then began: "Here is everything any one can want. Here is all the news of the week. Here are all the articles, here the short stories. Here are the pages for grown-ups, here for children. Here is all about sport and athletics and here all about 'movies' and theatres. Here are some fine tips on fashionable sea-side places

and here on summer resorts. Are you fond of horse-flesh? Well, here you have all about horses and here about dogs. Here are pictures done by the best comic artists we have and here are the photos of folks most in people's eyes at present. Here is all about agriculture and engineering and here all about commerce and the stock-exchange. Here you have ample particulars of the latest scientific appliances and here of the latest divorces. All this ninety-four pages of stuff we give you for—what do you think?—a ten-cent piece! Isn't it wonderful?" "Undoubtedly," I replied. "It certainly is the most extraordinary stuff I have seen and wonderful at the price!" I then took a leisurely glance through its ninety-four pages. I found the photos remarkably well produced, but the comic pictures were an atrocity to which a Cockney would have taken exception if any Sunday paper in London had brought them out. There were pages and pages of unreadable stuff; quite a number were articles written in execrable English; and that tone of familiarity the American journalists adopt in speaking of people highest in the land sounds insufferably vulgar in a foreign ear. A pervading tone of coarseness one unmistakably notices even in the best of American newspapers all over the States. With the partial exception of the *New York Times* it is a thing of daily occurrence to read a big-type headline like—"Wilson takes his Bride out for a Drive," or "Wilson's Bride dines at White House." The newspapers in America do not aspire, as in England, to set the tone to public opinion by

weighty leading articles on all current domestic and foreign matters of interest and importance; but their main idea seems to be to provide people, in the first place, with the latest news in home and foreign politics, and then carry on desultory discussions on domestic affairs and give currency to society gossip. Consequently, the leading articles that appear in the best-read papers have no appreciable influence on public opinion and are as a rule written so indifferently that in England they would hardly be thought worthy of insertion even in a leading county newspaper.

One afternoon my editor-friend took me round the most prominent parts of the city. We first went to the famous Woolworth building, the highest sky-scraper in New York. The main entrance was done in exquisitely-veined and beautifully-polished purplish-grey marble and had, I believe, some sixteen lifts continuously going up and down. About six of these were " express-elevators " which made a non-stop ascent and descent of twenty-four storeys at a time. We went by one of the expresses to the top of the fifty-fourth storey and on arriving there walked leisurely round the balcony encircling the tower and saw New York lying hundreds of feet below us with its scores of sky-scrapers, its series of straight-cut streets, its endless rows of rectangular blocks, its broad, busy river, and its open harbour with the head and torch of the Statue of Liberty emerging above a cloud of light haze. " Isn't it fi-e-en? " questioned my friend, turning to me and drawling the last word out in true American style.

" Yes," I replied, " it is a fine sight." " The building on which you stand," continued my friend, " is the tallest building in the world. It has fifty-four storeys, as you have seen, and is nearly 800 feet high. It's built by one Woolworth who made his millions in ten-cent pieces." Finding me look somewhat puzzled at the last remark of his, he went on to explain, " It was Woolworth who first conceived the idea of having a ten-cent store where everything from a pin to a powder-puff was to be had for nothing more and nothing less than a ten-cent piece. The idea caught on and soon he had his ten-cent stores put up all over the States and his millions piled up in the banks. This magnificent building cäst —— million dällars." I did not quite catch the number of millions my friend mentioned, nor was I at all anxious to be enlightened on the point, for the knowledge would not in the least have raised or lowered the estimation I had already formed in my mind of the architectural value of the building. But my American friend could not see in that light, and so, whenever he pointed to any remarkable building from the top of the Woolworth, he took care to mention its dollar-value, very likely believing that that was the surest way of touching my imagination and making me realise its beauty and artistic value. The Americans, however, can never be made to understand that there are other and better standards of judgment than that of dollars; that the best works of art in the world were not the outcome of dollars nor could be had for dollars; that the Dome of St. Peter's rose not out of

dollars but out of the burning zeal of a Tuscan for his religion, and that the secret foundation of the peerless Taj at Agra lay not in dollars but in the deathless love of an emperor for his wife. And the very Woolworth, the beauty and artistic value of which my friend tried to convey to me in the tangible form of dollars, was so sublime in conception and so perfect in proportion, so sound in execution and so finished in detail, that I verily believe that nothing but a pure and passionate attachment of the architect to his art could have brought about the conception and creation of so noble a piece of architecture. In its own class it stands alone and unrivalled, and in all other classes it can hold its own against the finest buildings in the world. In originality of conception, soundness of workmanship and richness of material it can stand side by side with the Parthenon and St. Peter's, the Taj and St. Mark's. But these buildings being old and renowned have a secure place in the heart and memory of man, and being designed either for religious or commemorative purposes they are rich in sculpture and ornamentation, while the Woolworth, being born recently, is but barely known and being frankly utilitarian can lay no claim to either sculpture or ornamentation. It is on this account that any comparison with those edifices of fame and history would be odious to the general public and if made it would suffer considerably by the settled bias of the world in favour of those older buildings. But as it is, it stands a wonderful monument to the special genius and particular passion of American civilisation—

that genius that ever strives for the useful and profitable and that passion that ever yearns for the grand and the sublime. Unfortunately photographs have never done and can never do justice to monumental buildings, and in the case of sky-scrapers they do worse than injustice—they caricature them. The so-called "hideous monstrosities of America" are infinitely handsomer structures than their best pictures and the most unbiased descriptions have made them out to be. They rise so strong and solid from the ground and look so simple and unpretentious as they soar up straight and high in the sky with a good deal of the quiet beauty and strength of the Florentine palaces and none of that loud, staring ornamentation that mars the front of many a fine building in Europe. However high the sky-scraper may rise and however much its frieze may frown, it is bound to look heavy and its dead straight roof-line is bound to have a cutting effect on the eye. This the architect of the Woolworth has skilfully avoided by changing at an appropriate height the square mass of rising structure into a much narrower and taller tower and finishing off the roof after the manner of a noble church spire. This arrangement, while leaving with the Woolworth all the special characteristics of its own style of architecture, takes away its objectionable feature, markedly distinguishes it from the rest of the sky-scrapers and turns it into a thing of beauty and elegance which ought to be as much a sight of wonder and delight to the foreigner as an object of pride and veneration to the American. The American habit of regarding every-

thing in terms of dollars is sooner or later bound to get on the nerves of an outsider. It certainly would have on mine, had I not constantly reminded myself that I had come to America not with an idea of impudently imposing my personality and my prejudices on the American outlook of life, but with a fixed purpose of casting for the nonce my Ego aside and then knowing the Americans and seeing things American from a purely American point of view. I therefore kept my mind open and now and again a few stray rays seemed somehow or other to penetrate into its somewhat dense texture and tell me why the Americans of all nations have adopted a new variant of the old adage—"God's test by Dollars." One usually reads and hears of the newness of things American or the youthfulness of the creature American. But it is not so much the newness and youthfulness themselves as a quality generally associated with them that leaps to one's eyes the more closely one gets acquainted with the creature American and things American. And that quality is—*rawness*. While in Europe and the Old World generally men and their institutions seem to have matured and ripened and in some cases overripened and in a few become rotten and are now fast decaying: in America, on the other hand, they, both men and institutions, seem to be raw, often quite raw, rarely half-ripe, and seldom if ever matured and ripened. As the characteristics of rawness are expanding life and impending change, so everything in America is at present in a state of flux and expansion, and such a state of things is far from favourable for

the growth and formation of classes and institutions. Besides, no impetus of a new religion, no centuries of old ties, no long series of international wars, no claims of Art and Literature nor those of Public Service have come to form hereditary classes and age-worn institutions in America as in Europe. And it is these hereditary classes and these age-worn institutions that supply a long-approved and fairly reliable test for distinguishing worth from worthlessness in the Old World and their absence in the New leaves her without any test at all. But man is so constituted that he cannot get along without some test—no matter how unsatisfactory or how short-lived—for distinguishing human worth from human unworth, and so the Americans have invented "the dollar-test." The lives of millionaires make them out to be men of tremendous and unremitting energy, with a highly intelligent grasp of things in general and a certain shrewd perception of exceptional opportunities and of coming events all brought to the highest pitch of utility by a fund of resourcefulness, fixity of purpose, and all-mastering will-power. Consequently, in lieu of other and better tests of the older social aggregations of men, this dollar-test furnishes not a particularly bad rough-and-ready standard of judgment and in actual practice has given fairly satisfactory results as far as the present requirements of the New World go.

But the reader must not forget that all this is a mere side excursion into the domain of art and social ethics and that I am still on the top of the Woolworth with my editor-friend, from where we shall now take

a jump of a few hundred feet in one of those twenty-four storey expresses. Once down and out in the streets, we walk across the City Hall Park to Brooklyn Bridge and take the underground express for the Grand Central and then a bus-ride right through the famous Fifth Avenue,—my friend pointing out to me as we go along the town-residences of millionaires and multi-millionaires, most of them expensive eye-sores, replete in everything except good taste and artistic feeling. Some more bus-rides and we are on the river-front. We take another bus and ride all along the famous marine-drive, rush past the Columbia University and the Grant Monument, and then hurry along between private residences on one side and well-wooded river-front on the other till we come to the end of the drive and take a turn once again into the city and presently come to the handsome Washington Square and then drive through the clubland and alight at the Waldorf-Astoria. This, though the most sumptuously-built and most luxuriously-upholstered hotel in New York, being erected some twenty years ago, is, as things go in America, already looked down upon as antiquated beside the Plazzo and the other palatial hostelries of its kind of a recent date. We, however, enter the famous hotel, take a complete circuit of its endless public rooms and then finally come back to the grand lounge and see scores of soft-limbed, flabby-cheeked, coarse-mannered, slovenly-dressed, *blasé* middle-aged men idly talking or loudly laughing as they loiter up and down the lounge and chew and roll their havanas in their ugly, wide

mouths and watch a long line of pale-faced, over-dressed, world-wearied, prematurely-aged women all seated on richly-tapestried sofas doing nothing, talking to nobody and idly gazing at nothing in particular. This type of humanity is a special feature of New York and one meets with it in the main-lounge and mezzanine-floor of every big hotel there at all times of the day. One of their own younger poets depicts it exactly as it appears in the eyes of a stranger:—

> "Vulgar of manner, overfed,
> Overdressed, and underbred,
> Heartless, Godless, Hell's delight,
> Rude by day and lewd by night.
> Squirming hordes in Mammon's mesh,
> A wilderness of human flesh."

What drew my notice in particular in the rooms was the antique furniture and the old tapestry that hung on the walls. Of course the furniture was really sham antique and the tapestry wholly faked and so were the *bric-a-brac* that looked so old and priceless. Still, as they stood they betrayed the craze of the modern Americans for the old and antique. This craze of the Americans is a fine commentary on human consistency and a typical instance of that element of contradictoriness that lies at the base of human tastes and predilections. In nothing have the travelled Americans so much to find fault with the people of the Old World as in their comparative backwardness and their unreadiness to move with the times and take immediate advantage of all those innumerable facilities which human ingenuity and

inventiveness have combined to produce for our comfort and advancement. More than one of these well-travelled Americans complained to me of the wasteful and old-fashioned methods that prevail in the trades and industries of Europe and proudly contrasted them at the same time with their ingenious labour-saving appliances and their own quick, up-to-date modes of business dealings. And yet, strangely enough, these were the very people who gladly paid enormous sums to have furniture made for them in vulgar imitation of a style that has gone out of fashion generations ago in Europe and could see no incongruity in having heavy, cumbersome, comfortless things a full century or two old reproduced where everything else was designed and made on the fixed principle of combining as much as possible of utility, comfort, and elegance. Incongruous and inconsistent as this may on first sight appear, it is not difficult to follow the American mentality in this direction. In spite of all his frantic efforts " to lick Creation," the ordinary American is really more of a child of nature than most other men and quite unknown to him is as often licked by Creation as he tries to lick her. In his rage for the new and the up-to-date he exceeds himself, with the natural consequence that a strong reaction sets in and he is hurried on from one extreme to the other. His soul being steeped to saturation in the polish and glitter of what is new and up-to-date, sighs for things dull and old and thinks no price too high to possess what is or looks mellowed by age or stained with the loving hand of time.

Day after day I did the various sights of New York. One afternoon I went to the Central Park, on another to the Metropolitan Museum. I had heard so much about both of them from my American friends that my disappointment was all the more when I found nothing in particular to interest me, and I should scarcely have remembered to mention either of them were it not for the beautiful green of the Park and the exquisite collection of Rodin's works in the Metropolitan. The work of the French master is not quite unknown to me and I remember giving a good deal of my time when in Paris to his famous *Le Penseur*, though all my search to find some beauty, some pathos, some grand appeal to my own elemental mentality in the first rude stirring of that big brute's mind proved unavailing. The collection in the Metropolitan, however, appealed to me considerably and I thought "The Hand of God" as beautiful a piece of sculpture as one would care to see at all times, so original, so suggestive it is and so full of feeling and mystery. In exact contrast to this unique little handiwork of Rodin's is the colossal Statue of Liberty of Bartholodi's at the entrance of New York Harbour, round which I cruised one fine forenoon. It is as fine a piece of what Ruskin calls "cold carving" on a gigantic scale as I have seen anywhere. As massive of form as dull in conception, as false of anatomy as weak in technique, it stands a monumental travesty of the popular idea of that phantom goddess and at best looks but a cheap and uninspiring imitation of its famous legendary prototype at Rhodes. Fancy a people prating of Liberty

where half its number dare not exercise without being summarily fined and imprisoned the most elementary right of free humanity of drinking what it likes, and the other half dare not exercise their legal right of free-voting without being overawed by bullying "bosses" and Tammany Halls nor presume upon the inalienable right of free people to express their opinions freely without being instantly set upon by a scurrilous press. But the American has, like any other human being, his pet delusions which he likes to hug to his heart, and one of these is that his is "the Saviour Continent," his "the Land of Light and Liberty." Delusions play a rather important part in the economy of nature and, except for the possessor, are as a rule harmless in themselves, and so the American is quite welcome to hug his delusions to his heart, but if others cannot help seeing through them he must not complain and attribute motives of "ill-nature" and "animosity" to them as he did to a famous English author a generation ago.

Coney Island is known all over the world as a great bathing-resort of the working-class New Yorkers. Thither I went one bright Sunday morning. The way lay over the great Brooklyn Bridge which covers a mile of river in three giant strides, and then through congested suburbs to the open, airy, sunlit spaces of outlying districts with miles of well-made roads lined with miles of prim little cottages with prim little gardens in front. Hundreds of wooden shanties soon announced the approach of the island, and a few minutes later we got off on a road

swarming with men, women, and children in bathing costume, all moving towards the sea-front. The crowd swelled to enormous numbers as we approached the beach and was, so thick in places that walking through it was at times well-nigh an impossibility. Thousands upon thousands were strolling on the sands, some bathing in the shallow waters, others lying in the sands half buried or dancing to the music of a distant orchestra. A few were employed in reading, while a good many in the more human occupation that would have shocked the modesty of many a pious-minded man. For there were hundreds of couples lying in the sands in all sorts of postures and positions. Some sat side by side holding hands and laughing in one another's face, others lay locked in each other's arms kissing and caressing. I remember seeing a sight like this on Hampstead Heath on a bank-holiday six years ago. I then stood surprised and shocked at the indecent display and thought very poorly of the morals of a people who could thus openly and in broad daylight under the eyes of thousands of people indulge in such riotous scenes. But my knowledge of life and its requirements has expanded since then, and with it my ideas of morality have broadened. Things which I once regarded as altogether inexcusable and improper I have now grown to understand, and those which I looked upon as wrong and inadmissible I have learnt to sympathise with and even to approve of. When I consider that all those thousands belong to the lower orders who toil in some stuffy factory and live in some crowded tenement of some squalid neighbour-

hood for six long dreary days of the week, I question myself—is it not natural for them to make the most of their free day and revel in the luxury of sunshine and sea-breeze in the open face of heaven? If it is, is it not equally natural that all this brightness and fresh air should inevitably tend to unwonted elation of spirits? And it goes without saying that this exuberance of animal spirits must find some outlet. And what better or one more natural outlet can they find than in the manifestation and simple satisfaction of the primary instinct of their life? For all that the purists and pietists may have to say against the love-instinct, it does not on that account cease to be the master-instinct of human nature through which alone humanity at large can hope to snatch from the bitter waters of its dark, dank, dreary existence one sweet, sustaining draught of heavenly bliss and satisfaction.

I thought the women's bathing costume which the state regulations prescribed was both unsightly and unbecoming. The dresses one sees at the English bathing-places and Continental Spas may not in all cases betray any particular regard for delicacy of feeling nor any special sense of social decorum: they nevertheless add grace and symmetry to the person of the wearer and make her an object of admiration and wholesome delight. But the " beach-suit," as the Americans call their regulation bathing costume, makes no pretence to add anything to the beauty or charm of the wearer. On the contrary, it is expressly designed to do away with all such superfluous and highly dangerous things as lines of beauty

and curves of attraction. The stockings which all fair bathers are compelled to wear form, I think, the most ghastly part of the whole business. In the fresh, open, sunny outlook of life which the seaside presents and the back-to-nature feeling it creates in one, the stockinged feet look just as vulgar and as indecent as unstockinged would in a drawing-room. But when soiled with dabs of mud and sand sticking to them, they present an aspect positively repelling; and one wonders if all this unthinking worship of the old Puritanical fetishes of feminine modesty and public decency really goes to preserve those two pretty necessities of social life and even partly compensates for the certain loss of those pleasing sights which unregulated beach-bathing presents and those pleasurable feelings which it gives birth to in England and on the Continent.

A great portion of my time in New York was spent in going about the streets at all times of the day and night and watching the people at work and at play and in the various less differentiated phases of their life. Except for the splendid 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, I found the streets as a rule ill-swept and badly looked after; and Broadway, in particular, looked positively disreputable for a principal thoroughfare. Of the few that presented decent appearance, their outlook was marred in most cases by the monstrous girders and unsightly framework of the " L," as the elevated railway is called in New York. But I saw nothing later on to change my first night's impression of New York. Its reputed " hurry and hustle " is a myth. I went to Wall

Street at mid-day and stood in Broadway at midnight after the theatres were closed: I entered "quick lunch" places and loitered in their biggest stores: I went up their fastest "elevators" and boarded their swiftest "street-cars" in search of hurry and hustle; but hurry and hustle I could nowhere find. The people did not move as fast nor eat as rapidly as in London. The tramcars were actually slower and so were the lifts; and the crowds never so dense nor the traffic nearly so surging at any place or at any time as they are in Piccadilly Circus at all times of the day and most of the night. When I told my American friends that "I found New York slow," they laughed heartily and invariably remarked that I saw it at the wrong time of the year when most people were away and its normal life was at a standstill. But I argued that the absence of any number of well-to-do people could not give one a wrong impression of the normal life and activity of a big business-city like New York any more than it could of London. "I have stayed," I said, "in London in and out of season. My impression of it in June does not materially differ from my impression of it in December. There was not one kind of rush and hurry in summer and of quite a different kind in winter. Nor could it be so in New York. It may, and I dare say it does, vary in degree, but surely it could not in kind." But my American friends only smiled and shook their heads. However much they may shake their heads, I still feel convinced that the general impression I have brought away with me of New York's life and activity

probably lacks in depth but cannot possibly be wrong in substance.

A good deal of my time was given to going to theatres. I found the plays exceedingly good, both dramas and musical comedies. The acting was faultless and the staging superb. In dramatic art, London is supposed to lead the Anglo-Saxon world: but I found New York just as good in every branch of the art, and in the matter of daring and originality of the plots and the psychological ingenuity with which they were worked out I thought it took a distinct lead. But the best and most prominent actors there have nothing of the personal influence, none of that hold on the popular imagination which the leading actors of the English stage have and which makes the latter such an important asset of society and gives them so intimate a share in the life of the people at large.

In spite of all the sight-seeing I was doing and all the amusements I was having, I felt very lonely and low in spirits all the many days I was in New York. I was away from friends and had made no new ones to replace them. No doubt I took a keen interest in all that I saw and heard, but I could not say I enjoyed them in any real sense of the term. The more I travelled, the more I felt that half the joy of travelling came from imparting to some congenial spirit by your side your living impressions of the things you saw in front of you and the responses which they in their turn brought to you. I felt as I had never felt before what it was to be lonely in a crowd: and the constant remembrance of the one

congenial spirit I had left behind in Montreal made matters considerably worse and my loneliness all the more acute and unbearable to me. To get away from my thoughts I took to making love once again to my old, old flame—Literature, and found her constant and affectionate as of old and ready as ever to give me her comfort and solace. I, therefore, went most afternoons to that imposing pile of buildings fronting 42nd Street—the Free Library of New York, and passed an hour or two in her quiet and soothing company. It took her fancy to make her ever-fascinating presence come to me in the shape of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, and I had not gone through half of it when I found with what feeling and what truth the author had described certain characteristic phases of English Life just as his more celebrated countryman had with equal truth and feeling and keener penetration described the. English Traits. But when the case is reversed and Englishmen have to describe America and the Americans, they seem—while exhibiting a peculiar talent for noting the obvious short-comings of the American life and character—to betray no special disposition to notice the finer phases of their outward life or hunt up the latent traits of their character. Irving complains of this, and I think not unjustly: and Dickens's *American Notes* in many respects is not a bad example of what Irving complains of. It is not however, difficult to understand why the Englishman fails where the American succeeds. To the American England is a kind of wonderland where lies the root of all that is best in him and greatest in

his civilisation. He goes to it in that spirit of wonder and reverence and is naturally alive to the best side of English life and returns full of admiration and praise of the people and the country. To the Englishman America is a kind of upstart country, betraying at times all the worst traits of parvenus. He consequently goes to it in the frame of mind of a superior individual and naturally sees what he goes there to see and comes back with few of his notions corrected and most of his prejudices confirmed.

It was now more than a week that I had been staying in New York and had already made arrangements to make the next move forward to the Falls of Niagara, when late one night as I was on the point of retiring I heard a knock at the door and in came a "boy" with a telegram. It was from the Colonel making an urgent request to me to come back immediately to Montreal to meet their "Master." I had before then heard so much from the Mazdaznans about the wonderful personality of their Master that I was determined, if ever I got a chance of meeting him, not to miss it. But the Master travelled so constantly and his movements were so uncertain that I had not much hope of meeting him. So when the telegram came I changed my plans on the instant and wired back to say I was coming. Accordingly, one Friday early in the morning I took the long journey back to Montreal. It was past eight when I reached it. The Colonel was on the platform to receive me and said that the Master had been awaiting my arrival at "the Mazdaznan Ambassy" for quite two hours. So we hurried out,

got into his waiting Ford, and made straight for the Ambassy. No sooner was I there than I was taken at once into the meeting-hall and introduced to the Master. The moment I was introduced to him and exchanged a couple of sentences I felt that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. His tall, erect figure, his well-modulated voice, his broad, open, glowing countenance with a brow to match and a mouth to command confidence, and the whole illumined by two radiant, penetrating eyes, as radiant and penetrating a pair as ever I have set my eyes on—all went to point him out as a man of no common personality. No wonder he was called Master, for if any man had the look and bearing of a leader of men that man was the Master of the Mazdaznans. The strangest part of it all was that though he was just then in his seventy-fifth year, he looked as if he had barely attained his middle age, so alert and active of body and so fresh and bright of complexion was he. Not a hair had turned grey or fallen off nor a line of age furrowed his face or creased his smooth brow. The more I watched him the more I was struck by the strange, mysterious glow on his face and the almost unbelievable purity of the white of his eyes. Not a vein nor even a suspicion of it lurked in any corner of them, but they had just a tinge of that lovely blue one notices in the eyes of babes and infants. We soon sat down to dinner, and as I was given a seat next to him I had a splendid opportunity of closely following all his little movements and noticing all his strange peculiarities. How he spoke not a word

while a course was being gone through and how he skilfully managed to leave his plate as clean and spotless as if it had been left untouched and without food all the time. It was ten by the time we had gone through our simple repast and sat round the table talking. The Master then commenced to speak and spoke on the most varied subjects. It was apparent from his conversation that he was a widely-travelled man who had a broad mastery of all the varied phases of life and thought and had during that time experienced strange vicissitudes of which in ordinary life we can have no knowledge. He spoke of his early pastoral life in the highlands of Persia, of his later researches in the dark, distant caverns of Arizona, of common plants and their wonderful transmutations, and of the mysterious, atmospheric electricity which will one day cook our food, light our houses, sweep our streets, and convey us to the four corners of the globe. In such varying and absorbing topics the time passed fast enough and the small hours of the morning began to chase each other till it was getting on to four when we rose from the dinner table. I had been travelling eleven hours that day and being unused to sitting up so late I felt very sleepy, and when the topic changed or flagged it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open. But was the Master in a similar plight? Not he. He had been travelling from Chicago overnight and all that day and had been then speaking continuously for more than five hours, but there was not a wink of sleep in his eyes nor a trace of exhaustion in his voice; on the contrary, he looked

as fresh and as vigorous as when he first commenced to speak. On the way home I learned that the secret of his inexhaustible energy lay in the way he managed his breath. But of this later. It was very nearly five when I went to bed, still I was up and ready by ten that morning and left home a little later. As I was turning from a side street into the main thoroughfare, I saw at a little distance two figures draped in deep mourning. Coming a little nearer, whom do I recognise but Thelma and her sister. In an instant I took in the situation and my fears were soon confirmed. The gallant Major, it seems, was leading a charge of his Highlanders on the enemy's trenches near Ypres when he fell never to rise again. The Major stood six feet and over and was the strongest man in the regiment. He took a leading part in all regimental games and was, in consequence, a great favourite of the men. Thelma was his favourite child, and she, in her turn, was devotedly attached to him and looked upon him not so much as her father as her best pal and confidant.

That night there was what the Mazdaznans call "a banquet of the Family" at the Ambassy in honour of the Master. There were no hired servants or waiters, but all the waiting and attending was done by the younger members of the fraternity. The Master spoke again and gave some more reminiscences of his chequered life, and all his pupils young and old listened to him with rapt attention. We broke up rather early that night and the following morning I had the first experience of their full

Sunday service. They sang a hymn of welcome as the Master entered the meeting-hall. He made an imposing figure in his long flowing robe of pure white silk and looked quite calm and unconcerned as he briskly stepped up the altar-platform and took his seat in the middle with my hostess and another leading lady of the Society—"Mothers" as they were called—on either side of him and the Colonel and another leader of theirs at the corners below the platform. These last four formed a kind of priesthood of the Montreal Centre and officiated at the services when the Master was not there to conduct them in person. Soon after the Master had taken his seat, another hymn was sung, then the Colonel made in clear, resonant voice what they called their Affirmation, followed by yet another hymn. Immediately after the Master proclaimed the great Mazdaznan Covenant, the rest repeating it after him: he then gave a short sermon, a hymn followed and a collection was taken and soon the service ended with a hymn to Peace. All this was most interesting to me as it was so novel and so totally different from the kind of worship we have at home. The Parsees do not believe in congregational worship; at any rate, they never have a regular service of the type the Mazdaznans have at regular intervals. One of the first questions the Mazdaznans put me wherever I met them was if the Parsees knew anything about them and their Master and what they thought of him and themselves. I said that they were certainly known to the Parsees and to some extent their Master also; but the

Parsees had no particular opinion of them or of their Master and thought they were mere triflers of their ancient religion and their Master a kind of charlatan who was bemusing them with little bits of their faith gathered here and there and by no means the most important. I jestingly told the Master that the Parsee newspapers had once got out a story of his being prosecuted for having initiated a girl into his fold without her having proper clothes on, and that they went on to warn their readers against having anything to do with the Mazdaznans or their leader. The Master smiled and said that Chicago papers systematically exposed, with evidence all compact, the scandalous secrets of his life and the outrageous doings of his followers, but what I narrated to him, it seems, escaped even their all-vigilant eyes, for though he was fairly conversant with all their activities in this direction, he never remembered having come across this particular story of his misdeeds.

That night the Master left for Lowell and I made up my mind to leave Montreal in a day or two for the Falls of Niagara. But it seems it was not to be for a little while yet, for before leaving for Lowell the Master left word with the head of the Ambassy that I was to be persuaded to stay a little longer in Montreal and invited to put up at the Ambassy so that I might get a closer insight into the Mazdaznan method and manner of living. The head of the Ambassy conveyed the Master's wishes to me in such persuasive terms and made the invitation so pressing on her own behalf that I simply could not

have refused it even had I wished to. But I did not at all wish to refuse it, for I was most anxious to know as much as possible of these people who, I was beginning to recognise, had—according to their lights and the special requirements of their environment—done so splendidly to bring the name of my glorious Prophet before the people of the New World. Besides, I did not forget that Thelma was in Montreal, and if by chance I had to go through the strict training and rigorous regimen of the Mazdaznan creed, I could snatch a few moments and run up to her and charm away the toils of the day in the quiet enjoyment of her company. But this again was not to be. For she left for St. Adolphe in a day or two and I had her company just for one morning and one evening. The morning was spent looking round the shops and I bought her Moore's *Lalla Rookh* and that evening read to her my favourite passages, telling her how "Iran's pride had gone for ever" and "her proud sons, her high-born souls, men in whose veins the blood of Zal and Rustam rolled," had now degenerated into soft, harmless creatures with none of the high resolve and little of the fiery spirit of their renowned forefathers.

Unless a kindlier destiny again intervened that was, I knew, our last evening together, and so, as she sat cuddled in my arm, she told me of her future plans, how she intended taking up a course of nursing so that she might be of some help to the wounded soldiers back from the Front in the local hospitals. At hearing this, all my old Oriental class-pride and two hundred years of race-culture rose

within me uncontrolled for the moment, and before I knew what I was saying I had blurted out, " Really you are going to be a nurse! An officer's daughter going to nurse common soldiers! Outrageous! Do you know the risks you run by associating with vulgar men? Besides, you——" " They are not vulgar," she retorted interruptingly. " They are brave, splendid fellows who are suffering for their country's cause and whose suffering and anguish in my own little way I should love to relieve." " I know all that! " I replied, " I doubt not they are brave and splendid fellows, but they can't change their blood and breed for all that." " It doesn't matter," she replied, " I am sick of my present life. I can't be going on singing and canoeing all my life. I have decided to join the nursing-class in the Fall when we come down from St. Adolphe." I thought it useless to argue any more with her now that she had set her heart on carrying out her ideas; besides, it was obviously impossible at her age and with her inexperience to see the matter from my standpoint, though I could quite see it from hers and thought it but right and natural that she should be quite fed-up with her present aimless existence and think of employing her time and energy in some more serious way. The evening wore on to night ere I could make up my mind to say good-bye to her. But I did at last, leaving as I parted on her not over-reluctant lips a soft impress of my parting sorrow and enduring affection for her.

The following afternoon I was safely installed in the Mazdaznan Ambassy half-way up Mount Royal.

The Master's suite of rooms, which was exclusively kept for him and never lived in except by him, was —in spite of my gentle hints to the contrary—got ready for me. It pleasingly overlooked the wooded slopes of Mount Royal and its inside was upholstered most sumptuously in silk brocade of a particularly effective shade of old gold. This was the favourite colour of the Master and everything from the lining of the chairs and curtains by the windows to the canopy over and coverlet on the bed was got up in this exquisite colour. Colours have a peculiar fascination for some people and different colours affect different people differently. Pink and gold and blue give me pleasurable feeling by merely looking at them; while in the proximity of certain shades of brown and grey for any length of time, my spirits begin to lose their normal resilience and before long a feeling of strange uneasiness creeps over me. I remember how the mere sight of the pink window-curtains in my room at Hermitage roused in an instant my flagging spirits when I came home tired from my long walks, or helped to wear off the weariness of those mornings when for no particular reason I felt out of spirits. Being used all my life to seeing vestures of bright dyes and glowing hues, I missed them particularly in my extended sojourn in the West, and when by some happy chance I came across them, as in the Ambassy of the Mazdaznans, I enjoyed them all the more. There was something else in the room that directly drew my notice. A red light burnt on a table day and night. Fire in any form or shape is ever dear to the heart of a worshipper

of that element and so was that little red light to mine all the many days I stayed at the Ambassy. From the very first day my new host and hostess looked after me as if they were my close blood-relations. And this is the most remarkable thing about the Mazdaznans, that they all look upon themselves as members of one big family and they put the interests and welfare of the family above every other worldly consideration of their own. Actuated as they were by such sentiments, it was but natural that they should call one another brothers, and as out of the abundance of their heart they took me into the family-fold, they extended to me the same courtesy and I was known in the various circles I visited of theirs as Brother Wadia. Being by nature somewhat of a cold, exclusive disposition and being brought up in a similar atmosphere, I was at first not particularly gratified to be addressed by all and sundry by that term of familiarity, but once having entered into the spirit of their fold, the appellation did not seem to be presumptuous on the lips of any one of them and later on I quite liked to hear it. The more elderly of the ladies, or rather the more experienced among them, for some of them had hardly entered their middle age, went under the names of " Mothers." This again at first sounded in my ear as rather fanciful and somewhat comical, but that feeling soon wore off when I came to discover that most of them were mothers in deed and not in mere name. I remember my late hostess reading to me when I was too tired to do it myself, massaging the muscles round my ear when it went deaf for a while

at St. Adolphe, and doctoring me in other ways besides. My present hostess pressed my suits, darned my socks, washed with her own hands my muslin sacred-shirts and mothered me in every way she could. She it was who gave me the first six lessons of their special system of breath-culture, which is in a way the most distinguishing feature of the Mazdaznan creed. According to it the Air is the fundamental principle of life. When the Mazdaznan speaks of the air he does not mean by it, as we ordinarily do, the common element which we all know is so necessary for the maintenance of life on earth just as much as food and drink are, but some mysterious, invisible force, pregnant with vital energy, capable of infinite transmutations and the source of all that is highest and best in humanity. Consequently the Mazdaznan believes that Breath plays an all-important part in the unfolding of the consciousness of a rational creature and that on its proper control and management depend the health and vitality of the human organism, the awakening of its finer senses and the development of its subtler powers. There is, of course, nothing really new in this idea. But, then, what is there really new in any idea under the sun? The physiologists of Ancient Greece held similar ideas; and, in fact, Anaximenes and Diogenes of Apollonia promulgated identical beliefs—more especially the latter, who looked upon the Air as not only the source of his life but even of his intelligence. "The air," he said, "inspired him no less than it animated him." In the Indian system of Yoga there is the same high conception of the

air, and in *Raja Yoga* and *Hatha Yoga* equally high value is attached to the control and management of the breath. The ancient Egyptians likewise cherished similar beliefs and practised some kind of breath-culture. This is plainly evidenced in the postures of the colossal seated figures that formerly guarded the gateways of most Egyptian temples. The postures in the Mazdaznan system bear a striking resemblance to these, and the Mazdaznans openly avow their indebtedness, being assured that the Egyptians themselves drew their inspiration from the followers of Mazda in Ancient Persia. The present system of the Mazdaznan, as is the case with every other thing of theirs, is entirely the work of their Master. During my stay at the Ambassy I had frequent opportunities of learning more and more about the wonderful versatility of this singular man. Besides being a teacher, philosopher, and breath-culturist, he was a composer, a physician, and a first-class cook. I have by me his book on cookery, and if I could judge of his mastery of the culinary art from that of his pupils—into the secrets of which he himself initiated them—he must be a perfect exponent of the art himself. Most of the hymns that were sung at the services were of his composition, both words and music. The charmed numbers of one in particular, entitled "Behold the Image of Thy God," haunt me still and hum in my ear even as I write now, like some

> "strain most holy
> The hoary minstrels sang in times of old."

It is said of this hymn that when a certain Russian

composer heard it for the first time, he was so enchanted by it that he said he felt as if he were suddenly awakened to some grand old melody he had heard in some far-off age but of which in his present life up to then he had lost all recollection. And the words of another of his hymns, called " Keep Still, Keep Still," sank so deeply within me when I first heard them that whenever, on my lonely rambles up the hills, that querulous moodiness inseparable from life literary takes possession of me, they come back and minister a salutary lesson to me.

" When in the presence of life's mill
Hold well thy tongue: Keep still, keep still!
What are men who about thee stroll,
That thou confid'st to them thy soul,
And open'st up thy heart so free,
That only lives and beats for thee?

Unto the clouds and waves do tell
Whatever sorrow thee befell,
And to the rock, the blade and flow'r
Reveal thy heart and gain new pow'r,
But before men speak not of ill,
Remember this: Keep still, keep still! "

I did not know what a flourishing city Montreal was nor what an extensive suburb it possessed until I visited it the second time. On most afternoons my hostess arranged long drives together in her " machine," as she quaintly called her Ford. The drive along the St. Lawrence to Lachine, which we took more than once, was of particular interest to me, for apart from the fine scenery on the way, parts of it formed the summer-resort of well-to-

do Montrealeans whose curiously-designed wooden bungalows with pretty little gardens attractively lined the long river-front. However, the drive that was most interesting in itself and proved most instructive to me was the one we took to a millionaire's model-farm at Chazy, some fifty miles away across the Dominion border into the States. We left home early one bright morning, crossed the long one-mile bridge over the St. Lawrence, and then went due south towards the States. The way lay across open country and we rushed past woods and streams and many a half-awakened Canadian village till we reached the Dominion border and entered the States, when the scene changed all at once. The road was now beautifully paved and tarred and lay all along the farthest reach of Lake Champlain with handsome houses built among tall trees, each of which had an extensive garden and well-kept lawn skirting the road and facing the lake. The houses were soon left behind and we came within sight of our objective. Heart's Delight Farm, for that was its name, is owned by one Mr. Miner who made his millions in shrewdly buying up certain patents and successfully running them himself. Having no children and being a man of cultivated tastes with a vein of idealism running strong in him and possessing from childhood a passion for scientific farming, he spent a great part of his enormous wealth in acquiring a vast strip of country to satisfy the one dominating passion of his manhood and realise the many ideals of his life. This strip of country consists of one long sweeping piece of rich alluvial land between Lake Champlain and

the mountain-range of Adirondack, measuring some eleven thousand acres and interspersed with glistening streams and silent groves and many a bit of wild nature where the Indian of old lived his little life and now sleeps his long sleep. Here on his broad sunny acres, swept by health-breathing breezes from the neighbouring Adirondacks, he breeds his Percheron and Belgian horses, rears his Shorthorn and Holstein cattle, drives his Dorset and Southdown sheep, and raises his pedigree wheat and maize, barley and oats, alfalfa and the other fodder-grasses. However, to come to our drive, we soon entered the little Chazy village with a little caution-board reading, " Please drive slowly," and when we came to the end of it there was another with just " Thank you " on. A mile or two more and we drew up in front of a finely-built house. A lady soon came out and greeted us with that fine americanism of hearty welcome—" Come right up." Shortly after she led us through various buildings where horses, cattle, and sheep were housed and then took us to the office where a record of every horse and cow bred on the Farm was kept and so ingeniously arranged that an inquirer could have the complete pedigree of any particular cow or horse, out of the thousands bred there, traced and placed before him at a moment's notice. However perfectly the whole thing might have been organised and however amply staffed, the keeping of accounts and records of breeding of so extensive a farm could not but be a rather complicated affair requiring for its smooth running a responsible head of clear perception and quick

grasp. Consequently, I showed a natural desire to meet the gentleman who was in charge of this complicated organisation. Conceive of my surprise when I was pointed out the young lady accompanying us as the responsible head of the business establishment. A mere woman, and young at that, to be set over the heads of a big staff of grown-up, fully-certified men-accountants and well-paid clerks was a thing unheard-of in India and even, I believe, in England, and so I naturally betrayed my astonishment, upon which my hostess remarked that to have women-heads of large business establishments was a thing of common occurrence in America, and as a matter of fact for a number of years she herself was the head of a big business concern in Chicago. The Manager of the Farm came next and took us in his car for an inspection-drive round the agricultural parts of the farm. We at first drove past grain-mills and a long line of cattle-sheds and pig-sties and poultry-enclosures, the last-named presenting a picture of ever-moving countless specks of white in the shape of thousands of pure white leghorns. Then we motored for a while over open spaces and soon came upon a forest of giant trees with a most picturesque motor-track winding in and out among the lowly bracken and round the towering monarchs of the forest. It was perhaps the prettiest bit of wild nature I had seen for many a long day and made me realise on the instant the appropriateness of the name of the Farm, for if any scene was calculated to delight one's heart it was that which lay along the track of this fairy woodland

of sunshine and shade. Once out of the woods, we got the first glimpse of those broad, rolling plains of cultivated land for which the Farm is justly famed. They rolled on and on in one unending sweep as far as the eye could reach. Soon we whizzed past the hundred-acre corn-field with giant maize growing tall and straight in serried ranks and then passed another and yet another and so on and on till, leaving behind the seemingly endless sweep of fodder-grasses, we at last came right on the edge of lovely Champlain. Here we all got out and were soon taken through the mystery of drainage and rotation of crops, chemical fertilisers, and the ingenious arrangement for keeping out flood-water. While there I saw at a distance what looked like a gigantic prehistoric creature and was wondering what it could possibly be when to my dismay the hideous brute began to snort and puff and next moment crawled towards us. My anxieties, however, were soon laid at rest by the Manager informing me that it was only one of their 12-furrowed steam-ploughs going on its daily round. We waited and watched as the snorting brute came up and passed by turning up twelve high ridges of hard, solid soil, raking it up like so much chaff and sand. "In a good day's work," said the Manager, "it can change the face of twenty-five acres of land beyond all recognition." The image of our own *ryot* came instantly to my mind and how I used to stand and watch and poetise over him in my dear homeland as he drew hard breath over his little wooden plough and eked out his scanty living! A little later we motored back to the office and sat

down with our young lady-friend to luncheon. It was purely a vegetarian luncheon, but it was so perfectly appointed that the memory of it still clings to me. Up to that afternoon I never knew nor could have believed that the common vegetables we have at meals such as greens and beans, peas and potatoes could be grown by scientific cultivation so as to be made to acquire a certain delicacy of flavour just as fixed and unmistakable as the flavour in a particular variety of specially-nurtured grapes and apples, pears and peaches. For instance, I was told that the speciality of the Farm—the golden bantam Indian-corn we had at the luncheon—was brought to such a pitch of perfection by careful selection of seeds, appropriate fertilisers, and assiduous attention while growing that it stands unrivalled in richness of colour, delicacy of flavour, and softness of touch among a hundred other varieties of its kind. After luncheon we strolled out into the garden and went by an ornamental lake into the millionaire's palatial guest-house, where he frequently had a house-party of as many as fifty guests at a time. Each guest was provided with a suite of rooms and each suite was complete with every conceivable luxury and comfort. For instance, every suite had an automatic intercommunicating telephone by the simple shifting of an indicating-pin of which any guest could communicate with any other or for the matter of that with any one at the farthermost end of the Farm. Each suite again was named after some great man of the world and was decorated accordingly with pictures depicting the leading incidents

of that great man's life and quotations of the most famous of his sayings. There was a large beautifully-panelled public chamber called Harmony Hall where concerts and religious meetings were regularly held for the guests and the men working on the Farm. But the idealism of the millionaire did not end here, for he had his men called early in the morning by an organ-recital. No one on the Farm was allowed to smoke without being instantly dismissed, nor could an abusive or even an offensive word escape an employee's mouth without having to pay the same penalty. There were quotations of all the wise men of the world from Solomon downwards scattered all over the eleven thousand acres of the Farm and one knocked against the beautifully-carved stone tablets of these quotations in strange places—in the depth of the woods and by the river's bank, on a high-road, and by a garden-walk. But Mr. Miner is no mere inane idealist nor a wealthy dreamer, but a cool, calculating financier of shrewd business instincts. His Farm is no expensive fad of his, but one of the best-paying business-concerns on this side of America. His breeds of cattle and horses are known all over the States and even in South America and fetch a special price; and his farm-products, such as ham, bacon, sausages, butter, eggs, jam, turkeys, trout, maple-sugar, vegetables, and fruits, are all exclusively confined to the very tip-top hotels and establishments in New York and fetch a clear twenty-five per cent. over the ordinary market price. It seems in this great imperfect world of ours nothing can be absolutely perfect! There needs

must be some flaw somewhere. As in the most exemplary character there is some strange shortcoming so in this great model farm, where prodigal Nature and human ingenuity had combined so well and so cunningly to beguile a man into the arms of beauty and luxury, indolence and ease, there was yet unconsciously left something to remind him of earthly toils and the chastening sorrows and sordid realities of life. And that something, strange to say, was the humanity working on the Farm. I have seldom seen a more ill-kempt, ill-clothed, ill-fed set of men than that I saw working in the fields at the famous Farm! Most of them, I was told, belonged to the class of casual labourers. That certainly explained the condition of the employee but did not lessen the responsibility of their casual employer. It seems strange that he who had brought all the powers of his imagination and the resources of his wealth to bring to the highest pitch of perfection the breed of his animals, the quality of his vegetables, and the beauty of his rolling plains, should have left as unconsidered as uncared-for those things of nature made in his own image! Strange, that objects which should have gone to adorn his fields and forests and lent finishing touches to this magnificent day-dream of his, should remain only to be an eye-sore and a blot on the fair face of nature! Oh, for the contradictoriness of man and the vagaries of human temperament! What philosopher can account for them, what logician reason them out!

September was at the threshold and autumn had already commenced to lay its fiery finger on the

maple-leaves when I once again made arrangements to proceed on my long-deferred journey to the Niagara Falls on the way westwards. But again it seemed it was not to be. For one evening I received an invitation from the head of the Mazdaznan Centre at Lowell, Massachusetts, to come and see "Little Bethany," as that centre is so prettily named; and the next morning came a wire in the shape of a "night-letter" from a Mazdaznan lady in Washington beseeching me to pay a flying visit to the capital of the States. Both the invitations were worded in such cordial and affectionate terms as to leave me no choice but to change my plans and accept them. The Master directed the Colonel to accompany me to the places, and though he had in hand some urgent business which required his presence in Montreal, like a good Mazdaznan, without a moment's hesitation, he put it aside to carry out the Master's behest. Accordingly, early one Friday morning we packed and bidding a reluctant good-bye to my kind hosts and to Montreal I left with the Colonel for Lowell. The way lay along the eastern side of Lake Champlain, and about half-way down we left the lake and struck right across the state of Vermont and later on in the afternoon entered New Hampshire. And as the afternoon wore on and we ran along the famous Hampshire Hills and by the endless chain of lakes nestling among them, the scenery grew increasingly more attractive and interesting till at the end of the day it became almost entrancing as the sun plunged into the bosom of one of the lakes in one red fiery glow

and lit up the whole sky in a symphony of colours the most vivid imaginable and such as Turner loved to paint and Ruskin alone could have described. Lowell was at length reached and our host's son, who had come to the station to receive us, soon motored us to the headquarters of the Mazdaznan colony. Once there I was taken up to my room, on entering which I felt for a moment as if I were taken suddenly back to my distant Eastern home, for the air of the room was laden with the perfume of a particular incense never met with outside the East. A side-table provided a feast for the eye. For there resting on it was a basket heavily laden with the choicest fruits of the season—oranges and apples, pears and peaches, all lay most attractively arranged round a huge golden pine-apple with two massive bunches of luscious grapes set enticingly over them. To touch such a thing of beauty would be a sin. But I was thirsty and the grapes stood too temptingly near my fingers for any prolonged forbearance on my part and so before long I fell a ready victim to their silent blandishments. I soon dressed and went down into the drawing-room to find men in flowing white silk gowns and women in evening-dress waiting to receive " the Wise Man from the East." There stood my hostess—Mother Maria as she is known in the circle—in pure white evening-gown and welcomed me to Little Bethany in a truly Oriental mode, with a salaam and an obeisance. By her was her charming daughter-in-law, the lines of whose exquisite figure were so pure and so perfect that many an artist would have stood wondering at them and

given half their fortunes to draw them. Immediately after we sat down to a regular Mazdaznan dinner and it was getting near midnight when we left the table and retired for the night. As my hostess had arranged for a whole day's motor excursion to Boston and places in its neighbourhood, we got up betimes the following morning, breakfasted early, and left home immediately after. The car was a big six-seater and belonged to a Mazdaznan millionaire of Boston who himself came in the car and brought his son with him to drive it. There were seven in the party and having started at a good pace we were before long miles away from Lowell. Shortly afterwards we began to ascend and went up and down over undulating country through lovely green lanes lined by thick hedge-rows. Every moment the scenery became more and more English, and were it not for the houses, which were typically American, I could scarcely have believed that I was not actually motoring in some part of England itself. Happening to remark to my hostess that the country appeared to me strangely English, she said we were in reality going over New England Hills which all who saw observed did not belie their name. Anything that has a touch of England always delights me. But what delighted me still more was the fact I gleaned a moment later that we were just then well within the classical regions of America and I was breathing the same air that Lowell and Longfellow, Emerson and Adams, Whittier and Wendell Holmes breathed and were inspired by. Descending the hills we passed through several small towns until we felt the

fresh sea-breeze blowing in our face and heard the swish of waves rolling on some invisible seashore near at hand. An instant later there stretched out before us the blue expanse of the vast Atlantic. The shore was the shore of Salem, so celebrated in the history of Quakerism as the landing-place of Fenwick and a large number of his persecuted English co-religionists. From here commences that marine-drive along the Atlantic Board which is considered one of the finest motor-drives in the world. As we glided over its perfectly smooth surface and observed the luxuriously built seaside villas on its either side—some of them having terraced gardens with fountains playing and statues cunningly placed in little grottoes and natural alcoves—I felt that the great reputation the drive had acquired in America was fully justified. The road, after running for a few miles by the open sea-face, curves in sharply and winds up through a beautifully-kept pine-forest with houses built under its health-breathing shade and then once more runs down and comes out on the open seashore and keeps along it for miles together. We at length stopped at a pretty bend of the drive called Magnolia, turned round, went all over the magnificent drive again, passed Salem and through a few more towns of no particular character and stopped at length at a wayside inn to have some luncheon. We were not long at it and started immediately after for Boston. The way lay mostly along the beautiful Atlantic Beach, and being a Saturday afternoon hundreds of people were out strolling on the sands or bathing in the open sea. The

Athens of America, as the learned Bostonians learnedly style the city, presently came in sight and we were soon hurrying through its fine streets and well-kept avenues and slowed down as we came to its famous Commonwealth Avenue. As we crawled along this most beautiful avenue, with its perfectly-paved roads, its stately procession of tall, venerable-looking trees, and its magnificent row of high, well-designed private houses, I could well understand why the Bostonians are so proud of their Commonwealth Avenue. Bushy Park, Bois de Boulogne, Unter den Linden, and other famous avenues of Paris and Berlin, Dresden and Munich I know and admire, but none, I think, can bear to hold up their heads by this noble compeer of theirs. In fact, for pure beauty and magnificence of lines, for certain noble spaciousness and dignity of aspect, and for that old-world air of peace and repose which comes to one's notice in a new country like America with such telling effect, it stands and will for long stand alone and unrivalled in the world. I was told the more humble-minded of the Bostonians call their city—the Hub of the Universe. I don't know whether it is the hub or the rim of the universe, but I do know in their Avenue of Commonwealth they have the Avenue of the Universe. Coming out of it, we passed the Boston Public Park which, from the running glimpse I had, appeared to be more effectively laid out and had certainly a more brilliant display of flowers than the Central Park of New York. We turned round and stopped before a magnificent pile of buildings some eight or ten

storeys high which was entirely owned by my millionaire friend and is wholly occupied by his huge stores of furniture. Mr. Irving, for that is his name, specialised in cabinet-making, and his standard cabinets came in time to be known all over the States and brought him his millions. He himself took us round his extensive establishment which being very large and fully stocked all that we could do in the limited time we had at our disposal was to walk past its endless series of show-rooms one after another up the several storeys. After having tea at Mr. Irving's, we returned home pleasantly tired after fully a hundred miles of motor-ride. So long and so interesting a motor-ride I never remember to have had before nor one that in the course of a few hours gave me so good an idea of the scenic wonders of America and so close an insight into the varied conditions of work and modes of enjoyment of its people. Next day being Sunday we had a regular service at the Mazdaznan Temple at which I was besought to put on their white gown of silk and offered the Master's seat on the Altar-platform. Much as I should have liked to attend the service in my ordinary clothes I could not well refuse their wish, and so without saying a word I just slipped on the gown, but I could not reconcile myself to the idea of occupying the Master's chair. I tried to explain and begged to be excused, but Mother Maria had a way of her own in arranging these things and would not listen to my Oriental prejudices, and as the people had already assembled there was nothing left for me but good-humouredly to fall in with her

ideas and occupy the chair. As at Montreal I was asked to address the assembly and I did so, briefly telling them wherein their conception of Zoroastrianism differed from ours in the East and particularly emphasising the one or two points wherein we were at one in thought. For instance, they as well as we hold that the great Mazdayasnian law is Purity—not in its narrower, popular significance that usually degenerates into a certain high type of prudery and generally ends in a mere worship of innocence and impeccability, but in that wider, nobler conception of it which leads to "clean-living," in the best and largest sense of that term. The law of Purity was the pivot on which the whole Zoroastrian ethical system revolved, as the principle of Individuality was the ideal towards which the whole Zoroastrian social philosophy gravitated and in which respect it fundamentally differed from all other religions. Buddhism and Brahmanism, Christianity and Mahomedanism all in one way or another preached altruism and social duty, while Zoroastrianism stood for egoism and duty to one's self. Those religious systems sought for the salvation of man in the perfection of social organisation and social conscience, ours in the perfection of individual body and individual soul. The idea at the root of Christian and other creeds is that the more a man lived for others and sacrificed himself, the more perfect he himself became and the more assuredly he advanced the cause of society at large; while the idea at the root of ours is that the more a man lived for himself and realised his ego, the more perfect man-

hood he himself attained and the more truly he worked for the advancement of his fellow-kind. Zoroaster himself, I said, was the most perfect embodiment of the great principle he preached, for before he brought his flaming world-message to the Court of King Gustasp, he had lived for thirty long years on the remote and inaccessible mountain-top of Ushidarena entirely to himself to attain self-realisation and self-perfection. Their Master, I went on to say, was the best living embodiment thereof within my knowledge. He had striven all his life to bring his physical and mental organisations as near perfection as possible, with what incalculable benefits to his hundreds of pupils and with what splendid results to his own self they themselves knew. I urged them, in conclusion, right or wrong, to stand by their creed, unmindful of the taunts of selfishness and sneers of cheap altruism, and work out their destiny in the light of its teaching.

That evening we had a short service again at which I read a chapter from *The Vision of Arda-Viraf*. The Temple looked beautiful, lighted as it was with clusters of electric globes, and in that soft, well-diffused light the old, sacred formula of *Ashem-Vohu* and of *Yatha-Ahu-Vairyo*, painted as they were in letters of gold on the four walls, stood out so prominently as to send a thrill through the heart of an orthodox Mazdayasnian like myself. But the object which riveted my attention was the painting of Ainyahita which stood at the entrance of the Temple. Ainyahita, or Anahita as the cuneiform inscriptions call her, is one of the leading *Yazatas* or

angels in the Zoroastrian theology and may be fittingly compared to the Mylitta of the Assyrians, Istar of the Egyptians, Aphrodite of the Greeks, and Ashtoreth, or Astratë, of the Old Testament. What is, however, more pertinent to our purpose is that the Mazdaznans look upon Ainyahita as their patron deity who has under her special guidance and protection the whole Mazdaznan movement of America. Their bible is named after her, and in it she puts questions to Ahura Mazda on some of the still unsolved problems of life, and the answers she receives serve to instruct and exhort her followers in the path of wisdom and righteousness. In the Avestan literature, or, to speak more particularly, in the *Yasht* devoted to her praise she is described as a maiden of fair body, well-shaped, pure, and glorious, wearing a golden crown studded with a hundred stars and golden earrings and necklace to match. However, this particular painting I am speaking of gives only her head and a part of her neck without earrings or necklace or crown with a hundred stars; but then it is such a head and neck as never a man has set his eyes on. In all my life and travels I have never seen either in art or nature a face more beautiful, more intellectual, or one more spiritual than hers; and I am acquainted with the best and loveliest that the galleries of Europe and America have to show. I have seen and pondered over the faultless beauty of Venus de Milo's at the Louvre, the arresting spirituality of St. Cecilia's of Carlo Dolci in Dresden, the perfect purity of Madonna della Sedia's of Raphael in

Florence, the winsome truthfulness of St. Ursula's of Carpaccio in Venice, but none can touch the ineffable loveliness, the inspiring intellectuality and the provoking inscrutability of Ainyahita's face in the Mazdaznan Temple at Lowell. I was not certain as I stood spell-bound before it that I was not seeing a vision—so soulful and living were the eyes, so transparent and mysterious the whole face. This mysterious picture was painted under equally mysterious circumstances. It seems a certain Mazdaznan maiden, who had taken up Art for a career, was so impressed when she heard the story of Ainyahita's life that for days and weeks together she could not get the divinity out of her mind till one morning, after passing a rather restless night, lo, there stood before her a vision of the glorious form of the divinity herself. Fanciful or otherwise as the vision may have been, from that hour there was no rest or peace for the poor girl till she had transferred the vision from her mind's eye on to the canvas and dedicated it to the Temple of Mazda in Little Bethany.

Curiously enough, Little Bethany also furnished me side by side with this magnificent example of pure religious devotion a characteristic instance of the business-instinct which follows the true-born Americans in all the departments of their life. For here in this hallowed spot and in the very building raised to the glory of Mazda was a factory for the manufacture of " Dr. Hilton's No. 3," so celebrated all over the States as a specific for colds, coughs, and what not. Being used to the ideal of the East, where

religion is kept strictly apart from the desecrating touch of mundane matters, I was at first surprised and shocked at the discovery: but soon I reminded myself that I was in a country which did not profess that ideal of the East, but where, on the contrary, men and women believed in bringing their pleasures, art, and religion in intimate association with the business of their life. However much I may be inclined to uphold the Eastern ideal, I do not for a moment disapprove of the American idea of practical religion and can quite understand that nothing but good can come out of intimately connecting religion with the work of one's life. For a man's occupation forms the habit of his body and mind and the greater part of his moral and persistent nature, and in what else could a man make a better use of his religion than in that which goes to build his body and mind, his character and soul?

Early in the morning of the following day, the Colonel and I left Lowell for Washington. It was a full twelve hours' journey and there was a rather risky connection at New York, as we had to transfer from the Grand Central to the Pennsylvanian and were just allowed a quarter of an hour to do it in. Should by any mischance our first train be delayed even five minutes in its run of nearly 200 miles, we should be left kicking our heels in New York for the rest of the day. But we knew the reputation of American trains for running to time and so we risked the connection with a light heart. The first part of the journey, as it lay mostly along the Atlantic Board, proved quite interesting, and as expected we steamed into the

Grand Central to the minute. We collected our bags and hailed a taxi and went flying over the streets of New York to the Pennsylvanian Station and caught the Washington Express.

The second part of the journey was devoid of scenic features, but none the less it was interesting in its way as it lay through many populous and well-known towns, among them being Philadelphia and Baltimore. We reached Washington in due time and met our hostess who had come to the station to receive us. Never before did a city at first sight impress me so much as Washington did that night as we passed through streets and squares on our way to the home of our hostess. There was neither the garishness of main thoroughfares nor the gloom of side streets one notices at night in the big cities of Europe and America, but all the streets were softly lighted, evenly paved, and beautifully-planted with a large variety of trees. That night after dinner we sat talking into the small hours of the morning and next day we took the famous excursion to Washington's home on Mount Vernon. It is away in the state of Virginia, some ten or twelve miles from Washington. A tramway-line runs over the whole distance. The home lay beautifully embowered among tall, spreading, age-worn trees on the flat extended crest of a hill; and as we passed through room after room, the inside arrangement strongly put me in mind of the old Bombay bungalows, and the illusion was completed when we came out on the verandah and saw the huge, plain, white, round pillars standing in a line the whole length of it as in the typical big-sized

old bungalows of Bombay. Strange how similarity of climate and environment leads to similarity of human ideas and contrivances! Here were outhouses for Washington's endless string of negro-slaves just as we in India still have for our endless retinue of servants. We strolled about its extensive ground and sat underneath its spreading trees, but the view we got from the spacious verandah of the Potomac and distant Maryland was by far the most inspiring and soul-subduing that I had seen in America up to then, and in its own class of scenic beauty it remained unsurpassed throughout my tour. Imagine yourself seated on a comfortable cane-chair with two huge Doric columns rising in front of you, opening out between them an extended vista of a long rolling plain of green, planted over with trees and gradually retreating till far down some two hundred feet below you it suddenly disappears beneath the waters of the peaceful Potomac. The river then stretches across in a broad, smooth, glassy expanse of a mile or two and meets the shore opposite or recedes in many a broad sweep away among the lovely forest-clad hills of Maryland till it shrinks into a mere streak of glistening silver in the haze of the far distance. The Colonel was as deeply moved as I was, and we both sat there long, viewing in silence the peaceful scene breathing a spirit so totally at variance with ours and so full of my own dear far-off homeland and of the happy restful days that have long since passed!

On our return home we passed through the extended suburbs of Washington, the streets of which

swarmed with dirty, bare-footed negro children. These Southern negroes seemed to be of a different type from those I met in New York and in the Northern states. I knew that the Negro Problem was one that puzzled the Americans considerably and so I watched them and conversed with them to know for myself the extent of their intelligence and the nature of their grievances. On the whole I was very favourably impressed with them. More so with the Northern negroes, who seemed to be quite smart at their particular work and not lacking in common intelligence. They talked and laughed, argued and joked among themselves quite as intelligently as ordinary men with ordinary education do in their own set. What I most noticed and particularly liked was the way they conducted themselves towards the whites. They did not betray the least trace of obsequiousness or servility nor, on the other hand, did they thrust themselves on the whites or seek their company, but adopted a natural attitude of simple manliness and kept their distance as if they thought it was in the fitness of things to do so. However, in spite of their simple manliness, in spite of their occasional jesting and merry-making, they sulked at times and were inclined to be morose, and I noticed an unmistakable imprint of discontent on their faces as if they were not quite happy with the state of things around them, as if something undefinable perpetually weighed down their spirits. Finding a rather intelligent liftsman in my hotel in New York, I inquired for the reason of this. "Oh," he exclaimed in his broad, frank way, "we are

so badly treated and are so badly off in every way. The coloured-man is kept out of every paying job and there is nothing like equality of opportunities for him. Oh, it's getting bad, very bad, for us everywhere." This jeremiad of my negro friend was most inexplicable to me when I noticed the surprising amount of equality he enjoyed and the remarkably good treatment he received. In the Southern states, no doubt, a certain distinction was made in the public conveyances and public resorts, but in the Northern states there was no definite line drawn anywhere, and in theory a negro had almost all the privileges of a white man, though he sensibly enough never availed himself of them all. For instance, in New York he could enter any public institution he liked and go and dine in any restaurant he chose and nobody dare turn him out; but if he overstepped the tacit limits, things would be made so uncomfortable for him that he would never venture on the experiment again. The one idea that seemed to prevail wherever I went was that Lincoln's policy, eminently just as it was in theory, had proved by long experience to have been a mistaken one. And the greatest mistake of all was the giving of the franchise to the emancipated slaves. While I was in America there was screened a cinema-film called "The Birth of a Nation," which was starred all over the States and most enthusiastically received everywhere and which went considerably to instil this idea into the minds of the whites and revive the old colour-feeling among them. Most of my American friends had seen this film and I was told to see it in particular and I

saw it at the first opportunity. All the incidents depicted in it were supposed to be based on actual historical facts and showed most vividly and most conclusively how unfit the negroes as a class were for the enjoyment of the franchise and how shamefully the Southern members of the dark fraternity had abused it in the first years of their emancipation. I am not sufficiently conversant with the details of the political aftermath of their great civil struggle to judge for myself the historical truth of the incidents depicted; but if they are true, then the state of things which the Civil War introduced into the South was unquestionably most deplorable. The difficulty, however, arises from the fact that the American, in spite of all his practicalness, is congenitally a sentimental creature, who cherishes in his heart of hearts the ideal of the French revolutionist for liberty, equality, and fraternity. This ideal—which goes to form an ennobling creed as long as it is looked upon strictly as an ideal from which human institutions ought never to be allowed to deviate further from where the radical defects of human nature of necessity lead or what the natural inequalities in talents and character justly demand—becomes a dangerous dogma when it comes to be upheld as the first principle of state-craft by which all acts of state must be governed and tested. So also is the case with Sentiment. In its own sphere and within proper bounds it is quite a good thing. It is unquestionably a sound policy for a government to keep in touch with and take into consideration the sentiment of the people, but it is always a bad

principle to be entirely guided by it. After all that may be said for the inherent justice, economic advantage and political exigencies of the Emancipation Question, it came in the end to rest on a pure sentiment, fostered by the overflowing benevolence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the poetic humanism of Whittier. But their sentiment is proving costly to the Americans of to-day. It is freely admitted on all hands that the sturdier element of the emancipated has profited by the change, but this element counts for barely 20 per cent. To the rest, however, it is doubtful whether their liberation has been a blessing. Being congenitally indolent and being satisfied with little and having no particular ambition to rise in the world nor having inherited any particular ideas of self-dependence and self-development, an average Southern negro is more or less of a grown-up child and needs all the care, patience, and guidance that a child needs to make the most of him and get the most out of him. Under the old regime he used to get this attention and being then free from care and anxiety he was, in spite of the admitted evils of the system, comparatively a freer and happier creature, developed as he grew older his native African instincts, became roughly hilarious and displayed a certain quick perception for what was crudely grotesque and mirth-producing. But now being thrown on himself and having no one to keep a constant eye on him, the inner demons of indolence and indifference get the better of him, he takes to a meaner sort of existence and practically lives, I was told, on what his backyard produces for him. If he

bravely struggles on, his natural inferiority in the long run tells on his spirits, he becomes anxious and care-worn in the free air of society, lives discontentedly and dies with most of his fine native instincts undeveloped. Even the sturdier element, to whom the Emancipation has undoubtedly been a boon, show, in spite of all educational facilities, no qualities whatever of initiative and leadership nor any particular sense of control and responsibility and consequently never rise beyond a certain dead level of meaner occupations. Of course there are and there have been splendid exceptions. Who has not, for instance, heard of that grand leader of men, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who so masterfully ruled Hayti and so nobly led his Erebian host a hundred years ago? Or of that great scholar and educationist, the late Mr. Booker Washington, who up to the time of his death was the acknowledged leader of the blacks of America? The latter with his keen intellect saw at once the radical defects of his people and made no secret of his discovery, but openly maintained that to let negroes cherish ambitions or to educate them with the idea that they would one day come to lead men and hold positions of power and responsibility would be highly impolitic and doing serious disservice to the negroes themselves. Being of this conviction, in the Tuskegee Educational Institutes for the coloured races which Mr. Washington founded and conducted with such remarkable success, he gave only industrial and such other practical education as would fit the negroes for the minor and less exacting duties of life.

My hostess on the second day took us out sight-seeing in her "little electric." We went first to the White House; but as it was closed to the public we only had a look at it from the outside, and coming as I did with great ideas about it, I was completely disappointed. It is merely a glorified bungalow of brick and mortar painted white, with grounds fairly large and fairly well laid out, which from a particular corner of the road with the back of the House in the distance make a fine picture. But, on the whole, the White House was a huge disappointment. So also was the famous Capitol. The Americans may stand agape before this "marvellous piece of architecture," see in it "the happy blending of the best Greek and Roman styles," and count on their fingers to their hearts' content all the many millions of dollars it cost, but to me it was nothing but a mere vulgar soulless hybrid of the Panthéon and the Parthenon —a monstrous piece of super-imposture practised by the wily contractors and hack artists on the simple credulity of their inartistic and unsuspecting countrymen. I freely admit that the Capitol imitates one of the best styles of architecture in its highest stage of development and their sky-scrapers represent the newest and perhaps the poorest style yet known; but I would any day prefer to see the simplest and feeblest manifestation of any native impulse to the noblest and loftiest imitation of exotic inspiration. When I gave expression to these ideas of mine I was either told not to forget that American civilisation was after all the development of transplanted European civilisation or twitted

with the fact that in the matter of imitation the modern Indians had easily the lead of the world. I at once admitted the justice of the latter remark and said that the finest intellects amongst us had come to realise the great error under which we have been labouring for the last fifty years and were now employing all the resources of their mind to give India some kind of distinct individuality based on the re-awakening of her creative faculties and the re-adjusting of her old ideals to meet modern conditions. As to the other contention, I said it was true that European civilisation was transferred bodily to America, but once transplanted, it had developed on its own lines in consonance with its new environment and had in these last hundred years and more taken an aspect so markedly its own that it could now fairly claim a kind of individuality for itself. Its art, therefore, to be truly representative, must strike a note distinctly individual in response to it. That is, it must be the fullest and finest expression—as all high art must be—of the typical American civilisation, must reflect its own peculiar environment and must draw inspiration from its own special stock of ideals. Consequently, if American architecture takes to mere imitation and combination of the artistic styles and ideals of bygone races and civilisations, no matter how cleverly it may imitate or how skilfully it may combine, it will not produce a living but a dead architecture. To be living it must be attached to its own root, be in keeping with its own time, must be the embodiment of its own special genius and the

herald of its own particular aspirations. Such was the case with ancient and medieval architecture in their best periods and that is why the monuments left to us are so living and speak to us more convincingly than their written word or painted vision. When I stand before the Parthenon at Athens and notice its grand lines and chaste design, its subtle proportions and noble restraint, I fancy I know the leading traits in the Athenian character. When I stand before St. Mark's at Venice and admire its rich colouring, its sound workmanship, its beautiful carving, and its pictured saints, I presume I know what were the ideals of the early Venetians and what their tastes. When I stand before the Louvre at Paris and mark the florid and luxurious ornamentations of its inner façade, I feel I know something, and not an unimportant something, about the French life of the sixteenth century. But when I stand before the Capitol at Washington and behold its two-storied dome and its collection of Corinthian columns, what do I know about America and the Americans? What? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet when I stood before the Woolworth and noticed its soaring lines and rigid masses, I knew I saw before me the glorified self of the American, the ideal he aims at and the gospel he stands for—the Ideal of Surpassing Himself and the Gospel of Work and Utility. That Ideal may not be the highest nor that Gospel the noblest to which a people should worthily take, but such as they are, they are his and his very own, and to them and them alone he must cling and be true if he is to achieve anything worthy in this

world and leave anything of lasting value in his art. American Art, therefore, in the nature of things cannot be the art of the elect few but of the common many and must not, like the Renaissance, minister and truckle to the pride and luxury of the leisured classes but, like the Gothic, sustain and sublimate the desires and aspirations of the working masses. Whittier and Whitman have shown what romance and poetry there is to be extracted out of the life and surroundings of the common people, the builder of Woolworth what a scope for noble architecture there is in purely business buildings, and Joseph Pennell—that one true artist of daring originality and living purpose that America has produced up to now—what real, if not exactly exquisite, art lies buried in begrimed docks and factories, in lifeless locks and bridges, what mystery in belching smoke, what solemnity in forbidding chimneys. To these will the future American artists and architects have to go for their art-material, in them will they have to seek their art-inspiration, if American art is to be a national art—a living, breathing, inspiring reality and not a ghastly show nor a soulless mockery. Dreams of building sacred temples and painting romantic castles they must sternly eschew and solemnly abjure. These temples and these castles were right and proper in their own day and among their own surroundings, when the gospel the people had at heart was the Gospel of Holiness and Heroism. But the gospel of modern times is the Gospel of Work, and America of all countries seems to be the chosen home of this Gospel and the Americans of

all nations the chosen people for its fulfilment. Once when on a visit to Walt Whitman, Sir Edwin Arnold bemoaned the absence of old-world reverence and respect in America, the trembling old figure for once stood up and sturdily replied: "*Allons, camarade!* Your old world has been soaked and saturated in reverentialities and respectabilities. We are laying here in America the basements and foundation-rooms of a New Era." This is the crux of the whole problem! Will America boldly take her stand in the van of civilisation and open out for the wonder and enlightenment of humanity this New Era of Art and Literature of which her seers and sages have died dreaming? Or will she, overborne by the taunts and sneers of stupid outsiders, timidly follow in the wake of the Old World, contenting herself with producing shams and simulacra? In a word, *which* is it to be—the Woolworth or the Capitol?

From the Capitol we went in the "little electric" to the banks of the Potomac and trundled down the road along it for some distance till we came to the Washington Monument—a rather tallish bit of masonry quite innocent of all design and art but looking novel enough to save it from a general charge of insipidity and high enough to give it a sort of fictitious impressiveness. From the Monument we went to the Federal Library, built wholly in white, beautifully-veined marble. There was a series of superb Corinthian columns with flutings and capitals so precisely cut and so absolutely alike that I felt certain no warm blundering human hand could ever

have turned them out, but only the cold precise heartless point of a machine. When Architecture is made-to-order and carving tendered out at so many dollars for so many square feet, this is, of course, the natural consequence: but, then, it is only *how much* a work of art cost and never *who* made it or *how* it was made that at present troubles the American art-conscience. However, later on, when his art-conscience is educated enough to be troubled with the " who " and " how " of a work of art, the American will learn, as most other nations have learnt to their cost, that a thing that is a sham cannot in this universe endure for long, and that there is no room for an artistic simulacrum in it any more than for a political or an ecclesiastical one. The famous Smithsonian Institute was the next to be visited. Its museum has a wonderful collection of fossilised remains of animals of the geological periods. The Mammoth with his long curved tusks is to be seen there almost in a state of perfect preservation. Then the skeletons of huge Flying Lizards make a very curious sight indeed; but the most wonderful of all is the gigantic skeleton of the Dinosaur, taking up the greater part of a large room. With his disproportionately small head, his clumsy big legs, and his long, massive tail he must have made a hideous sight in the vast, wasteful sweeps of the Mesozoic age. Deeply interesting as this collection of extinct animals was, there was more of human interest in the other collection of the archæological remains of the extinct races of America. Wonderful to behold were the carved stones from the ancient Mexican

and Peruvian temples and palaces. But what surprised me looking at them was a certain unmistakable resemblance some of their sculptured deities bore to the gods and goddesses of the Hindu Pantheon. The vessels that lay around them and the implements they had in their hands appeared in certain cases to be identical with those I was familiar with in my own homeland. For instance, the familiar *trisul*, the three-headed staff, which one so often sees in the hand of Shiva, the second of the Hindu Trinity, was also seen there in the sculptured hands of certain of the Mexican and Peruvian divinities.

There was one little thing in the streets of Washington that drew my notice to which normally a tourist's attention could hardly be expected to be drawn. And the thing was the box placed on the streets for waste-paper. There was nothing special about the box and I should hardly have noticed it but for the strange word painted on it to indicate its purpose. The word was TRASH. I asked my hostess why of all words they had selected that uncommon and inappropriate word, to which she replied that in the Southern States that was a great word for indicating anything that was worthless. "For instance," she said, "a white who mixes freely with negroes is sneered at by other negroes as —'He is no good white; he is a trash.'" "Strange," I rejoined, "I have never before heard 'trash' used in that sense. In ordinary English a book or play which has nothing readable or enjoyable about it, in a word, has nothing worth knowing, is thrown

away as trash—as mere worthless stuff. But no one in England would dream of using 'trash' to indicate 'waste.' In New York I found 'Rubbish' painted on the boxes. That again is a bad word to use for what is really intended to be waste. Here is our morning-paper, now that I have read it, it is so much waste-paper to me, but it has not on that account become rubbish or trash." I found English put to strange uses wherever I went. Often it was twisted and tortured and at times even murdered. For instance, to have a railway porter pointed out as "gentleman" and to hear a washerwoman called "lady," while the colonel of a line regiment was mentioned as "man" and the wife of the President as "woman," was, I thought, a murderous perversion of the English language. That's the limit, to put it in their own phraseology. Apart from such flagrant outrages committed on the poor old language, I quite enjoyed their quaint use of ordinary words and insisted on using them myself. I had my "shoes"—though in sober, walking reality I had only big, strong English boots with me —"shined," my "grips" sent to the "depot," my letters "mailed" often to friends in the city where I happened to be, and had, in fact, everything from my railway berth to my daily bath "fixed-up" for me. I got quite used to their "guessing" and "calculating" and "reckoning" and "figuring," and began "some-"ing anything and everything remarkable I noticed under heaven and on earth whether it was first-rate clown or gown or good-sized fig or pig. Whenever possible I made use of

their helpful exclamations and began to " sure! " and " why! " and say " It's fi-e-en! " or " It's too bad." Though I could never master the intricacies of their " up-town " and " down-town " and mixed up " illness " and " sickness," much to the secret laughter of a certain sex and the open horror of a certain other—still, I was cute enough to guess that " a dandy trip " did not mean a trip for dandies and dudes, but only a capital or first-rate excursion, and when the Colonel spoke to me of " elegant " scenery and wrote to acknowledge my " lovely " letters, I knew exactly what elegant and lovely meant there. But when later on a friend promised to introduce me to a " lovely " young lady of his acquaintance and in high hopes I put off my arrangements for the day to meet her and when at length after patient waiting I met Her Loveliness and found to my dismay that all that was promised me was—a very agreeable company, I swore never to have anything to do with that ominous word while in America. From this it was evident that my visit to America was not likely to improve my English, specially as the adventurous short-cuts the Americans took in expressing themselves and in spelling words were far too risky for my old-world nerves. I could never think of turning my back on grammar, nor could I ever reconcile myself to " thru," " plow," and " enuf," and I thought knocking " u " out of honour and " ugh " out of thought was like knocking all honour and thought out of those two venerable old words. However, America has enriched my vocabulary by one word, and it is such

an exquisite word that it repays me for all the linguistic misadventures I had there. It is not strictly a word but rather an expression—the Fall. No true-born American ever speaks of "the Autumn" but always of "the Fall." It is because it is one of those grand world-old words like papa and mamma, ebb and flow which lie at the heart of things that I like it better than autumn. Besides, the Fall is more suggestive of that glorious season and a more appropriate counterpart of the spring than autumn. In it one seems to see visions of the whirling red leaf and fancies one hears its soft *fall* on the ground. In this vivid suggestiveness, I believe, lies all its beauty and all its charm for me; at any rate, it is one of the most precious mementoes I have brought with me from the New World.

At last, however, the long-looked-for day for going to the Falls of Niagara broke and I left Washington very early in the morning by myself with a heart full of gratitude to my hostess and still more so to the faithful companion of those last many journeys whom I was leaving behind and to whom alone I was primarily indebted for all the good things that the gods had sent me up to this stage of my American tour. The way lay through Philadelphia and the manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania and later on in the afternoon rushed hour after hour along the wooded range of the Alleghanies and followed for miles and miles the tortuous course of the Susquehanna, till the train entered Buffalo and stopped at the main station without being a minute late after doing some 450 odd miles in a

continuous run of well-nigh thirteen hours. The same evening I went on to Niagara and stopped there for the night. Next morning when I woke up I was all excitement for the magnificent sight that awaited me that day. The Falls of Niagara had taken root in my memory from my earliest childhood, my father being in the habit of having my sister and myself round him at night after dinner and telling us of the wonderful exploits of the great men of the world and of the still more wonderful sights that are to be seen in it. And in the books I had read in later years on the wonders of the world, the Falls invariably topped the list and the guide-books systematically spoke of them as "the grandest spectacle which nature affords anywhere on this planet." Filled as my mind was with such ideas, I was on the tip-toe of expectation that morning, and as soon as I had breakfasted I left straight for the cataract. I had not gone a mile when the distant roar of the Falls fell on my ears and as my car approached the bridge that joins the American with the Canadian side, it became louder and louder till at a turning the long-extended sweep of a prodigious quantity of rushing water, racing madly across the summit and tumbling headlong over the brim into the chasm below, came suddenly on my view. The car passed over the bridge, turned on the Canadian side and stopped at a bend from where the Horseshoe Fall was seen at its best. As might be expected, I watched intently all the time and kept my eyes riveted to that mighty torrent of rushing water. The waters rolled over the brim in such reckless fury

and in such an unimaginable quantity that, taken as a whole, the effect was certainly grand and overpowering if not exactly sublime and awe-inspiring. The roar of those mighty waters, that have been flowing on and on, day and night, down the long centuries, almost one might say from the misty dawn of Creation, and will to all appearance go on rolling till the grand grey evening and sabbath of all things, was like the Voice of Eternity deep and solemn and impressive enough to touch the most profane heart and stir the most sated imagination. Whittier's words hummed in my ears as I heard—

> " the solemn monotone
> Of waters calling unto me,
> I knew from whence the Airs had blown
> That Whisper of the Eternal Sea."

However, by themselves and without the help of the imagination the famous Falls would scarcely live up to their high reputation in the eyes of an impartial votary of Nature's beauty and grandeur. From a pure art point of view they could scarcely be termed beautiful, nor is there in any deeper sense any real grandeur about them. For a scene of real grandeur, breadth and space are indispensable; and these the Falls have not. Considering the wide expanse of the cataract, the gorge into which they fall is much too narrow to lend the scene that fine aspect of breadth which is such a distinguishing feature of all noble scenes of nature, and the farthest point from which a full and an unimpeded view could be had is much too near for the scene to have

that exquisite feeling of space which all notable panoramas of nature ordinarily possess. As it is, the farthest point is barely a mile, and that distance is laughably small to bring such a wide sweep of water into a converging harmonious whole for an undisturbed contemplation of the Falls. The result is that unmanageable masses of water come crowding upon the eye and make the mind extremely restless and uncomposed. The whole scene, in consequence, falls to pieces. For a full and reposeful and really exalted contemplation of the whole cataract and to get atmosphere and subtle half-tones and all the value out of shifting shadows, the point of view should be removed fully a mile or two away from where it now is. But it is not mainly owing to the impossibility of getting sufficiently away from the Falls that deprives them of that grandeur and beauty that might be justly expected of them; but there are other causes besides. The height of the Falls is barely 200 feet. And that height compared to their wide and noble expanse might almost be termed—mean. The worst of it all is that nearly two-thirds of this height is as a rule shrouded in a heavy mist that arises from the seething torrents of water. Then, again, the natural setting of the Falls is anything but inspiring. No high hills, no green vegetation, no wide forest-lands, no deep fathomless ravines come to add beauty and colour to the scene, no high-perched castles, no picturesque old ruins to give a historic touch or a romantic turn to it. In fact, there is nothing to enliven and lighten the dull, dead, ponderous mass of water that rolls and rolls

over the flat brim without passion and without purpose into the gorge below. I took the grand circular tour of the Gorge, drove to the little isles some distance away with an immense sea of racing, eddying water all around me, saw the Falls from every coign of vantage, stood in immediate proximity to a torrent of water tearing headlong down the brim on the American side or underneath another in a subterranean gallery on the Canadian—but that sublime, inspiring spectacle that I had come prepared to see was nowhere to be seen. Consequently, somewhat disappointed I left Niagara early the second morning for a week-end cruise across the Great Lakes.

The first part of the journey lay through the far-famed Hamilton Valley, the fruit-garden of Eastern Canada. For miles and miles the train sped through the fertile valley with nothing but two unending sweeps of fruit-gardens on either side of it. The gardens were mostly composed of evenly-planted peach-trees and as it was just then the fruit-season, big and luscious peaches, golden-tinted and red-cheeked, hung by hundreds on each of the trees. It was a beautiful bright autumn day and what a glorious sight on such a day those endless orchards overladen with richly-tinted fruits must have presented—I leave to the reader's imagination to picture for himself. Toronto was soon reached and as the connecting lake-train was starting immediately I unfortunately had no time to see this queen-city of Canada. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Port Nicol and got on one of the luxuriously-

fitted boats of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first part of the cruise lay along the shores of the Georgian Bay and next morning we were sailing gaily across the broad bosom of Lake Huron. Soon after breakfast we sighted and passed through the lock of Sault Ste. Marie and entered Lake Superior. I remembered as I stood leaning on the deck-rail what my school geography had taught me about its being the largest fresh-water lake in the world. But did I as I repeated my lesson ever dream that one day I would be actually steaming across the wide expanse of its sunlit waters! A Canadian farmer standing by my side brought its immense size more vividly before my mind's eye by saying, " You can sink all England in it and still keep its shores intact." We soon lost all sight of land, and so big was our steamer and so lively were the waters that we felt as if we were rolling and pitching on the high seas. All that afternoon and all that night we went on, and it was only the following morning that we sighted land and soon afterwards landed at Fort William. One of the trans-continental expresses of the Canadian Pacific Railway picked us up there. The express was perhaps the most luxurious train that I have ever travelled by. Our lounge-car was like a small drawing-room with arm-chairs and sofas lined in silk tapestry of an agreeable orange shade: the interior was built entirely in mahogany inlaid with a richly wrought design in mother-of-pearl and the rest of the fittings were in keeping. Besides the C.P.R. lounge-car, the latest Pullman and even the very comfortable day parlour-cars I travelled by in the States looked very

ordinary and below notice. Soon after leaving Fort William we entered a wild, desolate strip of land, thickly covered with brushwood and stunted trees and traversed by dull, sickly-looking streams and endless little motionless lakes—a veritable paradise for the fisherman, I was told, but a real wilderness for all else besides. But for the strange air of primeval loneliness one breathed and the fine colour-effects the lakes presented at sunset time, the whole strip would have been uninteresting in the extreme. Winnipeg was reached that night: I got off and passed the night there and next morning had a hasty look round the city. The Canadians seem to have a great idea about this city of theirs and make a great deal of the fact that it has risen within the last two or three decades. I saw nothing remarkable in it except for our magnificent C.P.R. Hotel. In the forenoon I left Winnipeg for the great national sight of Canada—the Rockies. The moment we left the mushroom-city, the character of the country changed, and changed so completely and so marvellously that a new world seemed to open before my wondering gaze! Where was now that long-drawn agony of Nature of yesterday? Where now the dismal pools of stagnant water, where that riotous embrace of the bramble and the brushwood? All, all had disappeared like an evil dream; and instead there rose, as if by the wand of a magician, smiling fields and rolling plains of ripened corn. The mystery was soon explained. We had just then stepped on the golden threshold of the Wide Free West! From here stretched the great wheat-belt of Manitoba and

Saskatchewan. It was harvest-time and the big, bronzed, bearded harvesters were busy harvesting. Here the reaping-machine went rattling by, whirling the golden corn up in the air; there the threshing-machine spurted the straw from its ugly snout; and still farther stretched wide tracks of wheat-fields, stripped and cut, with wheat-shocks arranged in long serried ranks and receding farther and farther till away in the distance they looked mere specks on the horizon. It made as fine a picture of human industry and nature's prodigality as one would like to see—a glorious, heart-dilating sight! All that forenoon and all that afternoon our express ran through the heart of this magnificent scene: the evening came and still the wheat-fields were there on either side and the last glimpse I had from the window of my sleeping-car was still of the waving corn. That night I had my first experience of the American sleeping-car. Long green curtains extended almost from the top of the car to the floor, covering the berths next to the windows and leaving only a narrow passage in the middle. This made walking in the passage with the train in motion a rather difficult problem, but it had its compensations. For here a dainty stockingless something peeped out of the curtains and there a golden lock glistened in the uncertain light of the passage, and lo, what is that further on?—it seems to be the exquisite outline of a perfect statue draped for one fleeting moment by the curtain! I soon entered my own little secluded world for the night, where everything was most thoughtfully arranged for my comfort and con-

venience. There were in that little world of six feet by three, coat-hangers and cushioned-shelves and nets for holding odds and ends and night-lights and, what I most enjoyed, beautifully-laundried bed-sheets and pillow-cases. But in that narrow space with the upper berth almost touching one's head, dressing appeared almost an impossibility at first and getting in and out of one's clothes looked like doing gymnastic exercises. Next morning on waking up I looked out of the window and sure enough the wheat-fields were there stretching as far as the eye could reach. Morning wore on to afternoon and afternoon to evening but the inevitable fields seemed to stretch ever and ever farther. I sat almost the whole day in the observation-car at the tail-end of the train, reading English and American magazines or talking to Canadian officers, a number of whom had been travelling with me right up from Toronto and across the Great Lakes for the last four days. I told them how much I enjoyed the great sight the wheat-fields presented, and now that I had seen them I could quite understand why their country was called "the Granary of the Empire." To which one of them replied that considering the vast potentialities of Canada in this direction it might without exaggeration be said "to be at present little more than scratched." The conversation then turning upon the war, he told me what I had all along been suspecting, that Neuve Chapelle was, if at all, a disastrous success, and further how by the mistake of a divisional general, who had done so famously in the Great Retreat, our

artillery played on our own men and that owing to the failure of the cavalry coming up at the pre-arranged time, the splendid opportunity of driving the Germans a good half-dozen miles back was lost that day. I asked him how he accounted for these seemingly inexplicable mistakes and questioned him if he did not think they were all due to faulty generalship. "In war," he replied, "there is no accounting for anything. Generalship, no doubt, is a great factor: but so many factors go to make modern warfare, and success so much depends on the perfect co-ordination of all, that it is never safe to lay the blame on any particular factor. And even with the most perfect co-ordination of all the factors, the anticipated result often and often does not come off. Why?—one does not know and cannot explain."

Early in the evening we reached Calvary, on approaching which I got the first glimpse of the Rockies. In the haze of the evening away in the distance I could just see a range of snow-clad hills; but there was nothing specially imposing about them. After leaving Calvary we began to ascend steadily and the character of the scenery changed rapidly as we ascended. Pine forests came in view. Hills, high and rocky, towered on either side of us, and every moment nature was taking a sterner and wilder aspect all around us. And to think that only an hour ago we were speeding pleasantly through golden fields of waving corn! I was told that Banff, a couple of hours' run from Calvary, was one of the nicest places in the Rockies to stay at; accordingly

I got off the express when it steamed in there that night. It was rather cold and too dark to see anything of Banff as we drove to the C.P.R. Hotel. Next morning when I got up and looked out of the bedroom window, it was the first real view I had of the Rockies and it was a view to leave a lasting impression on one. Our hotel was built high up on a hill and there before my eyes rolled down its thickly-wooded side into the valley some three hundred feet below. From a gap between the trees one could just see the pretty Falls of Banff hurrying over rocks and boulders into the beautiful Bow valley which ran for a long distance between two high-soaring, snow-clad, cloud-capped mountain-peaks, then gradually widened out till away in the distance its vast extent was enclosed by a solid wall of encompassing mountains rising some thousands of feet high and covered entirely from end to end with snow. That day I made a still closer acquaintance with the Rockies. I walked by the tortuous hill-track down to the falls, then walked all along the river to the Banff hot-springs, watched the baking sulphurous mud ooze up in little bubbling mounds and instantaneously subside. Later on I walked down to Banff town and went up a high hill, contemplated the beautiful snow-clad Rockies all around me and read a chapter or two from my Byron. Again, in the afternoon I made another excursion up the pine-clad observatory-hill and watched the sunset effect, came down and had a good look round our hotel. I don't know how many hundred rooms it had, but it looked palatial from a distance and was replete

with every conceivable form of luxury. There was a fine open swimming-bath, with sulphur and Turkish baths attached, which practically took up the whole of the ground-floor. There were quite a number of lounges, open and enclosed, and there were besides, a reading-room, a library, a huge concert-hall, a finely-upholstered drawing-room, and a dining-room to seat five hundred people at a time. Everything was conceived on a grand scale and every detail carried out most elaborately, regardless of labour and expense. Such, however, is the case with all things connected with the great C.P.R. Being the most flourishing railway concern in the world, it is its standing policy to have everything that its vast resources can command for the comfort and enjoyment of its world-wide patrons. In the Rockies it has a practical monopoly of the touring-trade and worthily does it make use of that monopoly. The magic initials follow you wherever you go and, in fact, from one end of the Rockies to the other you are fed and housed, carried and entertained by the C.P.R.

On the second morning I left Banff and went a stage farther to a mountain-resort called Lake Louise. In a little more than an hour we were at the foot of the resort and then by electric-car we went up to the lake itself. Here again I was treated to a wonderful sight. The lake spread in front of me with towering hills on either side rising in ridges of fir-clad, pine-hung slopes, till at the far end of it a magnificent glacier with vast snow-fields on either side of it opened out before my enchanted gaze.

What I liked most about Lake Louise and that which distinguished it at once from all other lakes I had seen of the world was not its size nor its surroundings but the wonderful tint of its waters. Such iridescent turquoise-blue waters on such an extensive scale, I believe, are nowhere to be seen in Europe, except perhaps in that little cavern of the Blue Grotto at Naples. For days together it had been raining and snowing at the lake, but that day the sun came out in all his glory, the skies assumed their native hue of heavenly blue and the snow lay fresh and white on the glacier and adjoining hills and was reflected in all its virginal purity in the translucent waters of the lake. On any fine day Lake Louise would have made a magnificent sight. But on a day like the one I was there, it made a sight for the gods to see. So pure and crisp was the mountain-air, so dazzlingly bright and Eden-like the whole scene, that when I walked by the lake-side it was like treading the air, and when I stood and looked round it was like reading a page from Shelley or Keats. One felt as if one would jump and dance, sing and laugh for the sheer joy of existence! Books of travel told me that the Rockies very much resembled the Alps. I should hardly say they did, though one could not fail noticing a certain superficial resemblance. Anyhow, Lake Louise of all places had a distinct touch of Swiss scenery; and with that eye for the fitness of things, for which the C.P.R. is so distinguished, it had built not a palace, as at Winnipeg, nor a castle, as at Banff, but a huge wooden structure after the manner of a Swiss chalet,

furnished in the typical Swiss style with the characteristic C.P.R. lavishness, but somewhat inappropriately, though not less prettily, called the Chateau. That afternoon soon after luncheon I went on one of my long solitary mountain-rambles up the neighbouring heights with my Byron as usual tucked under my arm. The way wound charmingly up through a thick forest of spruce-firs, the delicate fragrance of which scented the path all the way up, and little openings in which gave an occasional glimpse of the lake below. After nearly an hour's climb, I came to a little mountain-lake, and another stiff climb brought me to another little lake of the same description but with such a sheer drop down one of its sides that as one approached it, it seemed to hang in the air; and so the Canadians very appropriately and quite poetically called it "the Lake in the Clouds." Noticing a path leading somewhere still higher up, I followed it and presently came on snow lying in patches all around me. The path now lay all up and down the irregular summit of the mountain till finally, entering a clump of scattered firs, it emerged on the very brink of an awe-inspiring precipice with a kind of world-panorama on three sides of me. Far, far down there stretched a most extensive valley, the most extensive that I ever remember to have seen. It must have stretched for miles and miles across and extended in a vast semicircle of some fifty miles and more, enclosed at the far end by a solid ring of snow-covered Rockies of prodigious height. It looked like a gigantic Greek theatre with arena and amphi-

theatre all complete, and so colossal were its proportions and so noble its sweep that if at the trumpet-call of some higher power in some distant age all humanity came together to hear the Great Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World proclaimed and witness the great Tragedy of the Decline and Fall of the Nations of the World acted, that would be the amphitheatre to forgather the world's populace, that the arena to give out the Great Proclamation and act the great Tragedy! There, on the bare brink of the precipice, I lay stretched, wistfully watching the sublime panorama before me as the mighty shadows lengthened far down into the valley and crept gradually up the great amphitheatre. It was a long time before I could seriously make up my mind to leave this scene of surpassing grandeur and retrace my steps homewards. Coming to the lower lake, I branched off and kept to the upper mountain track a full thousand feet above Lake Louise and running all along it to the glacier. It was wonderful to see on what impossible inclines the gigantic spruce-firs grew and throve, and more wonderful still was it to behold in the repose of the evening the great unwearied day-star bidding us a grand farewell in a blaze of golden glory from behind the towering glacier in the west. My room had a balcony overlooking the lake and, though it was freezing cold in the night, I kept the door open to get a glimpse of the eternal snows in my first waking moments lying down in my bed. A brooding silence hung over the lake and snows lay wrapped in a veil of pale pink when I awoke next morning and

turned my eyes towards the scene of enchantment of the day before. But that morning was no morning for quiet contemplation but quick packing up for the move forward. By nine I had dressed, packed, breakfasted, and left lovely Lake Louise long, long behind.

Once down on the main station, we all waited for the daily express, and when it steamed in there was a general rush for the observation-car. The scenery being seen at its best from this car and accommodation being limited in it, it was as a rule filled up in a few minutes; but I somehow always managed to station myself where the car stopped and so never in all my small and big journeys through this scenic wonderland of Canada failed to secure a seat in it. However, all the hustling I did that morning was only for a couple of hours' run on the express, but it was worth it. The Canadian Pacific passes through the heart of the Rockies, and so the scenery had all along been grand and interesting, but that morning we passed through the celebrated Kicking Horse Pass, and for an hour or two we were treated to the most sublime, most majestic and exalting panorama of mountains and valleys that is to be seen anywhere in this round world of ours. The dizzy railway-track as it wound up the precipitous side of a mountain opened a magnificent valley to our view, filled from end to end with closely-arrayed pines and cedars and flanked on either side by peak and pinnacle, overtopping which stood Mount Stephen on one hand and the Cathedral Mountain on the other, with the Kicking Horse River glistening far down

into the ravine like a straggling vein of pure silver. A Canadian friend seated some distance from me hailed me across and asked, "Well, my friend, what do you think of this?" "Not bad," I replied. "Not bad!" he repeated in a tone of mixed surprise and resentment. "Is there to be seen anything like this in all the world?" "To be sure," I rejoined, "in my own country. These your twelve- and fourteen-thousand-feet rocks, though useless for the higher would make good enough lower spurs for some of our twenty-five- and twenty-seven-thousand-feet Himalayas." "You don't say!" he ended with a look of perfect astonishment.

Soon after I got off at a station, called Field, to make a little quiet excursion away from the rush and crush of the main touring-centres to a lake in the interior of the Selkirks which prettily went under the name of Emerald Lake. Indeed, I soon began to experience what I wished to and a good deal more than I had bargained for. After nearly an hour's waiting an old ramshackle wagonette was produced from somewhere and then it took the coaching-agent half-an-hour more to put half-a-dozen of us in his prehistoric contrivance. But once we started and left Field behind, the lovely scenery that met our eyes on all sides more than compensated us for the vexatious delay we were subjected to at the start and all the light-hearted jolting of our wooden-box on wheels we had to endure later on. The road sped through long pine-avenues and by our old friend the Kicking Horse River and over old rickety bridges and up high hills and down the edge

of a ravine till it was past noon when we with a smart canter took the last ascent and drew up before our hotel. The hotel was really a rather biggish bungalow and looked quite tiny and antiquated after the up-to-date mammoth caravansaries to which we were used all these many days. There was a certain English air about the place which I liked above everything else. A cheery fire blazed in the reading-room and the old-fashioned ewer and basin which lay on my toilet-table brought me back memories of my dear, far-away English home. After a simple, homely luncheon I walked down to the lake. Like Lake Louise it was enclosed on three sides by high mountains covered with patches of snow, but unlike it, it did not make as imposing a sight. Still, it had a certain wild grandeur about it and there was that same lovely iridescent turquoise-blue tint about its waters which so attracted me when first I saw it at Lake Louise and which looked all the more attractive here by the side of the bright green of the firs, legions of which trooped down from the neighbouring heights right into the lake and formed a vast circle round it. After the few days of chattering crowds and palatial hotels, it was a relief to come to this quiet little, lost-in-the-jungle sort of place and wander by myself all up and down the straggling trail in that dense ring of firs by the lake-side. There were but a few visitors at the hotel and all felt the solitude of the place after dinner; but the fire crackled invitingly as ever in a corner and moved by a common impulse one by one we sought its companionship and, before we knew, we

had formed a regular family-circle round its genial glow. The Rockies are a great place for honey-mooning couples and I met some scores of them during my journey through them; and even in this little circle of ours, of six souls all told, there were four who had been but recently sacrificed at the altar of Hymen. One would expect the happy couples would seek some sequestered corner of the bungalow or some moonlit nook by the lake-side to pour out for the hundredth time their hearts' burthen or swear for the thousandth time their deathless love, or that they would be seen tumbling into each other's arms for fear of being separated for just a fraction of a second. But nothing of the sort! The couples looked radiantly happy and merry, no doubt; and seemed at times to be quite in the seventh heaven of their existence: but it was all in the full blaze of fire and in the presence of complete strangers. The following day one of the couples joined me in a whole-day excursion to the Takakow Falls some miles away over the mountains at the entrance of the Yoho Valley. Soon after breakfast we three were mounted on three sturdy little ponies with strange high-pommelled saddles and still stranger encased stirrups, and had a regular desperado for a guide. The desperado was really a pleasant-looking, sturdily-built cow-boy, but it was his dark ominous-looking hat, his strangely-deviced neckerchief, and his thick woolly sheep-skins that covered all the length of his legs up to the waist that gave him from a distance that forbidding appearance. With a crack of the whip the guide led off and we

fell in line behind him. The trail ran irregularly between the firs, following the contour of the lake, presently came on the open morass-land, and then began to ascend in long zig-zags up the mountain. It became rough and stony and narrower and steeper the higher we ascended till when we reached the summit it almost disappeared in a faint track. After viewing for a moment the extended panorama of lakes, rivers, and mountains that lay at our feet, we cantered over the summit till at noon-time we came on a miniature lake with a ring of firs round it and a bushman's log-cabin lying open and unoccupied at one end of it. There was nothing inside the cabin except a large pewter-pot hanging by the handle from a rafter. Our guide took it down, filled it with lake-water and collecting dry wood, which was lying in abundance all round, lit up in no time a blazing fire, and while we sauntered idly in the woods round the lake he set the pot boiling cauldron-wise on an improvised tripod. When we were back from the woods we found our faithful guide had got our tea ready. A big fallen tree-trunk served both for table and bench and our guide, quite in the mode of the country, sat down with us and shared our frugal repast of apples and sandwiches. When finished, we hung the old pot back in its place and cautiously put out every vestige of fire and were soon up on our ponies cantering down a trail on the other side of the mountain for the great falls. An hour's ride brought us on the open face of the mountain and a little later a deep ravine came in sight and the next instant our great objective. Good heavens, what a sight we

had been riding for hours to see! Two miserable-looking streaks of water that would have taken a full minute to fill a barrel were falling over the mountain-side and these were given the grandiose name of Takakow Falls. Our poor guide seemed to be quite crestfallen at our disappointment and became silent and moody as if he in his big honest heart felt that he had been playing a rather shabby trick on us by leading us out on a sort of a fool's-errand. However, we tried to put the best face we could on it, and my companion, the gallant Captain, lifted his little bashful bride up by the shoulder-blade and swung her round and round, and the little cloud of disappointment that was settling down on us blew off in the peal of her laughter. After resting our ponies a little while, we turned round and with a light heart cantered back and came up to the summit once again. But now our trouble began. However rough and stony and narrow the trail may have been coming up the hill in the morning, it was all safe and enjoyable; but going down the same way, with the stones lying all loose and giddy declivity staring ominously unrailed on one side of it, would have been anything but safe and enjoyable were it not for the hardy, sure-footed ponies we were on. The bride once actually slipped off the saddle and fell all in a heap. Fortunately it was on the mountain side and so she escaped with only some mud stains on her dress to remind her of her good fortune. It was evening when we returned home, and though the excursion was rather expensive and the object for which I went thoroughly disappointing,

still I was glad I took it, for I had two sunny souls all the time round me and, what was more, I had a good day's experience of the free, open-air, rough-and-tumble existence of the Wild West.

Next morning betimes I left Lake Emerald once more for Field and, when there, waited patiently for my old friend the No. 61 trans-continental express. While waiting at the station I noticed all eyes turned to a youth dressed like an ordinary engine-stoker who was seen standing between the tracks talking to two mates of his. I was beginning to wonder what could be the meaning of all this attention, for I surely could see nothing special about the young man, when I overheard somebody say, "That's Roosevelt's son"—and that explained matters on the instant. On inquiring, I found that the lad was sent by his great father to see a bit of rough, hard life, and was just then working on the railway-engines and seemed scarcely to be conscious of all the attention he got. To put in a short apprenticeship in the meaner occupations of life seems to be the thing to do among the sons of well-known and well-to-do citizens of America: and nothing so much delights the heart and tickles the vanity of an ordinary democratically-minded American than the appearance of such a youth in such surroundings.

My next halting place in the Rockies was at a mountain-resort called Glacier, some two hours' run from Field. Here within a stone's throw of the station the C.P.R. have a palatial hotel fitted up as usual with their lavish extravagance. As its name suggests, the resort is visited chiefly for the glacier

it possesses, and I found it the least attractive of all the places I stayed at in the Rockies. In the afternoon the crowd from the hotel wended their way to the glacier. With my detestation of following the crowd, I asked the manager if there was any other glacier in the vicinity besides the one I saw all the hotel going to. He said there was another and a better one, but as it was some miles away it would not be quite advisable for me to do it by myself that afternoon. To advise some people not to do a thing is very often the surest way of making them do it. The manager's advice fell that afternoon on one such person, and so out of sheer cussedness he started on the instant for the far-off glacier. The trail lay along a rushing glacier-stream, then through a wood of giant pines and firs and out again by another and broader glacier-stream. Not a soul did he meet on the trail all the hour and a half he had been walking. The evening drew near and it became more and more dreary, but still he went on all the same till on the top of a steep hill he just discerned his anxiously-looked-for objective. It was quite evening when he stepped on the glacier, noted the lovely blue tint of its crevices, chipped a corner and crunched a large piece of it. There was no time to be wasted and so he hurried down the hills as the stars came out and was once more on the main-trail, and the unending moan of the glacier-stream by it gave just that lift his wearied feet needed to carry him back to the hotel for dinner. The following morning I again went on a long solitary tramp to a mountain-lake up a neighbouring height. Giant firs and pines lined the path

all the way up. Lake Marion I found quite an insignificant piece of water and all that I now remember of it is a little grey bird that flew chirping across casting a lovely reflection in its clear translucent water. The reader will scarcely believe when I say that that was the first bird and it proved to be the last I saw in the Rockies. In this great mountain-land of Canada one sadly misses the bird-life one is used to in other parts of the world. No joyous matin-songs herald the break of day, no short sharp trills mark its close. No merry martlet comes to greet your first waking moments, no belated lark lingers to fill the last solitary hour of your evening. It's all so dead and silent that were not the Rockies made vocal by innumerable glacier-streams and rushing mountain-torrents, they would be the chosen land of Eternal Silences.

With the leaving of Glacier the following afternoon I practically left the Rockies behind; for the scenery, though still retaining its mountainous character, had lost most of the jagged grandeur and essential wildness of the real Rockies. Sicamous, where I stayed for the night, was finely situated on the head of a lake. And ere the first streaks of dawn had faded away the great express came to carry us over the last stage westwards to Vancouver. It was a long journey of fourteen hours, and though most of it passed through the famous Canyon Country and along the banks of Fraser River, it proved none the less tedious and uninteresting. I was glad therefore when I at length found myself comfortably settled for the night in the last of the C.P.R. mammoth

hotels. The following morning I had an early-morning motor-excursion round the city and saw the big trees in the Stanley Park and drove right through one of the tunnelled giants. There were, I was told, fine views to be seen from Vancouver, but owing to forest-fires its atmosphere just then was dense and smoke-laden and I was quite glad to get away from it on the open sea as I did by taking the morning boat for Seattle. That afternoon we arrived at Victoria, and as our steamer stopped there for over an hour, we engaged a car and drove round the city and up its residential quarters and returned just before the steamer left. I had made a number of friends among those who had been travelling with me right through the Rockies on their way to the World's Fair at San Francisco, and as I was moving with them laughing and chatting towards the gangway, a U.S.A. immigration inspector stopped me and asked me for my passport. I, of course, immediately produced it. "Show me your immigration pass," demanded the inspector in a rather surly tone. I curtly replied I had none as I was a tourist. "Tourist or no tourist," rejoined the inspector, "you will have to get the pass from our immigration office here, or you shall not enter the States." "As a matter of fact," I retorted, "I have already entered the States not once but twice before, so you cannot now raise an objection on that score." "No," persisted the man, "I shall not let you go unless you produce the pass according to the immigration law of the State of Washington." Perceiving

by this time that I had evidently run counter to some special immigration law of a particular State, I thought it best to take the line of least resistance and so said that, as there was no time left for me to get the requisite pass, he would be but using his discretionary power, if on being convinced that I was a tourist he did not detain me and upset my arrangements to conform to a mere legal formality. With the characteristic insolence of a low-bred man possessing authority he sneeringly cut me short by saying, "I don't care if your arrangements are upset. You may argue all night, I shall not let you go." At this stage my American friends intervened and took upon themselves to guarantee that I was a genuine tourist and tried to bring him round in every other way, but it was all to no purpose. It was evident the fellow was hard up for a job, and as he had the letter of the law on his side, there was nothing for me but to "Keep Smiling" in the good old revue fashion, take up my bags and walk away. Later on I went to the immigration office and met the same high individual. With the help of a printed form of questions by him, he subjected me to a strange examination:—whether I was an anarchist or believed in organised government; what my father's name was and what my mother's; whether I was a pauper and likely to be a charge on public funds or had enough money to make an independent living; whether I knew how to write or could read only; what were the physical and what the mental ailments I was suffering from. The examination over,

I was taken to the head of the Department and this officer the moment he saw me received me with marked courtesy and, as if instantly perceiving the mess his subordinate had made in detaining me, said he was sorry that I was put to all that inconvenience, but the regulations were strict on the point and they had to do their duty. "Assuredly," I put in, "but there are ways and ways of doing one's duty. From the way your subordinate has of conducting himself towards strangers, one would almost suppose your state-regulations were above all strict on the point of discourtesy." He smiled and handed me his card, and that, he said, would see me through whenever I chose to enter the States. He then talked of the Parsees and their religion and said he had a Parsee friend in Victoria and would have been delighted to make my further acquaintance had I stayed longer in Victoria. Fortunately, when I returned to my hotel I found there a few of my touring-friends in whose company time passed pleasantly enough: but that night and the following day my mind constantly went back to the unpleasant incident of the afternoon. I had before then discussed with several Canadians and Americans their immigration laws. The latter with one voice denounced the indiscriminate use that was made of their States' legislation on the subject and said that an Aryan, whatever his colour or creed may be, was welcome to the States, but they drew the line at the Chinese and the Negroes, because the former could not take to American ways and some of their habits

were abhorrent to American ideas: and with the latter, after half a century of fair trial and experiment, it was found impossible to have any close social relations. The Canadians, on the other hand, said that some of the Sikhs who came to Canada were quite nice fellows to mix with, but the majority were an undesirable lot and had proved themselves objectionable in a variety of ways. "For instance," said one of them, "I live at Vancouver and the laws of British Columbia strictly forbid women of ill-repute from staying and plying their trade in the State territories. However, if the women can produce a marriage-certificate the law is unable to touch them. Knowing this, the sisterhood has hit upon an ingenious way of evading the clutches of the law. As no white man would ordinarily care to sell his name to them, they get hold of some needy Sikh, go through a mock marriage ceremonial with him and then with their marriage-certificates they openly defy the law. Apart from this, we quite know that we belong to the same Empire and that the men we are keeping out are after all British subjects; but, somehow we feel we cannot allow the Sikh in. We have got to keep him out. Sentiment is strong on the point and there is no way out of it." I said I quite saw his point and would go a great way with him in many of his ideas and would even uphold some of his principal contentions. To me, no less than to him, it would be a horrifying idea to have the sad experience of Southern States repeated in Canada and see this fair land under the shadow of

dark-visaged humanity. "Besides," I went on, "I could never wholly subscribe to the naked theory of 'Equal rights under the Flag.' On the contrary, I have always maintained that the descendants of men whose enterprise and daring opened out vast tracts of the waste lands of the world for the uses and furtherance of civilisation ought to have certain privileges and superior rights on the lands so reclaimed which could not in justice be extended to or demanded by others whose fathers took no part in the hazards and hardships of the great pioneers. Still, when all that could be said is said in favour of the Colonial point of view, the underlying fact nevertheless remains that we are under one Flag, one Crown, one Empire, and that fact in itself connotes certain obligations and corresponding privileges. The War has shown that we were not much behind any of the Colonies in taking up our obligations to the Empire, so is it not only natural that we should now wish to share a little more in its privileges?"

Sooner or later some kind of Imperial Citizenship will have to be invented. Not an indiscriminate "freemanship" open to all, coolies and cultured men alike, but based on some kind or other of educational test, so that men in the higher walks of life, in the several learned and artistic professions and in the upper grades of industrial and commercial pursuits—in fact, all men of culture and refinement may have free access to any part of the Empire, reside anywhere they like, and carry on any work

they choose, without let or hindrance of any special kind. Further, the same privileges should be demanded for the Imperial Citizens in all other countries of the world and if any country refused to concede them to any unit of the Empire that unit should have the Right of Retaliation—that is, of putting the obstructionist country under the same disability relative to itself. For instance, if the United States of America bring in, as I was told they intended to, and pass the Asiatic Law, prohibiting the Asiatics, irrespective of their calling and education, from residing and carrying on their avocation in the States, then India should have the right of passing a retaliative American Law prohibiting all Americans without distinction hailing from the States from residing and carrying on their work in India. Similarly, if any unit of the Empire legislated total prohibition we shall pass in its case a totally prohibitive measure ourselves, so that if Australia and New Zealand kicked us out of their territories we shall kick Australians and New Zealanders out of ours. If any country or unit went in for only partial prohibition, keeping out only particular classes of ours, we shall go in for a similar legislation and keep out those same classes of the prohibiting country or unit from our soil. It will be said that in the latter case our retaliative measure will remain inoperative while their original act will with certainty affect us. For instance, Canada legislating against Indian agriculturists, South Africa against petty traders, and the United States against all

labouring classes will without doubt be prejudicial to our interests, while our retributive legislation can only afford imaginative satisfaction to us, for it would be absurd to suppose that a Canadian farmer or a South African petty trader or an American labourer would come out to settle down in India. But that's just my point! I maintain that considering the past history of the Colonies and the United States we have no right to force our labouring or any other class on people who do not want to have them on economic, social, or political grounds. On the whole, therefore, a system of immigration legislation based on the principle of simple equity will not only maintain national dignity and satisfy the claims of abstract justice, but preserve intact the sovereign-right of each self-governing colony and foreign state to keep out of its territories any community or class of men which economically or in any other way militates against the national interests.

Next afternoon, in company of some half-a-dozen touring friends of mine, I left Victoria for Seattle, which we reached somewhat late in the evening. Having nothing else to do I thought of retiring for the night and had even partly undressed when some one called me on the 'phone. "Is that Mr. Wadia?" inquired a strange voice. On my satisfying his curiosity, he continued, "I am Mr. Jones of *The Post Intelligencer*. I want to have a few minutes' talk with you. Can you see me in your room?" I had heard so often of the ubiquitous American

newspaper-man and his strange faculty for finding out the new arrivals in his country that I was not surprised that he should have found out mine within half-an-hour of my setting foot in Seattle. I was rather tired and hardly in a mood to see any one that night, still, as the opportunity presented of meeting one of the famous fraternity was too good to be missed, I asked Mr. Jones of *The Post Intelligencer* not to put himself to the trouble of coming up as I would myself go down to him if he would only be good enough to wait a couple of minutes for me. Mr. Jones consenting, I went down and was looking out for the mysterious gentleman when a brisk young man stepped up, apparently from nowhere, extended his hand and affably said, " Mr. Jones of *The Post Intelligencer;* Mr. Wadia, I guess." I bowed in acknowledgment. Mr. Jones thereupon took me to the mezzanine-floor up the main lounge and we were hardly seated when he took out his note-book and poured into me a regular fusillade of questions: Where I lived, who I was, what I had done, what I thought of the War, what were the feelings in India about the War, how America impressed me, how its people, its buildings, its laws, its newspapers, who were the Parsees, how many were they, what was their religion. To the last question I answered we were the followers of Zoroaster. " Er . . . how do you spell Zer . . . Zor . . ." I at once came to his rescue, upon which he put me the further query, " I guess he no longer lives." " That I am sorry to say," I replied, " is only too true. He died a little

before Christ and Buddha." After putting several other questions he hurriedly got up, thanked me profusely, and disappeared as quickly and as mysteriously as he had first made his appearance on me.

Seattle, I was told, was a very pretty place presenting wonderful seascapes, and so I had originally arranged to stay there a whole day and then go on to Livingstone to take a few days' coaching excursion through the famous Yellowstone Park. But one day, while in the Rockies, as I was enthusiastically speaking to an American friend of my approaching visit to that great National Park of theirs, he brought all my fair visions of the Geysers and the Gardiner, the Old Faithful and the Canyon of the Yellowstone tumbling down in an instant by one blunt remark of his—" The Park, I guess, is now closed for the winter." That was a killing disappointment to me, spoilt as I had been up to then by having every important item of my tour unfailingly carried out. Yet another minor disappointment awaited me the following morning as I woke up. A sickening pall of smoke—the outcome of forest-fires some hundred miles away—lay heavy over the whole city, and so dense was it that I felt I should die of sheer imaginative suffocation if I stayed an hour longer in Seattle. So the idea of seeing " its wonderful seascapes " I packed up hurriedly in my bags along with my other things and immediately left Seattle to move once again eastwards for Salt Lake City and the American Rockies. As I was passing by the newspaper-stall on

my way to the breakfast-room, my eyes caught sight of:—

PARSEE TELLS OF ANCIENT RELIGION

Faith of Zoroaster Still Held After Ages by a Small Remnant

OTHER CREEDS YOUNG

Bombay Globe-Trotter Speaks of War and American Skyscrapers

I bought the paper immediately and glanced down the half-column in which the interview appeared:—

"Ardaser Sorabji Wadia, of Bombay, India, author and globe-trotter, is in Seattle to-day, looking over this part of the country before going to Salt Lake, San Francisco, and thence back to the Orient. Mr. Wadia is on a trip around the world and his journey home will be the last lap. He is in religion a Parsee, a faith which was once that of the whole of the once powerful Persian nation, but the adherents of which for the past 1200 years have resided in India. As a Parsee, he is a follower of Zoroaster, and according to Mr. Wadia, Zoroastrianism is one religion that doesn't seek proselytes, in other words, it sends out no missionaries; and no man unless he be born a Parsee may worship in their temples.

"'These other religions are very young,' he said last night at the New Washington. 'The worship of Zoroaster, fire-worship as it is called, dates back to the misty past long before history records the acts of men. It is the oldest religion in the world and

there are but 80,000 followers—the pure-blooded Parsees of India. Its principal tenets are fire-worship, dual existence of good and evil in everything, a hereafter and the ethical belief in purity of thought and word and deed.' "

Not Fond of Fads

" Mr. Wadia says that in India the ' isms ' to which a certain portion of the United States is addicted occasions nothing but mirth as they believe that it is but a fad and amounts to nothing but a means of passing time. ' Yogism and all the other *isms* found in America are considered a huge joke in India,' he said. ' There is one, however, that seems different, this is Mazdaznanism, a belief which is practically the same as my religion. Its leader, Dr. Hanish, is a wonderful man, and I have found many temples of this faith in America and Canada.'

" Mr. Wadia is a keen and interested student of the present war, and declared last night that it was not lack of munitions that was keeping the Allies back, but rather a lack of a leader fit for the great emergency that has arisen. ' They have plenty of ordinary generals,' he said, ' but they have none capable of facing the present situation unless it be General Baden-Powell. He, to my mind, could save the Empire. Those who have counted on an uprising in India will be disappointed, as the common peril has united the various elements as nothing else could. When the call came the leaders of the movement against British rule at once stepped to the front and declared that they were for England and that internal dissensions could wait until the war was over.' "

Skyscrapers Thought Wonderful

" Skyscrapers to Mr. Wadia are the most wonderful things he has seen in America. ' America should feel proud of them,' he said. ' They are her contribution to the architecture of the world. All her other buildings are but copies of European styles, but the skyscraper is something unique and something particularly American.'

" American immigration officers have made no favourable impression on Mr. Wadia. He was detained a day in Victoria, after having entered the United States twice before without any trouble on the occasion of his two visits to New York and Montreal."

It was a strange experience to see in print the first thing in the morning the last words one said overnight. But what amazed me was to notice how correctly on the whole my opinions were reproduced, and the more so as the most friendly and fair-minded of the English critics of the Americans—Sir Philip Burne-Jones—had left me under the impression that if one wished to make the acquaintance of the most bare-faced liar under the sun one had only to exchange a few words with the American newspaper-reporter.

The journey from Seattle to Salt Lake City was rather trying, as it lasted for two nights and two days and lay, except for the first part to Portland, mostly through the arid wastes and crumbling hillocks of Oregon and Idaho. On the morning of the third day we entered the state of Utah and before long the Vision City came in sight. As soon as I had put my things in the hotel, I hurried out to attend the organ-recital in the great Assembly Hall of the Mormons. My Mormon friends had filled my mind with stories of the golden tone of their organ and the wonderful touch of their organist, but all that I remember of the recital was hearing the pin fall at the end of it. To display the perfect acoustic properties of the hall a pin was dropped at one end of the auditorium and we heard the proverbial fall quite distinctly seated at the other. The Temple Square has a fine group of buildings rising from amidst well-laid-out and beautifully-wooded grounds, of which group the Tabernacle forms a conspicuous feature. It is truly an imposing piece

of architecture, sound in workmanship and most original in design. The feature, however, which interested me most was not the design nor the workmanship nor anything visible about the building but the strong, sustained religious zeal that went to build it. I was told that each one of the thousands of huge blocks of stone that go to build up the pile was brought from a quarry some sixty miles away in a cart drawn by six bullocks, and the work went on for years before the pile was complete. To see the inside of so remarkable a building I naturally showed a particular desire, but was given to understand that no outsider had ever set foot inside the sacred pile, and even of the "Latter-Day Saints," that is, the Mormons, only a select number with an established reputation for extreme holiness and exemplary character was allowed inside its portals. Coming as I did from the East, I could well understand their scruples with regard to giving the profane outside world an access to their consecrated place of worship, but to deny the same to the majority of their own fold, and saints to boot, was a procedure without example even in the most exclusive religious sects of the East. That night I went to a Wild West Show in the city. The arena was filled with cow-boys and—cow-girls, if I may so call the wild young womanhood that accompanied them. A more cadaverous and evil-looking lot of men and women than those boys and girls I have seldom seen before nor a concourse of spectators more noisy and coarser-minded than that which assembled there. It seemed as if all the roughs and

ragamuffins of the city had turned out to fill the amphitheatre and cheer their blood-brothers over the rails. There was a fine display of buck-jumping and buffalo-riding and some really expert lasso-throwing and fancy-shooting. It was all so novel to me that I should have liked to have seen the show right through, but the atmosphere was so sickening that I had to leave it hurriedly before it was half over. When I had returned to my hotel I was again hauled up as at Seattle by one of the ubiquitous fraternity, and in the next morning's *Salt Lake Tribune* appeared the interview under the big-type heading of—

ENGLAND REQUIRES STRONG LEADERSHIP

A. S. WADIA, AUTHOR FROM INDIA, GIVES VIEWS ON THE WAR SITUATION

Curiously enough, as if to give the lie direct to my statement about the want of requisite brains and resourcefulness in our higher commands, there appeared in this very issue the telegraphic intelligence of our "Splendid Success" and "Great Advance" at Loos. But I had heard before of our officially-reported splendid successes and great advances and knew too well by bitter experience what they ultimately came to, to feel even passingly

uncertain about my statement. I was half afraid it would turn out after all to be another Neuve Chapelle and subsequent reports only too plainly indicated that my fears were not quite imaginary. That day, under the guidance of two of my Mormon friends of the *Scandinavian*, I formed a closer acquaintance with their splendid city and still closer with the life and work of its great Founder, Brigham Young. Here was a man after my own heart! A virile, clear-seeing soul who had the intellect and imagination to see visions and the will and energy to realise them. As the story goes, one day Brigham fell into a soft slumber and fancied he was borne by invisible hands to the top of a mountain-pass overlooking a beautiful valley almost wholly enclosed by a vast circle of mountains with an extensive lake in the far distance. And while he was gazing lost in wonder at the sublime panorama, there arose before his enchanted gaze a vision-city with a magnificent temple of God in the centre and big roads and fine buildings all around. When he described his dream to his companions and talked seriously of realising it, they laughed it out and called it a case of simple hallucination and advised him to think no more of it. But the dream or hallucination, or whatever else it was, haunted him night and day and he could neither rest nor possess his soul in peace till he had gathered round him a band of his sturdiest followers and led them out in quest of the Beautiful Valley to build in it the City of his Vision. After a thousand miles' march of incredible hardships and heroic endurance extending

over many months, through unending tracts of arid land and intervening wilderness, he at last with the remnant of his faithful followers came to a narrow passage between two high hills overlooking a canyon —when, lo, at a turning there opened before his well-nigh despairing eyes the Beautiful Valley of his Vision with mountains encircling it and a great lake in the distance exactly as he had seen in his slumber that memorable day. In wild glee he ran down the canyon with his followers and on reaching the spot where he had seen the great temple, he said, " Here shall we raise a great Tabernacle to our Lord," and then walking a few paces away from the spot, said, " Here shall we build our main street," and later on, pointing to an elevated ground some distance away with his famous walking-stick that, like the great Frederick's, never left his hand all his life, said, " There shall we erect the Capitol of our State." Though he never lived to see the Tabernacle finished or even the foundation of the Capitol laid, under the spell of his masterful personality and his own phenomenal energy vast tracts of land were immediately put under the plough and with the influx of successive streams of immigrants a great city sprang up as if by magic. He who makes " the desert blossom as the rose " and creates something tangible and orderly out of apparent chaos and nothing, has to my mind something of true greatness in him! But this was not all. Brigham Young was no mere creator in the larger idealistic sense of the term, but a shrewd organiser of real business instincts. His keen commercial foresight was never seen to greater

advantage than when the Gold Boom of 1848 came and the eyes of the more ambitious of his followers turned westwards to California. He warned the ambitious spirits against the fatal lure and said that they would dig more gold out of their own soil if they patiently kept to their plough than by going out to California and prospecting all the mines there. Subsequent events proved how clear-sighted he was, for Salt Lake City being then a sort of half-way place between California and Civilisation, the Mormons accumulated vast quantities of gold by supplying food and other necessaries of life to the fortunate seekers who passed through their city laden with the gold of California. I was in the afternoon introduced to one of the great man's thirty-two sons. These with his seventeen wives and twenty-four daughters and the wealth of some £400,000 he left behind are often brought forward by his detractors as things which considerably lessen his claims to greatness. His seventeen wives may shock the moral sense of a pious-minded Christian; but to my Eastern ideas, in having them he was merely exercising one of the grand privileges of the elect of the earth: and his fifty-six children may appear to a zealous moralist as so many convicting witnesses of his unholy appetites, but to me they all but serve as a proof positive of his extraordinary virility. Nor can I see any wrong whatever in a person, through whose organising genius and marvellous industry countless millions were created as if out of nothing, laying by him a few beggarly hundred thousands! However

much one may be inclined to justify polygamy as right and necessary in the case of a Goethe or a Joseph Smith, a Byron or a Brigham Young, in the case of the common run of men it is bound to lead to incontinent living and in the end to social complications. And so it seems it did among the Mormons, for much to my surprise I was told that they had long ago given up their characteristic institution, which was finally interdicted by the Council of the Elders as far back as 1890. My friend then introduced me to one of their twelve Apostles, who later on conducted me into the presence of their President and formally introduced me to him—a rare honour only accorded, I was later on given to understand, to distinguished foreign visitors. The present President is the son of Joseph Smith, the inspired author of the Book of Mormon and the great founder of the whole movement itself,—Brigham Young himself being one of his pupils. President Smith is a venerable-looking old man. His long flowing white beard, I thought, beautifully emblemised the patriarchal position he held in the community. He received me with simple courtesy that so became his age and position, and in the few minutes he spared me I gathered that he came out to the City in 1847 with one of the original bands of emigrants. He was then, he said, little more than a boy and drove his team of oxen with the rest in that thousand miles' march across the deserts. In that long, dreary trudge of endless weeks and months what kept up their flagging spirits was the noble example and inspiring presence of their great leader,

his simple trust in them and their complete faith in his mission. Later on my Mormon friend took me to the Immigration Canyon some miles away and showed me with emotion the Old Trail hallowed in his eyes by the steps of his great emigrating ancestors. The ride up the Canyon was one of extraordinary fascination to me both on account of the great traditions it enshrined and the autumn tints of the most beautiful and delicate shades I noticed whichever side I happened to turn my eyes. One of the extraordinary things I was told about the state of Utah was that it spent 87 per cent. of its revenue on education. To give me some idea of their educational institution my friend took me to the City College and there, after taking me round the several buildings, introduced me to the Professor of History. After conversing with me on several topics of general interest, the Professor begged me to give the advantage of my presence there to his pupils and address them a few minutes on any subject I chose. Being taken by surprise by the strange request, I said I had no talent for speaking and would rather be excused. " That is a strange confession to make," said my companion, " for a person who was once a professor himself." " It does seem strange," I remarked, " but it is none the less true that professors often make the worst speakers." However, the professor was insistent and I saw no way out of the difficulty except by addressing a few sentences to the students who had already gathered in the lecture-room and were awaiting us impatiently. The most obvious subject

that suggested itself to me at the moment was, of course, the War, and so I commenced by saying that though the New World was not primarily concerned in the great internecine struggle that was being carried on in the Old, still it was fraught with issues of such momentous concern to both the worlds that I need make no excuse in speaking of it to them that day. I said I would not touch upon the issues themselves for that would be merely guess-work, nor upon the actual contest because of the fog in which it was involved, but I might put in a word about the origin which was already then a matter of history. I suppose, I went on, they believed with the rest of the non-German world that the real cause of the War lay in the personal ambitions of the Kaiser and the Prussian Military Party backed by the philosophy of war and aggression of the whole German people. " That is no doubt the most obvious cause, but," I continued, " you will have read history in vain if you have not already perceived that the real cause of great wars and international upheavals has never been the same and often the very reverse of the most obvious cause. Take, for instance, the French Revolution. The ordinary histories give unequal taxation and the new democratic ideas brought in by Voltaire and Rousseau as two of the principal causes that led to the Revolution. These were without doubt the principal obvious causes and good enough to satisfy the schoolboy intellect, but you as advanced students of history could not and ought not to be so satisfied with them, but must go further and delve deeper for the non-

obvious, underlying cause of the great conflagration. I am not here to hunt out that cause for you, but those of you who have read Carlyle will remember that he traces its origin in sham and hypocrisy, cant and falsehood that had of long got accumulated in France, and the Revolution came to clear the unhappy land of that stinking mass of filth and rubbish. Search for the causes of all the wars and upheavals that have ravaged the world from the dawn of history and you will find the same eternal cause lying concealed at the base of all. Lie had squeezed itself in somewhere and Lie had to be squeezed out somehow. Could it be that the same eternal cause is at the bottom of all the mischief that is being wrought in the Old World at present? Could it be that for long the body politic and social of Europe was being secretly poisoned by the accumulation of waste-products in the shape of effete values and decrepit institutions and that the German Frenzy is really like a sharp attack of fever to throw off the fœtid matter clogging the system and build up fresh tissues in the form of new values and new institutions throbbing with life and vigour, truth and reality?" That or whatever other conclusion they came to with regard to the genesis of the War, they would, I finally said, never become true students of History, worthy of serving her great cause, unless they shunned the narrowing national creeds, developed a larger consciousness, learnt to take a loftier and more detached view of things, disdained to be guided by ready-made opinions—no matter from what high sources they emanated—and swore to

study for themselves, to think for themselves, and to draw conclusions for themselves. Though the lecture-room was thinly filled and though I spoke but for a few minutes, appreciative claps terminated my short address. The professor, while proposing a vote of thanks, asked the students to bear in mind " the principle of historical research enunciated to them that day by Professor Wadia " and bring it whenever possible to bear on their future studies.

The following morning I left Salt Lake City and moved eastwards for the American Rockies. It was again a long, dreary journey through treeless deserts and crumbling hillocks. What toughness and patience the first Mormon emigrants must have possessed to struggle across vast tracts of this arid waste, I could then quite well imagine for myself. That evening I reached Greenwood Springs and stopped there for the night; and next morning when I woke up I was surprised to find myself in the midst of springs and mountains and luxurious vegetation. But I had no time to look more closely into the many beauties of Greenwood Springs as my train left early that morning. Our express straight off plunged into the Rockies and kept going all that day through them and over them, once actually attaining the height of nearly nine thousand feet with deep snow lying all around and snow-clad hills within an arm's length of us. Later on we went down and down till we dropped right into the Canyon of the Grand. Here an open goods-waggon with cross-benches was hitched on to our express and the few of us who were nimble-limbed enough

to secure seats in it saw the famous Canyon in all its naked grandeur with the frowning tops of the Rockies hanging threateningly some thousands of feet above us. That night I stopped at Denver and next morning I left it early to go on to the latest of the American National Parks, called Estes Park, in the heart of the American Rockies. I got off the train at the wayside station of Longmont and from there drove in a motor char-a-banc to the Park some forty miles away. Shortly after leaving Longmont the road ran by mountain-streams and up wooded hills till reaching its highest point it had scarcely begun to descend when at a turning the Great Lone Land of American poets and artists flashed before my eyes with the suddenness of a vision and all the reality of a picture. There in the far distance was the great white line of the Continental Divide with its snow-laden heights and fir-clad ridges, and here at our feet opened a vast mountain-basin with scarcely a vestige of life or any sign of habitation. But the modern motor-car is no conveyance for a leisurely contemplation of the beauties of nature, so ere we had time to glance from end to end of the long snowy range, we were whirled down into the Park and tumbled out bags and all in front of the Hotel Stanley. But what a change, once we were inside that perfectly-appointed hotel! Rush and hurry seemed to be a thing of the past and that strained feeling—the inevitable consequence of a long ride in a rushing motor-car—was instantly dispelled and one found spread round one an atmosphere of peace and quiet, so much in keeping

with the spirit of the encircling mountains. Originally I intended staying for a day only at the Park, but the snows of the Great Divide held such a sway over my feelings and there was so much of kindly attention and such a feeling of quiet homeliness about the hotel that only on the third day I managed to take myself away from the Park and the small circle of friends I had made there. In the mountains I was in my proper habitat and each day the neighbouring Rockies drew me out to tackle single-handed their craggy heights. ' One afternoon, Byron in hand, I went to a mountain-lake, climbing up amid groves of golden aspen, looking so indescribably lovely under the bright Autumn sun that one felt sure they could have come from nowhere but the Avenues of Eden. Another day I climbed up the highest peak of a group of hills some miles away and after a rather risky descent down the Canyon of the Big Thomson walked back to the hotel in a driving snow-storm. That night it snowed heavily and the next morning when I woke up and looked out of my bedroom window the Park looked like fairy-land, and after breakfast I took the snow-covered trail up the Observatory Hill and stopped not till I came to a point in close proximity to the eternal snows. The Great Lone Land spread round me in all its solemn grandeur and much would I have given to have read a dozen stanzas of *Childe Harold* in the silence and solitude of those snowy heights. But that morning I had no time for reading or musing and so off I ran back over and down the trail, and was pitched after luncheon, bag and body, into a char-a-

banc and whisked away along the Big Thomson Canyon and up and down many a fir-clad hill and bundled out at a wretched little wayside station of the Colorado and Southern Railway, named by some American wag, Loveland. So from Loveland we took train for Denver and from there I went to Colorado Springs and stayed two days at the Springs. While there I took a whole day's excursion to Cripple Creek. A mountain-railway climbs up in a surprisingly short time the height of a few thousand feet, opening out now a deep, pine-hung gorge to view and then a most extensive panorama of the country around. It winds round and up the gorge till it attains at one spot nearly thirteen thousand feet and brings the far-famed Pike's Peak within hailing distance of it and finally stops at the gold-mines. I went down the shaft of one of them and, with a miner leading and candle in hand, I crossed several galleries till we came to a vein. The galleries were so cold and clammy and the air was so suffocating and the lift down the shaft seemed so shaky and unsafe that I was not particularly sorry to leave the interesting field of investigation and come out into the open once again. On the way back I chanced to have my seat next a big, burly American.. On happening to remark to him on the War, I found to my surprise that he was one of the much-discussed hyphenated gentry. He was, as was to be expected, full of the military achievements of the Fatherland, but much to my astonishment ended with a remark that if the States went to war on the submarine question he would stand by the country of his adoption.

In this he reflected the general state of feeling in America on the War. As the American ideal of liberty and humanity tallied with the avowed object of the Allies, they naturally took up the Allies' cause, and certain newspapers, as if the States were then already at war with the Central Powers, even spoke of the Germans consistently as "the enemy." However, in spite of all their sincere goodwill for the Allies as a whole, I found wherever I went a strange dislike of England and the English people —a kind of subjective repugnance partly engendered by their individual experience of English superciliousness, but mainly based on the prejudice contracted from their past history. While at Colorado Springs I took a motor-car excursion to the Gardens of the Gods and the Cave of the Winds. I surmised from the poetic names that the Cave must be inside a rock up some giddy mountain-top so fearfully detached as to be a sport of every passing gale, and the Garden a bit of Eden-land, resplendent with lilies and roses, vocal with the song of birds and the murmur of magic fountains, and overspread with scent-laden breezes and umbrageous woods — a garden, in fact, for the gods to revel in and the poets to dream about. But as is the fate with most things in this world, the real Gardens turned out to be a drive between huge, bare boulders of red sandstone and the Cave a cavern of stalactite formation inside a hill barely a hundred feet high. Still the sandstone boulders were so ludicrously shaped that the Gardens formed as fine a park of natural grotesque as one would care to see anywhere, and the icicles formed

on the roof of the Cave were in most cases grouped in such fantastic shapes that under the cunningly-arranged electric bulbs they suggested all manner of fanciful analogies. In one group one seemed to see the Northern Lights in all the scintillating glory of their brilliant colours: in another, a tiny crystalline palace big and brilliant enough for the queen of the little fairy spirits to hold her court in: and in yet another, the Hindu elephant-trunked deity, *Gunpati*, with his multiple hands and corpulent body.

From Colorado Springs I moved south-westwards to see the sight which is by most Americans pronounced to be the greatest and grandest natural sight in all America, and some even go further and say in the whole world. Opinions differ in America as to the relative merits of the Rockies, Niagara Falls and Yellowstone Park, but all with one voice proclaim the Grand Canyon of Arizona as furnishing incomparably the greatest and grandest sight of them all. Epithets the most forceful are sought out and expressions the most extravagant are invented to describe the Grand Canyon. Baedeker calls it "the stupendous Wonder of the Grand Canyon," a renowned English traveller sees in it "a Titanic Crack in the earth," the typical globe-trotter puts it down simply as "the Greatest Show on earth," while an American author of great repute in Arizona pays his homage to the Canyon in the following picturesque language:—

"In describing the Grand Canyon, one should go into a course of literary training and gradually work up to it. He should start off on the Bay of Naples, do that until he has perfected it, then

tackle the sunset on the domes and minarets of Stamboul and work on that until he can do it in bogie. Then sunrise on Mount Rigi, the Vale of Cashmir, and other star attractions of nature. Perhaps by this method he might be able to make a try at the Canyon. . . . When a writer has tackled everything in the line of fancy descriptive writing, he crowns his life work with a pen picture of the Grand Canyon—called by some: 'the Masterpiece of Nature.' For descriptions of the Canyon, see other writers. The casual tourist approaches the Canyon with some dread. It would hurt his pride to be considered as lacking in capacity to appreciate the great beauties of nature, and so, to play safe, he resolves to do full justice to the occasion if it costs him all the adjectives at his command."

So following the advice of my American fellow-craftsman, I mustered up one evening at Colorado Springs "all the adjectives at my command" and with a fairly long "course of literary training" at my back, left the Springs to see the Grand Canyon and "crown my life work with a pen picture of that Masterpiece of Nature." The Santa Fé route to the Canyon which I took passes for a whole day and two nights through vast stretches of waste-lands of New Mexico and Arizona which would have made the journey extremely tedious and uninteresting were it not that we ran past for hours together the Great Indian Reservations of Novajo and the train we travelled by was a train-de-luxe with observation- and club-car, library- and dining-saloon all complete. The low Red Indian hovels of reed and clay with their flat roofs reminded me strongly of those I had seen in Central India; and the long festoons of red chillies and screens of golden corn, which lay out in the sun drying, gave the much-needed touch of colour to the dull grey of the habitations and the

surrounding country. Early on the morning of the third day we reached the top of the Canyon. After leaving my things at the El Tovar, I came out of the hotel keeping my eyes glued to the ground so that the moment I came to the brink the Grand Canyon might flash on my sight in all its majesty and mystery in one memorable mass-effect. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when by some invisible power the earth of a sudden seemed to be split in twain and there at my feet yawned ominously a desolate, desiccated under-world of immeasurable vastness and abysmal depth with mighty mountains rived and fissured to their bases and hacked and hewn at top into cones and spires, turrets and pyramids which receded in endless procession far, far away to the uttermost horizon. It was indeed a panorama to stir the dullest imagination: but on an imagination such as that of the Americans it was bound to make a tremendous effect. And so it did, for there the wonder-seeking brotherhood stood with their hats pushed back and their hands thrown up in all sorts of ludicrous postures and looked down into the grey profundity of the Canyon with gaping mouths and dilated eyes. "Some sight," said one; "Simply indescribable," remarked another; "Grand show, sir, grand," exclaimed a third; while a man from one of the Southern States turned round to me and questioned, "Well, sir, what do you think of our Canyon? It does seem as though the Creator did it just to show what He could do when He tried." I was so taken by the novelty of the last remark that I could not help remarking myself, "Indeed, sir, this

must have been the last and grandest effort of the Creator before He finally did away with the Original Chaos." I had no intention of venturing down the Canyon,. but I had not been five minutes on the brink when the same irresistible force that drew me up Ben Lomond now seemed to draw me down the invisible, bottomless depths of the Canyon. There was no resisting the irresistible and so to pacify the mysterious force I resolved to go a little way down the Canyon. A Canadian journalist who had been travelling with me from Colorado Springs came up just then and inquired what I intended doing. On my apprising him of my sad plight, he said he would help me out of it if I only let him accompany me. Nothing could have met my purpose better: so off we started and made for what is known as the Bright Angel Trail. The name seemed to hold forth bright prospects before us, so with light feet and still lighter spirits we picked our way down the trail. We had barely taken half-a-dozen windings when the trail suddenly became soft and dusty—so soft and dusty indeed that our feet went right in, boots and all, as if we were walking on mounds of loose sand. We should have had enough of it before long, did we not remember that we were on our way to the Netherworld and, being both students of Dante, we were, on the contrary, quite glad that instead of being condemned all our lives to suffer the imaginative tortures and agonies of the Inferno lying down in our arm-chairs, we should for once be blessed with an opportunity of getting for ourselves a living experience of the tortuous circles of

" the Dread Abyss." So plunging one foot forward into the soft yielding dust and dragging the other out of it, we went boldly ahead, on and on and down and down, for three thousand feet and more till after nearly three hours' continuous tramp under a burning sun and by the desiccated mountain-side of a living Inferno we came most unexpectedly upon a veritable garden of Eden, or what at any rate appeared so to our sore and smarting eyes in the shape of a refreshingly green patch of cultivated land with a little glistening stream hurrying down a grove of trees called the Indian Garden. Having rested awhile and drunk, Indian-wise lying down on our hands and knees, deep draughts of the clear cool crystal waters, we with alacrity once more went forward on the broad halfway plateau to tackle the remaining circles of the great abyss and before long came upon them in the form of a steep spiral descent, most appropriately named the Devil's Corkscrew. We practically ran down it and did not stop till after an hour we were right at the bottom of the Canyon with the turbid Colorado River rushing past in front of us. It was just then noon and as we had when starting never for a moment thought of going down into the bottom of the Canyon, we naturally had nothing to eat or drink with us. But we consoled ourselves that we were out to enjoy that day Pluto's Regions in all their splendid reality and hunger stood high on his list of enjoyments; and without breathing a word of complaint we took off our boots and socks and bathed our aching, dust-stained feet in the running water. And, oh, it felt

so cool and delicious to the feet and took the fatigue off them as if by magic! And while we were thus seated on a rock, dipping and splashing the water in our glee all around us, an American, who also like us had walked down the Canyon, taking in our situation came and offered us a handful of sandwiches. We were hardly in a state to stand on ceremony, so we just thankfully availed ourselves of his generosity. With our feet thus reinvigorated by the cooling water of the river and ourselves set up by the timely dole of the good Samaritan, we stood up with a spring to go on our return journey of five thousand feet up the Canyon. The first part of nearly two thousand feet we did practically with ease and when we reached the Indian Garden we were, if at all, just out of breath. It is from here one gets an idea of the immensity of the Canyon. The surrounding heights with their jagged peaks rose straight over our heads in unspeakable grandeur and at times seemed to pierce the very blue of heaven. The afternoon was fast advancing and we had still those formidable heights to climb: so we hurried on, only staying a minute or two to slake our thirst at the Garden spring. The first few hundred feet were taken fairly comfortably, but then commenced the cheerless, measured tramp in which one became painfully conscious of every weary step one took. When we were half-way up the ascent the tramp itself changed into a slow, listless trudge in which the limbs felt half paralysed and moved forward quite mechanically and the mind was in such a state of stupor as to be incapable of any

conscious exertion of the will. We trudged on all the same, but we felt we could not go on for long. A few more turnings and we should assuredly have dropped down from sheer exhaustion and heat. At the crucial moment, however, the trail kept true to its name and its Bright Angel stood smiling in a bend of the path. That smile instantly drove off the stupor from our minds and as we stood talking to her and her soft musical voice fell on our ears the clogging weariness seemed to slip off our limbs and I at any rate felt strong enough to do the rest of the ascent running if I chose to. Our Bright Angel was really a beautiful bride and her young companion was her husband. They were both Australians and were at the time out on their long wedding-tour. Their surprise was as great at knowing our nationalities as ours was at finding out theirs. After that we talked of nothing but the War and so absorbed were we in discussing the topic of the hour that the trail came to an end and the last thousand feet were ascended without our knowing it. That night we four of the Empire sat down to a regular Imperial dinner and drank to the success of our arms. The toast, however, was drunk in coffee, as Arizona is a "dry" state, but it was not any the less enthusiastically drunk on that account. After dinner the young Australian bride walked down to the station with me and there we strolled up and down while her husband was arranging for their berths; and when at last the time came for their train to leave, it was with real regret I said good-bye to my Bright Angel of the Canyon Trail.

Next day I took a drive of several miles along the rim of the Canyon and the views which opened out before us were indeed majestic, but it was late in the afternoon when I went walking along the edge to a place called Yavapa Point, some three miles away, and lay on the brink of the abyss reading my Byron that the Grand Canyon came to me, now in all its kaleidoscopic grandeur and witchery, then in all its awe-inspiring stillness and vastness. Throughout the day the Canyon is never of the same colour for an hour together. In the morning it is more or less greyish-yellow which becomes more and more yellowish-red as the day advances. By noon it is quite brick-red which under the afternoon sun assumes a warmer and warmer hue till an hour before the sunset it looks almost flame-red in the most exposed parts, and then as the sun approaches the horizon it fast loses all its warmth and presently becomes cold and bluish-purple as the great light-giver takes its final plunge down the distant horizon. For a few moments after, all the hollows in the mountain-side and the vast cavity of the Canyon itself seem to be filled with a haze of a peculiar livid blue which shortly after changes into the cold grey of the night. Thus, the Grand Canyon is a great—I might almost say, a wonderful sight; but it is by no means the one sight of the world as the Americans would like to have it called. Its vast size and its superb colour-effects give the Grand Canyon a kind of grandeur all its own which few other places, perhaps none in the world, can lay claim to. But vast size and superb colour-effects are not every-

thing! There are no soaring snowy peaks to lift the soul of men to higher things, no waterfalls anywhere to charm the ear with their distant murmur, no stretches of green country to animate the dead solitude of the mountains! On the whole, however, I was more than satisfied with the magnificent sight of the Grand Canyon, though I cannot say it quite came up to the high expectations I was led to form of it by the descriptions I had read. I was completely at a loss, when at the Niagara Falls, to account why a sight which sent Americans into raptures left me comparatively unmoved. But by this time I had taken a step or two into the American mentality; and so when at the Canyon I noticed the same fact, the relative difference in the state of our emotions no longer puzzled me. It seems the American imagination, like the German, is strangely susceptible to number and size, and the mere fact of a thing being big or massive or incomputable is enough to kindle their enthusiasm, evoke their applause, and entitle it to be called great or grand. Hence all their unbounded enthusiasm for the Grand Canyon and the Niagara Falls! This association by them of bigness with greatness is strangely reminiscent of infant humanity, which latter tendency they equally betray in their almost childlike fondness for sweets. Go where I would, there was their candy-shop staring me in the face. The smallest village had one at least, and cities like New York and San Francisco simply swarmed with these shops. Even pharmacies sold all kinds of sweets, but what surprised me most was to find wherever I went the druggist selling ice-

cream. Being somewhat partial to sweets myself I found this trait of theirs most immediately to my purpose and became the biggest child of them all, and I don't think I ever went to bed while in a city without having a handful of chocolates and at least a glassful of that most delicious drink of theirs—"sundee," prepared by mixing the juice of fresh fruits with ice-cream. It was the fag-end of the touring season when I was at the Canyon and yet each day there came a batch of about a hundred new visitors, hailing from every State of the Great Republic and drawn it seemed from every class of society. Whenever five or six of these congregated, each talked of the great doings of his own State and at intervals all joined in applauding some national achievement or some national sight, of which latter they often spoke in a strain as if to suggest they had a hand in its creation—as if the Rockies were reared up by their exertion, the Niagara Falls were of their design, and the Canyon carved out at their suggestion.

In other parts of the world Travelling is a matter of pleasure or business, but in America it is a passion, almost a religion. Travelling is the one national institution to which all Americans, Democrats and Republicans, primarily belong, and it is the one great creed to which young and old, rich and poor all over America heartily subscribe. All the trans-continental expresses I travelled by, day after day, seemed to be built specially and run exclusively for the votaries of this great national creed. With their characteristic passion for travelling was strangely associated their peculiar craze for living in particular

hotels. When asked by my American friends to name the places I had visited in their country, instead of asking me what I thought of the different sights I saw at those places, often and often to my great surprise and no less amusement they inquired, "Which hotel did you stay in?" In an equally amusing manner they are apt at times to betray their other great national passion for the Almighty Dollar. While walking up the Canyon I met a man returning from a point from which one had a splendid view of the Colorado River two thousand feet below. I quite casually asked him what he thought of that particular view: to which he most innocently blurted out: "Oh, it was fine! I wouldn't have missed it for five dällars!" From the way the Americans at times talk and try to raise a laugh one very much suspects they have a notion that they are some of the shrewdest and wittiest people going in the world. I remember once trotting out, while discussing the War with a party of them, my usual formula of "the Allies having splendid men, heroic officers, but no general," upon which one of them remarked, "No general! why, the Allies have General . . . this and General . . . that," and then laughingly went on mentioning half-a-dozen names. His companions, evidently struck by the ingenuity of their compatriot, added some more names, and I, not to be left behind, also joined the general merriment of the party and remarked, "Our friend is most assuredly right, the Allies I must admit have Generals but no general."

From the Grand Canyon I travelled all night and

all next day for San Diego to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition there. The first part of the journey lay through the flat, arid regions of Arizona, but later on we entered the fertile lands of California and about noon-time its famous fruit-fields came in sight. The orange-gardens lined both sides of the railway track; and planted as the fruit-trees were in perfect diagonals and laden as they were with the season's golden burden, they made an unforgettable sight. The country became more and more interesting as we approached Los Angeles which we soon reached. From there on our way to San Diego the fruit-gardens continued to keep us company for a long distance and were interspersed here and there with fields of melons and mammoth gourds. The gardens and fields, however, were all on one side of the track while the Pacific rolled on the other. The distance from Los Angeles to San Diego is about a hundred miles, and for all that distance the highway practically runs parallel to the railway line. The way is one of the most perfectly-made long-distance roads in America—so perfect indeed is the road that not a handful of dust was raised from its smooth even surface though I saw motor cars following one another in close and quick succession all the way to San Diego. As some of my touring friends who specialised in hotels had told me quite frankly that they went to San Diego to stay at the Coronado, I put up that night at the famous hotel. Next morning when I had a good look at all its splendid interior arrangements and strolled out into its

perfectly-kept gardens and through its flower-embowered walks with the lovely Coronado Beach basking right in front of it and the pale blue Pacific heaving in the distance, I no longer wondered that Americans travelled all the way to San Diego simply to stay at the Coronado. Indeed, in its own class a more perfectly-appointed or a more beautifully-situated hotel it would be difficult to find anywhere in and out of America! An American composer not known on this side of the Atlantic but fairly popular in America for his songs *Robins' Return* and *Heavenly Voices*, whose acquaintance I had made the day previous in the train, came to the Coronado to take me to the Exposition. The Exposition was a disappointment. Its plaster palaces were a positive eye-sore to me and their contents barely interested me, and my visit would have left no impression on me were it not for the replica of a complete Indian village I chanced to come across in the grounds and the really wonderful crystallised flowers I found exhibited in one of the sections. Lilies and daffodils with their petals and sepals intact and whole roses and poinsettias with even their leaves and stalks unremoved lay crisp and glistening in all the beauty of their natural tints as if a fairy hand had picked them fresh and dewy from a neighbouring field and left them there transformed by its magic touch into little carved works of exquisite art and colour. A Red Indian conducted me round several parts of this village in which were strange-looking men and women employed ostensibly in doing some kind of handicraft but really trifling

away their time to please strangers. There being no outlet left in the modern condition of things for their old spirit of chase and adventure, these men of daring and hardihood have of late, I was told, rapidly deteriorated, and, in spite of every effort made by the Federal Government to preserve them, they are now fast dying out. And well they might, and the sooner the better; for no worse fate can await an ancient race of warriors than being left to lead a life of indolence and ease and eat the crumbs of pity and sufferance at the hands of their conquerors!

My musical friend suggested that we should go in the afternoon to Point Loma and see the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society. Nothing could have met my wishes better, for at one period of my life I was deeply interested in the Society and was fairly well conversant with its history and literature. Accordingly in the afternoon we drove in a motor car all along the Bay to Point Loma, and as my friend had previously sent an intimation of our coming, we found when we reached the Headquarters two of the heads of the Society waiting to receive us. The Headquarters have a splendid situation up a broad eminence overlooking the Pacific and the whole place is beautifully wooded with trees and shrubs brought from all climes and every country, where one found the Egyptian palm standing by the Swiss pine and the Australian eucalyptus waving beside the pepper-tree from the Malay Isles. Not twenty years ago this eminence looked a God-forsaken place of bare rocks projecting out of a wilderness of sage-brush and nameless weeds, and

now the whole place is transformed by the well-directed energy and poetic instinct of a woman into a superb park fit for angels to dwell in. We were immediately conducted to a finely-built open Greek theatre with a Doric stoa at the far end, and scarcely were we seated when a troupe of some of the prettiest children imaginable, clad in pure white tunics, came in dancing and tossing in the wild glee of their little hearts handfuls of flowers up in the air. I was full of expectations! I thought we should be treated to waves of loud and merry laughter and torrents of mere meaningless words and would come in living contact for a few moments with the very heart and essence of all that is simple and joyous and elementary in nature. At least I expected something very pretty and delightfully infantile. Conceive of my surprise, then, when I found the little fairy creatures give up of a sudden their innocent fun and happy frolicsomeness and become quite quiet and serious, and sitting themselves down on little stools, begin to discuss and solve some of the abstrusest and nastiest problems of human life. When they had turned up the whole catalogue of human malevolence and benevolence, the tiniest of the fairy philosophers wound up "the Symposium," as the Theosophists chose to term this circle of little wiseheads, by solemnly informing us, their elders, that all the evil and hatred, vice and wrong that prevailed in the world was due to our ignorance and indifference and that with love and good-will, patience and forbearance they could one and all be overcome and made finally to disappear from the

earth. The American audience seemed to be greatly taken by the wonderful wisdom of the little Solomon and cheered him vociferously, but I really felt sorry for the little fellow and much bemoaned the evil destiny that should have brought his soft baby brains so early in contact with so much of the world's moral mish-mash. However, we soon moved out of the theatre and were next walking along the students' quarters, which were a long line of bungalows most prettily peeping out of masses of waving shrubbery and tall trees; after that we came to and passed by Madame Tingley's unpretentious home and then we entered a rather largish-looking round hall which one of the accompanying gentlemen said was the Raja-Yoga Academy. The name struck me at once and on my asking him why it was so named, he explained that that was the building where they imparted the Raja-Yoga system of education to their pupils. "What is the Raja-Yoga system of education?" I inquired. Upon which both the gentlemen most fluently entered into various details of the system and gave a list of the wonderful results attained by following it. According to them the root-idea of Raja-Yoga lay in bringing soul and body, head and heart in tune with each other by a course of exercises in which music played, as in ancient Greece, a leading part. This was indeed a novel idea about the basic principle of Raja-Yoga: but I did not stay to dispute it with my erudite friends, for by then I had been long enough in America to understand the mania of the Americans for high-sounding, old-world names and their indiscriminate use of them

regardless of the absurdity and inappropriateness of their application in particular cases. From here I was conducted to a most peculiar-looking double-domed building called the Temple of Peace, covered all over with ivy grown, as I was told, from the branch of a particular climber originally planted by Mme. Blavatsky somewhere in America. The interior was most effectively and quite appropriately painted in pale rose-pink and quotations on Peace and the ways of Peace met my eyes wherever I happened to turn them. Here, I was given to understand, Madame Tingley assembled her great Peace Conference to which delegates from all over the world came, and it was from here she sent certain suggestions to President Wilson as to how he could bring the warring nations of the world to peace and concord. "If Wilson had only listened to her," remarked one of the gentlemen, "there would assuredly have been peace in Europe by now." "What a pity," I said, "Mr. Wilson should have missed such a grand opportunity of putting an end to the senseless carnage in Europe." When we came out of the Temple I happened to mention Mrs. Annie Besant's name and said as the President of their Society she must be taking a deep interest in their progress. Upon which, to my great astonishment, both the gentlemen repudiated in the strongest terms their Society having anything to do with Mrs. Besant or her so-called Theosophical Society; and one of them said that she and Colonel Olcott were both usurpers and that Mme. Blavatsky had expressly appointed one William Quan Judge as her

sole successor, and the latter, before he died, appointed Mme. Tingley in his turn. Then he entered into the old Leadbeater controversy, laughingly spoke of the new Messiah Mrs. Besant was bringing out, gave instances of her inconsistent and hypocritical ways, and ended by promising to send me the pamphlets he had written on the subject. This strange and uncalled-for denunciation of Mrs. Besant by my erstwhile Theosophist-friend I thought, as we motored back to San Diego, scarcely seemly, specially as we were lectured not quite half-an-hour before by the little fairy-folks, and his pupils to boot, that we should try and overcome hatred, malice, and evil-speaking by love, patience, and forbearance, and here was their guardian and teacher giving vent to his spleen before a complete stranger against an absent person, and a woman besides, without provocation and without reason! One wonders when one meets with such cases what value is one to set on human consistency, what faith is one to put in human professions and preachings!

Late that afternoon I left San Diego for Los Angeles, and next day I spent in looking up my Mazdaznan friends and in the evening I went to hear Kreisler. He was at Seattle the night I was there. In fact I had seen him there, as he was staying in the same hotel as I was: but having left Seattle a day earlier than I had intended, made me miss hearing him, and for days afterwards I regretted this great misfortune of mine, for I had heard before then three of the world's greatest violinists—Kubelik, Ysaye, and Marie Hall—and was then most anxious to hear

the Austrian master. But I was not left to bemoan my misfortune long, for there that night I was seated on the stage anxiously awaiting with the whole of the vast auditorium the entrance of the master. There was a sudden burst of cheering and with it the great violinist made his appearance and walked across the stage limping—a little memento, as he light-heartedly remarked, of the few months' fight he put up for his Fatherland. He had not been playing many minutes when one felt that it was no ordinary hand that wielded the bow and those were no common fingers that set the strings vibrating in a concord of sweet sounds. The audience was most enthusiastic and vehemently responsive, and when the concert came to an end the whole house rose and cheered the master to the echo. It was indeed a great musical treat and I am not likely to forget it: but somehow I seemed to miss in Kreisler the divine absorption of Kubelik that makes the Hungarian master look while he plays as if his spirit had betaken itself to some higher sphere to bring down to us a stream of celestial melodies, nor did I hear at any time those exquisitely soft lilting notes of Marie Hall in which one at times fancies one hears the very voice of the air. Next morning a Mazdaznan friend of mine drove up to my hotel in his two-seater to take me round the town, and in the afternoon we went to Pasadena, the fashionable suburb of Los Angeles. Pasadena looks like a garden city on a large scale. Its many faultlessly-kept and finely-planted boulevards make it an ideal place of meeting for motorists of neighbouring towns. The

climax, however, was reached when we entered the Millionaires' Avenue and glided down by its palms and gardens and villas. Here some of the leading plutocrats of America have built their summer-houses, each of which vies in beauty and sumptuousness with its neighbour: and these lords of creation think nothing of taking a four or five thousand miles' journey to come hither in the beautiful summer-time to bask and revel in its glorious sunshine. That evening the Mazdaznans of Los Angeles held a special service in honour of, as one of their leaders chose to put it, "the learned Doctor and their esteemed brother-in-Mazda from the East." I spoke at the service. At its close there followed a regular Mazdaznan banquet at which some fifty local members of the brotherhood sat. The Los Angeles circle is one of the youngest of the Mazdaznan centres and its members provided me for the few days I was among them with a most interesting study of humanity. They were of all ages and were drawn from all classes of society, including a naturalised German count of really noble demeanour and aspect and a living, breathing cinema-artiste from the neighbouring Universal City. Next day my Mazdaznan friend again came with his car and drove me to the various business centres and along the residential quarters of Los Angeles. I had no idea that this great touring-centre of the West was so extensive and so flourishing a city and possessed such beautiful residential places and such a faultless system of roads. It is wonderful what human energy and human ambition can accomplish in this world

when well-directed and well-balanced! Not fifty years ago Los Angeles was mere waste-land where nothing but the sun and sage-brush held sway and made merry, and now it is one of the most advanced cities of the Newer West where work and play move in happy harmony and where even *the angels*, used to celestial ease and superfluity, may live in actual comfort and luxury. For all the beautiful residential quarters and perfect systems of roads of these flourishing American cities, I have often wondered if I would not give them all up for a bit of Old England! There is a certain indelible impress of artificialness about these perfect cities that I dislike. To my mind they look too glaringly man-made to satisfy wholly the subtler instincts of our higher selves. The roads look a bit too straight, the lawns a trifle too even and green, the trees a little too regularly planted and the houses slightly too obviously attractive. Little is left to the whim of happy chance, none whatever to the caprice of wayward nature as in England. The roads may be a bit too irregular in England and the lawns look a trifle ill-kept, the trees seem to be planted haphazard and the houses a little neglected, yet for all the neglect, haphazardness, and irregularity there is the subtle tracing of the divine finger and the indelible mark of human associations. That irregular bit of road may be the tryst of many a loving-couple and that ill-kept lawn the mute victim of many a pair of little lawless feet, that haphazardly-planted tree may have sheltered many a weary wayfarer from summer heat and autumn showers, and that neglected house may

have enclosed within its four walls the incarnated soul of a Johnson or a Mary Mitford, of a Livingstone or a Charlotte Brontë! In the afternoon of my last day in Los Angeles, five of my Mazdaznan friends brought a big six-seater to my hotel and said they were going to take me away to Venice in it. "Venice!" I repeated, "how I should love to be there!" At which they all laughed and said they only meant to take me to a little sea-side place of that name some twenty miles away. I always felt annoyed whenever I heard some well-known name from the Old World used in connection with some mushroom place in the New. I could understand and tolerate their open robbery of Plymouth and Weymouth, Northampton and Easthampton, Berkshire and Hampshire; but to pilfer impudently the names of grand old cities hallowed in the memory of men, such as Rome and London, Syracuse and Cambridge, Venice and Vienna, and apply them to some tin-pot townlet in a remote corner of an American state was, I told my American friends, both vulgar and profane. I asked them why they committed such an outrage on their own good sense and on the finer feelings of the rest of humanity when they had such beautiful names ready at hand in the old Red Indian words. What could be prettier, I questioned, than Merrimac and Potomac, Ottawa and Niagara, Toronto and Alleghany, what more poetic than Alabama and Manitoba, Tennessee and Milwaukee, Idaho and Wyoming, Missouri and Mississippi? Though I thought their giving places the names of abstract virtues, such as Concord and Providence, a little

absurd, I believe their practice of associating certain places with the names of their great men, such as Washington and Whitman, Lincoln and Franklin, singularly appropriate. Coming to our Venice, it turned out to be a pretty little watering-place washed by the waves of the Pacific with the usual paraphernalia of cheap restaurants and tawdry amusement-booths. In England I wouldn't have gone out a mile to see a place like that, but that afternoon I had some very pleasant company with me and so I did not mind going out twenty miles to have a look at Venice, and we quite enjoyed our Venice, taking breathless plunges on the switch-back and eating our " pop-corn " in the breathing intervals.

That night I left for the Yosemite Valley, but while going to the station in my friend's car one of my bags dropped off from the footboard. We immediately turned back, but the bag was nowhere to be found. I would not have given more than a passing thought to its loss were it not that among the contents were my passport, my favourite Byron with markings of all the varied places it had been to with me, and a letter Marie Corelli sent me while in England bidding me Godspeed. With my regard for the great authoress, the last was a most serious loss to me, but the first I thought would launch me into a series of vexatious examinations when I reached Japan and entered China. It is strange how often we allow our minds to be pestered and worried by the petty incidents of our life! Half that night I lay tossing in my berth, conjuring up strange nightmares of not being allowed to land in Japan

and having to proceed home without seeing the Land of the Celestials, when all of a sudden there stood before my mind's eye a verse I had seen somewhere of old:—

> "It is easy enough to be pleasant
> When life flows along like a song;
> But the man worth while is one who will smile
> When everything goes dead wrong."

With its appearance the nightmares absconded, I forgot all about Passport and Byron and Marie Corelli and was in sound sleep when the Pullman-porter came next morning and woke me up to undo the berth.

I got off the express at a place called Merced and took the narrow-gauge for El Portal, at the head of the Valley. The first part of the journey is very uninteresting till one enters the Merced River Canyon. Even there to one who has seen the magnificent canyons of the Rockies there is nothing specially interesting, and were it not for the stone buildings along the banks of the river and the piles of boulders which spoke of the hopes and disappointments of those adventurous spirits of old, the goldseekers of California, that whole journey of sixty miles to the Valley would have proved extremely dull and very expensive. I passed the night at the Hotel del Portal overlooking the Merced River with towering ranges of mountains on either side and the next day took what is known as the Triangular Trip. Early in the morning we started in high-powered motor-cars and climbed up the neighbouring mountain in continuous zig-zags with the wild-oats clambering

up the hill-side all around us and opening out now and again a distant view of the far-famed Yosemite Valley hundreds of feet below us. Once we reached the top we made straight for the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees. The giants presently came in sight and one of them stood like the Colossus of old astride our road and we drove through its tunnelled trunk and were next moment in the midst of the Grove itself. The girth and height of most of these trees were really astonishing, but even these looked comparative pigmies before the extraordinary size of the famous "Dead Giant." So enormous, indeed, was it that some of our party who climbed up its fallen trunk by means of a series of ladders and landing-stages, looked from a distance little more than flies crawling over the side of a big barrel. The *Sequoia gigantea* is by no means a handsome tree. Its trunk gradually tapers as it soars up and bifurcates near the top, which bears very small and insignificant leaves. The baby sequoia lies in its swaddling-clothes for a hundred years and takes some fifteen hundred years more to attain its majority, and under favourable circumstances it seldom begins to age till it has passed its three thousandth year. This is what a local biologist told me. I suppose he must have possessed some kind of psychometric power to have come by so much valuable information of the past ages. Anyhow, in their age more than in their size lies the value of these big trees. They appeal more to our imagination than to our eye, for they are undoubtedly the oldest living organisms on the face of the earth. Many of them must have been fat big

babies ere yet Babylon was destroyed or Rome founded and the oldest of them must have been the contemporaries of Moses and Rameses. That's " some " age, as my American friends would put it. From the Big Trees we drove down the mountain-side for the Yosemite Falls and on our way had a superb view of the majestic El Capitan and of the prettiest part of the Valley from the Artist's Point. Such ugly descents had to be made and such sharp curves to be negotiated that our lives in the hands of an ordinary chauffeur would not have been worth an hour's purchase. On coming down we had a glorious long drive through beautifully-wooded country till we came to the picturesquely-situated Sentinel Hotel at the end of it. After visiting the Falls there, we drove in an old-fashioned char-a-banc right through the heart of the Yosemite Valley back to El Portal. The precipitous cliffs enclosing the valley rose threateningly on either side as we went and the Merced River enlivened the scene by frequently crossing and recrossing the road. There were corners so densely overgrown with vegetation and looked so uncanny and dark in the deepening shadows of the late afternoon that were we living in the good old days of blows and blood we should have been grievously disappointed had we not, in such a place, met our old friends of the highway. But thoughts of adventure far other and far more serious than this engaged my mind that afternoon as we rounded those risky corners, for I happened to have as my companion an Australian barrister, and the moment I ascertained his nationality and

he mine we talked of nothing but the Great Adventure in which the Empire was engaged. In his company I left El Portal the following day for the final stage of my American tour, and late in the afternoon came in sight of that great port of the Pacific—the goal of all my eleven thousand miles of travelling in the New World. The Panama-Pacific Exposition was going on at the time in San Francisco and that night one of my Mazdaznan lady-friends arranged to take me to see the illuminations there. My friend's house overlooked the Exposition grounds which made a magnificent sight with all the buildings lighted up. The principal of these buildings glowed in a shimmer of many-coloured phosphorescent light, the source of which, however, was nowhere visible. This at first somewhat puzzled me, but my friend explained it was simply due to the "indirect" system of lighting they had of late introduced in America. The system consists in so placing the electric bulbs that they never from any point come in our *direct* line of vision and yet by a skilful arrangement of reflectors the light is thrown on every part intended to be illumined, so that the room or building is bathed in a soft glow of diffused light without a trace of glare anywhere. Of all the buildings thus illuminated, the Jewel Tower stood out in marked prominence with its cupola and cornices scintillating as if with the sparkle of a million jewels, the dazzling brilliance of which was toned down at each storey with the softer radiance of coloured columns. Once inside the Exposition grounds, all that beautiful panoramic

effect of illuminated buildings was of course lost, and that being my first night, we merely walked round and had a hurried look at the outside of the notable buildings. In some of these my friend seemed to see rare beauty of design and spoke to me most enthusiastically of them, but I unfortunately being unable to notice anything particularly striking in those or any other of them could not respond to her fine enthusiasm as I should have so much liked to. However, I saw two sights that night at the Exposition of which I still have the most vivid recollection. One was a piece of statuary called "The End of the Trail," in which a fugitive Red Indian is seen seated astride a horse. Both having covered impossible distances in flying from their implacable White foes are dead beat and on the brink of complete collapse when they come to *the end of the trail.* This moment the artist has seized to depict. The horse's head nearly touches the ground and the rider is almost doubled up on his seat. One more step and the rider would fall off his seat, another and the horse would drop dead on the spot! The beholder stands breathless by the wonderful statue, expecting every moment to see the fatal step taken! The other sight was the view of what was known as the Fine Arts Palace. It consisted of a central temple, after the manner of the temple of Vesta at Rome, with a semicircular colonnade of a double row of pillars enclosing it. The temple and the pillars were painted in some very effective colour-scheme and were set off by a mass of vivid green shrubbery and appropriately-planted decora-

tive trees. The whole—temple and colonnade, trees and shrubbery—was reflected in the dark still waters of an ornamental lake in front, and under the soft magic glow of indirect lighting it composed a picture the most entrancingly beautiful, the most characteristically Whistlerian of all I have seen in actual nature at night.

One evening at the Mazdaznan meeting-hall, a special service was held followed by a reception, where I met some twenty of the local Mazdaznans; and one bright afternoon my friends took me out for a motor-drive to the most interesting points in and about San Francisco: but most of the afternoons and evenings were spent at the Exposition. It was while there that I one day had a glimpse of Edison. The vast, hustling crowd that had gathered to see him cheered and clapped and waved their hats, but the great inventor sat immobile in his car, touching but once his grey felt hat that covered his massive head. Being a hero-worshipper myself and knowing as I did the kind of heroes the Americans ordinarily set up for their worship, it was a joy to see them for once paying homage to a real man of genius. If a certain magical ease of creation coupled with an extraordinary capacity for prolonged mental and physical labour constituted a Genius, then there could be no difference of opinion about Edison being recognised as one. I certainly consider him to be the greatest of living men, and if I had to draw up a list of the Hundred Great Men of all time, he would not only find a place but would stand very high indeed on my list in close company with

Archimedes and Euclid, Newton and Darwin. My American friends told me that the Exposition was the largest and grandest of all the many World's Fairs that have been held in America, and they were, as is so natural with the Americans, in raptures over the unique collection that had been got together there from all parts of the world and the magnificent scale on which the whole scene was conceived and carried out. With its majestically-playing fountains and its endless beds of superbly-grown flowers, its artistically-designed stretches of water, and its long line of palatial buildings overstocked with the products of the world, the Exposition made a grand enough show and provided a just ground for the Americans' pride and enthusiasm. All the exhibitions I had seen before in London, Brussels, and Stockholm sank into insignificance before the extent and splendour of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. But to me all its imposing display was only interesting, and at this distance of time and space is chiefly remembered on account of a little fairy creature that accompanied me whenever I went there. I met her in very ordinary circumstances. One of the Mazdaznans opened a new restaurant the day after my arrival in San Francisco and I was specially invited to be there on the opening morning. I went accordingly and among the several members of the Circle introduced to me there was this little Mazdaznan, the fairest and youngest of them all. She was so slim, so bright, and so very pretty with just that bewitching Greuze-girllike demureness and daintiness about her whole person, that ordinarily she

would have compelled the notice of most passers-by, but dressed as she was in silk tartan with a fly-away collar the most roguish I have yet set my eyes on, she seized my fancy on the instant, and for the five days I was in San Francisco she scarcely left my side —or, to put it more correctly, I scarcely left hers. There is a belief among the Mazdaznans that they are all of one family and all carry in their veins a drop of the old Persian blood, and that when one of the family meets another, no matter how casual their acquaintance may be, they instantly and quite consciously feel the renewal of the old bond that was snapped ages ago and before long the most cordial relations are set up between them. I also was supposed to belong to the great family, and however fanciful and laughable I may have at one time thought this grand belief of theirs to have been, yet the fact remained that even in my own country and among my own people I had never come across a set of men or women with whom I became more intimately or more instantly friends than with the Mazdaznans whenever and wherever I happened to meet them. Anyhow, the little Mazdaznan in that short space of time, by sharing my most intimate thoughts and giving me a share in her own, convinced me that there was something more in that strange belief of theirs than what appeared on the surface; for it seemed to me for the time being the most natural thing in the world that she should have an entrance into my thoughts and feelings as I should have into hers. Burdened as my mind was with long years of learning and wearied as my spirit at the

time was with many months of world-travelling, her fresh young spirit came like a breath of pure mountain-air into my life and seemed for a while to give, like Margaret of old, a new impulse to my whole being. But so soft was her voice, so tender her touch and such an air of purity and gentleness breathed round her whole individuality, that even more than Margaret she reminded me of Ida, that embodiment of all that is graceful and eternal-feminine, whom Francesca Alexander has immortalised in one of her Tuscan idylls. And she reminded me so strongly of that Tuscan girl that, I knew, and now know, her only by that girl's name. It was she who told me what a huge disappointment to the older members of the Circle I had proved, for when their Master told them at the Ghanbhar of the approaching visit of "the Wise Man from the East," they had set their imagination to work and had built up a picture of me in flowing white robes, with silvery locks and a patriarchal beard, with eyes turned heavenwards and hands ever uplifted to invoke peace and blessing on them: "Instead," she said, "they found a commonplace young man in commonplace dress with commonplace ways and just a little mischief in his very, very dark eyes." In those five short days not many were the walks we had together nor often were we left all to ourselves, still Ida and I had sufficient walks together and were left long enough to ourselves to add a line of romance in our individual scroll of life. The long-dreaded morning of bidding good-bye to the New World and the people I had come to scoff but remained to

praise, at last dawned. Barely six hours had lapsed since we were at the Taits' dancing our last dance together; still Ida came with her aunt early that morning to accompany me to the docks and bid me Godspeed. To her great joy and mine the departure of the steamer was delayed for a few hours, and so she was with me on board all that day. But with the last rays of the setting sun the inevitable hour drew near and when at length the moment of parting came she would not or could not say good-bye but just clung round my neck for a long farewell. And as my own heart was too full for words, I drew her near and folded her in my arms and the words which had so long remained frozen on our lips gave free expression to themselves in their own strange way which none around could comprehend and we only could understand. The next moment she had slipped out of my delaying hands and lightly stepped down the gangway and on to her waiting boat. As I stood leaning against the deck-rail waving my hand to the dear soul who was just then fast going out of my sight, and, alas, out of my life too, and who would ere long be but a memory to me —sweet and sacred, no doubt, but a memory after all,—the lines of Byron read but lately came to me with tragic appositeness even to the very name:—

> "To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
> And seek abroad the love denied at home:
> One such heart, dear Ida, have I found in thee,
> A home, a world, a paradise to me."

The big liner, as it passed out of the famous Golden Gate of St. Francis, rolled and pitched and gave a

sudden lurch which threw me against the deck-rail and roused me from my reverie, and a moment later the land which had been to me a source of so much rich experience, so many grand associations, and so full of bright and happy memories, passed out of my sight amid the gathering mists of night.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

"Pacific!—of Almightiest itself the immense
And glorious mirror!—how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space:
Thy surge two worlds' eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps."

Chenedolle.

CHAPTER V

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

THAT night I was in no mood to move among the people on board, but next morning after breakfast as I strolled round the decks I found them crammed with Americans with only a sprinkling of the Japanese. The boat was a luxuriously-fitted-up 22,000-ton liner replete with every modern comfort and convenience. The *Tenyo Maru*, for that was the name of the great liner, was built in Japan, manned by the Japanese, and belonged to the well-known steamship company of Japan,—Toyo Kisen Kaisha. The Pacific Mail having diverted its service to the Atlantic, there was naturally a rush on the Japanese boats, and so great was the rush at the time I left that for months before not a berth was to be had and a long waiting-list was drawn up for each boat that sailed. The *Tenyo Maru* having been timed to arrive in Japan a couple of days before the Coronation of the Japanese Emperor, was specially marked down by the American tourists, and I got a berth in it by the purest good luck. Besides the regular tourists, there were men and women from every sphere of society. There was a fine set of a dozen young men belonging to the great Standard Oil Company of New York who were going out to look after the company's different foreign agencies. There was a group of rich

American Syndicalists who had combined to buy railway concessions from the Chinese. There was a bevy of merry brides journeying to marry their long-sighing grooms out in the Philippines and there was a regular crowd of American missionaries hurrying to heal the sick Coreans or save the souls of lost Celestials. To cap all, there actually was a real, breathing American poetess on board. She it was who came one morning and asked me if it was true what she was told that I was a poet. To which I gravely replied that matters had not yet taken such a critical turn with me, though it was true I had been suffering from rather long spells of scribbling fever which happily had left me alone for very nearly a year. Taking a hint from her question I in my turn asked if I had the honour of being addressed by a poet. Thereupon she blushingly admitted that she was a poetess and was also the sub-editor of a well-known poetical journal of Chicago; after saying this she obligingly handed me a handsomely-bound typewritten copy of all her select pieces. But to me more interesting than all her poetry was a remark she casually let fall about her being a worshipper of Rabindranath Tagore and his poetry having awakened a deep-seated chord of her life which no other poet, past or present, had ever touched. Though Tagore had never made any great appeal to me personally and his frenzied adoration of Mother Nature and his whole-souled prostration before the throne of the Most High had often left me unimpressed and not a little distressed, yet I was not the less delighted to hear such a splendid

tribute paid to the poetic genius of an Indian. And that was not the first time Tagore's name was mentioned to me by an American or his poetry praised, for throughout my American tour and on most unexpected occasions I found myself discussing him and Kipling. The Americans seem to think no end of Kipling and his *Kim*. One of their favourite questions to me was—" Is India really like what it is described in *Kim?* " and I would reply that that was rather a difficult question to answer, for it was and it was not. If one wanted to have an idea of the picturesque side of Indian life and scenery and get acquainted with the odd ways and strange habits of typical men and women of India, then there was no book comparable to *Kim*. But if one wanted to get at the inner half-unconscious life and thought of the Indian peoples—in a word, at the soul of India—then few books misrepresented India more than *Kim* did. " Kim may represent or misrepresent India," rejoined the poetess, " but it has made India for us. What was once to us more or less a dead name is since *Kim's* birth a living reality, and the people and literature which were once to us mere abstractions have now been brought within the range of our heart and imagination." Less enlightening but more entertaining to me were a group of Presbyterian Missionaries who at meals sat at the same table as I did. To draw them out and give them a chance of exercising their proselytising talent on me, I became frankly atheistical and talked flippantly of Sin and Soul and Sacrifice and Salvation and the rest of the heavenly things which the

average missionary has ever at the tip of his tongue. But to my surprise I found them positively economical in the use of their celestial stores and made no serious attempt to save my lost soul by giving me free literature and free advice as some of the English missionaries had done on board the *Arabia* on my way to England. Early on the morning of the sixth day I got the first glimpse of those Romantic Isles of the Mid-Pacific, and an hour afterwards, Honolulu, the queen of them all, came in sight. But before we were allowed to land we went through a novel form of medical inspection. We were lined up on deck like so many indentured coolies and ordered to stand with our tongues out and hands extended. A wag here and there feigned illness and made grimaces, but the American doctor good-humouredly walked past us followed by the officers of the *Tenyo Maru*. Once landed, the objects which drew the attention of us all were the German gunboats and destroyers lying in the harbour with the black eagle flying gallantly at top-mast. They seemed to be well manned and looked spick and span. I was told the officers were doing themselves uncommonly well, being frequently feasted by their compatriots and sympathisers on shore and they in their turn entertained the merry Honoluluians with their band every other evening. But there was not much time to be lost that day, so my two missionary companions and I engaged a motor-car and drove to a place called Pali up in the hills. The first part of the way lay through the exceedingly pretty residential suburb of Honolulu. Large airy bungalows lined either side

of the road with fine gardens in front, well stocked with flowering shrubs and fruit trees. There were papai and cocoa-nut trees side by side with American roses and oleanders, all touched up into colour and brightness by well-placed bushes of tall variegated colleuses. As we began to ascend the bungalows became less frequent and the roads were lined with wild guava-trees with fruits ripe and yellow hanging by the hundred. I jumped out, pulled down a branch, and my pretty companions filled their hats with quantities of them. It did one's heart good to see the joy and hilarity of these young maidens fresh from the States. They scarcely kept their seats, so full of fun and excitement were they at every little new fruit and strange flower they noticed; and "O my!" and "I say!" and "O look at that!" greeted my ears at every bend of the road. Soon, however, we entered the wilder parts of the road with thickly-wooded hills soaring high on either side of us, with here and there "flying falls" tumbling down their sides. These were the strangest water-falls I have seen in my life. They came down for a good twenty or thirty feet like all ordinary falls and then of a sudden curved and literally flew up and vanished in clouds of mist. This strange phenomenon, the chauffeur said, was due to the strong current of wind which strikes the mountain at a particular height and sweeps up all before it. I could scarcely believe that a current of wind could ever be so strong as to sweep a goodly quantity of water bodily up, but we soon had occasion to test its strength for ourselves; for hardly had we come to the top of

Pali and got off the car when we encountered such a blast of wind that my two companions stood where they were, being practically unable to take a step forward, their hats being blown off and their skirts formed into a regular balloon dragging them back. Seeing their plight, I took the arm of each in my own, and bending my head forward and receiving the rain of tiny pebbles swept off the surface of the road full in my face, with a dozen big determined strides I bodily pulled them up and round the bend. Once round the bend the wind disappeared and the next moment a glorious panorama burst upon our sight. Here on our left rose a mountain, the highest of a chain that receded far into the distant horizon, with its thickly-wooded side working down in a grand sweep and changing at the end of it into a fruitful valley with acres and acres of pine-apple plantations almost reaching the distant sea-shore, and there on our right was the magnificent sweep of the Blue Bay, the calm and shallow waters of which reflected as in a glass every transient tint of the clouds above — the whole making up a scene entrancingly lovely and beautiful beyond words. No wonder the travellers wax poetic and the poets rave over the beauty and splendour of these "Edens of the Purple Main!" From Pali we motored down to town and along the sea-shore to Waikiki Beach, the great bathing resort of Honolulu and so famous all over the world for the novel kind of aquatic sport it furnishes in what is known as surf-riding, in which a man rides the waves lying flat on a plank of wood and is driven ashore by the incoming tide or is tugged

by a motor-boat, in which case he rides standing. We reached Waikiki at an hour when the morning-bathing was well-nigh over and consequently saw only a couple of men surf-riding and a few others bathing. With Waikiki we thought we had exhausted the wonders and surprises of Honolulu; but it was not so, for the greatest of them awaited us when we reached its Aquarium. Naples is generally admitted to possess the first aquarium in the world. I had no idea till I visited it many years ago what strange and hideous-looking fishes the oceans of the world concealed, but it was left to the Aquarium at Honolulu to show me what chromatic visions lie buried in their unfathomable depths. Fishes of every imaginable colour were to be seen gliding up and down in the large glass tanks of the Aquarium. The dreariest in black and brown were to be seen swimming beside the loveliest in emerald-green and peacock-blue. Most often the colours were mixed in an effective colour-scheme, but not infrequently in such fantastic incongruity as to outstrip the wildest flight of the imagination. Fancy a combination of brick-red mouth with deep-blue body and coal-black tail or another of maroon mouth changing into spring-green body and ending in a tail of pure spotless yellow. The Hawaiians have a pretty custom of garlanding the departing visitor with what they call *leis*—a long wreath of closely-knitted paper-flowers in various shades of orange. The visitor is expected to throw the wreath back when the steamer leaves and the owner carries it away and keeps it with him as an emblem of good-luck. So when the

gangway was pulled down on the pier and the screws began to churn the water there was a general rush of the jolly Honoluluians by the pier-side and each *leis* was thrown back to its respective owner, who dexterously caught it and ran hither and thither wreathed in smiles with his precious possession tucked safely under his arm.

The rest of the ten days' voyage across the Pacific to Yokohama was without an incident. Smooth seas and blue skies, bright days and fair winds seemed to be our lot, and life on board took its usual humdrum course with the three meals interspersed with reading and writing, music and games, dancing and—I should have liked to say—flirting, only that that pleasantest of pastimes and daintiest of distractions was for some inexplicable reason dropped entirely out of the programme. This was all the more outrageous and inexplicable, for, except on nights when we had Japanese wrestling-bouts or Japanese theatricals, the evening always ended with a dance, and seldom had I seen a finer set of men and women or one more fitted by nature and age for indulging in that game of the gods than that which came together of an evening on the spacious hurricane-deck of the *Tenyo Maru*. To my shame I must confess the fault lay entirely with my sex. The men, though they danced freely,—either from a certain high sense of moral rectitude or that their incipient emotionalism had been sapped by a too early development of their money-making instinct or perhaps by the new philosophy of " being too proud to . . . flirt,"—kept stolidly aloof from the more

frivolous occupation. The women, on the other hand, being yet women and not quite sophisticated in the ways of the world, looked puzzled at these frigid unnatural ways of the young men and often appeared to me to be putting up a prayer with the big appealing eyes of theirs for warmer and more human relations. This strange state of things, however, left me unaffected, for my thoughts often flew back to San Francisco but more frequently they were taken up by an object near at hand. And that object was one of the missionaries who sat next to me at the table and who accompanied me on that memorable motor-drive to Pali. It was while passing those flippant remarks of mine on Christianity and the other great beliefs of mankind that I made the strange discovery that the little woman who sat next to me possessed a soul the most truly Christian of all I have come in contact with in all my life. Not that I had not met and lived with truly noble-minded Christians, but in their Christianity there was always an element of consciousness, as if the great teachings of Christ by which they lived were a matter of choice and principle with them, their reason and judgment telling them that to live after the Christian way of life and thought was the best imaginable mode of living in this imperfect world of ours. But with My Missionary, Christianity was not a matter of choice and principle nor even of reason and judgment but a pure spontaneous growth of her inner nature, a mere welling-up of her subconscious self. Were she born and brought up among the Patagonians and never heard the name of Christ,

even then she would have been a Christian in one sense of the term. But as it was, being a Christian all her life and having felt, as she told me, the power and presence of her Saviour in moments of her greatest need, the coping grace of conviction was added to the basic element of Christianity in her and she became in consequence a Christian in the best and truest sense of the term—that is, taking life as it came, putting the best construction on the words and acts of men, specially of those with whom she could not agree, and lending a helping hand quietly and unobtrusively whenever and wherever she could. A woman of her disposition could not for certain touch, much less rouse, the emotional side of my life, as Ida and Thelma did; but she nevertheless affected me almost as deeply as they did and has left almost as strong an impression on me as they have — though, of course, in an entirely different way. For while Ida and Thelma when they first burst upon my sight were like phantoms of delight which on closer acquaintance I found to be—

> " Creatures not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles "—

she, on the other hand, when first she gleamed upon my view, was like an apparition of some saint of old which on more intimate knowledge turned out to be a simple woman

> " nobly plann'd,
> To warn, to comfort and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

One of the things one greatly misses voyaging with Americans across the Atlantic and the Pacific is the early morning life of bare feet and rolled-up sleeves one gets on board an English ship and which after a night passed in a stuffy cabin braces one up so wonderfully for the day. I missed it all the more on this voyage, for my cabin was an inside one and badly ventilated besides. I bravely struggled to create the life for myself and went up in my pyjamas, but I had to beat an ignominious retreat before I had taken a round or two, for though it was barely six when I stepped on deck there were already men and women strolling up and down, dressed and ready for breakfast. What with reading and writing, games and entertainments we had on deck and what with watching the medley crowd of men and women and looking into the deep-blue lustrous eyes of my one particular woman, the two weeks and a half that we were on the Pacific passed off pleasantly enough in active idleness, and the long-cherished and fondly-pictured morning at last broke when I was to get the first glimpse of the Land of the Rising Sun. But it was such a cheerless, sunless morning with so much of fog and rain that if some evil power had taken into its head to bring that grandiose name of the island-empire into disrepute it could not have found a morning better suited to its purpose than that. As the fog lifted here and there, we got fitful glimpses of tossing fishing-boats and grey bare rocks sparsely covered with vegetation. That was all that we could see that morning of that fabled land of colour and laughter, and over the gay picture my imagination

had limned of long—of gorgeous chrysanthemums and lacquered bridges, of sacred Fuji and happy, chubby, slit-eyed geishas in the gay kimonos and the brightest of bright smiles—I had to draw a discreet veil that day. Presently, however, the great liner came alongside the wharf and before long I landed in Japan.

IN JAPAN

"Madame Chrysanthème is too *petit, bizarre, grotesque, minuscule, maniéré* to inspire attachment; too *drôle, mignon, amusant, aimable* to find fault with."—*Pierre Loti.*

CHAPTER VI

IN JAPAN

THE rain, regardless of my comfort and wishes, continued to fall. And Yokohama with its mean, characterless buildings and its narrow, dingy streets, which even on a bright sunny afternoon would have made but a poor welcome to the foreign visitor, that dark, dismal day positively repelled him. Anyhow, after receiving my mails and having my tour arranged by Cooks, I left it that evening for Tokyo and within an hour's time was settled comfortably in the Imperial Hotel there. It was too wet that evening to go out for a rickshaw-ride round the town. Besides, I had not for weeks past received news from home, so selecting a large, roomy chair in the lounge and wheeling it round to an open fire-place, I stretched myself comfortably in it, fondly in the hope that now at last after the day's vexation and disappointment I should have an hour's happy time reading good news from home. But Nature, not satisfied with all the miseries she had heaped upon me that day, seemed to grudge even the last little happy hour I sought of her, for she brought me tidings from home which were anything but cheering. Not that anything had gone wrong at home, but my people having got my letters from St. Adolphe, describing in the exuberance of the moment all the wonderful

times I was then having there with Thelma, took strong exception to " my little ways " with her and roundly reprimanded me for letting myself go like a boy. I half laughed at the pretty lecturing I got, but a natural reaction followed and for the rest of the evening I was out of humour with myself, imagining all sorts of annoyance I had unwittingly caused my people. As I have said before, this is the difficulty our young people have to contend against, that while they are brought up on the ordinary English literature of love and adventure and their imaginations stirred by actual sights seen on the stage and cinema-screen, they are expected to repress all feelings which are naturally awakened by these sights and readings and which inevitably find expression when an opportunity presents itself. I wrote back to say that though in a way I felt grieved that they should have taken to heart my little doings at St. Adolphe, it was not in my nature either to regret any act of my life or put up a defence for it. Besides, I said, I have never on any occasion regretted having given expression to the natural impulses of my life, and in this particular instance I saw no wrong or harm whatever in having given a full and free outlet to them. The wrong and harm, I continued, would assuredly have arisen, had the affections of either been pledged already or had I forced my attentions on Thelma or had she contrived to secure mine. But as it was, it was all so natural and so perfectly spontaneous and so tenderly manifested besides, that I really hoped they did not seriously believe that either of us was irretrievably ruined in

each letting the other feel its momentary emotions rather than poetise about them.

Next day broke into a glorious morning, most of which I spent driving round Tokyo and seeing all that was worth seeing there. There were the usual parks and palaces, museums and memorials, temples and towers to be seen, but except for Yūshūkan, the military museum at Kudan, and the Mausolea of the Tokugawa Shoguns in Shiba Park, none of them interested me in the least. The Mausolea struck me particularly because of their splendid situation and the fine appearance they presented against a background of noble cryptomerias. It was there that I saw for the first time some exquisitely-wrought bronze specimens of the famous votive-lantern of Japan which is such a characteristic feature of every temple-yard there and adds so much to its beauty. It was there again that I saw the art of lacquering and that of tree-trimming carried to their highest reach of perfection. The lacquer with which the floor, pillars, and doors were covered was a few hundred years old, still it looked as if it were finished but overnight, so highly-polished and in such a perfect state of preservation was it. The trees were planted in pairs, and though to a casual observer they appeared as if they grew and branched in the wild free way of ordinary trees, yet on a closer observation one noticed that the effect of every branch and twig was carefully calculated with a view to give a broad balanced appearance to the pair and rhythmic lines to each curve and bend of the individual tree. No matter from which side or

at what distance one looked at it, the pair always struck a note of harmony in line and curve. I was already beginning to see what I specially noted later on in their painting and dancing, their gardening and arrangement of cut-flowers, the passionate fondness of the Japanese for balance and beauty of line. He who has never studied the language of line nor has any knowledge of the subtle secrets of the elemental equipoise of nature, will vainly seek to draw from Japanese Art that exquisite pleasure which it has to impart to the eye and mind of the initiate.

Though the Coronation festivities were just then going on at the old imperial city of Kyoto, Tokyo was not behind in celebrating the great national event as bèfitting the capital of a great empire. The streets were lined with buntings and greeting posters, and each shop had its quota of paper-lanterns swinging to and fro in front and of national flags flying proudly over the roof. But the remarkable feature about these flags and lanterns and, in fact, about every piece of decorative emblem, was that they were all got up in the same style, their colour and design following a fixed pattern. The result was that from one end of the street to the other one saw hundreds of white paper lanterns hanging out with an identical red or black circle or an identical blue or pink flower painted on each. What this system of decoration lost in detail by its lack of variety it more than made up by its splendid mass-effect, and at no time was its effect seen to greater advantage than at night, when a long line of softly glowing

lanterns swung merrily on an endless string which made such a pretty sight of light and colour as to leave an ineffacable image of beauty and harmony on the mind. Overflowing crowds of men and women, evidently sauntering the streets in holiday humour, met me as I drove past. And I must have passed some tens of thousands of men and women on the roads in the two days I stayed in Tokyo and yet to my great surprise I did not find a single woman who was not dressed in her national costume, and of the men I came across a hundred were in their native kimono and wooden pattens for one who wore Western clothes and shoes. This was indeed a surprise! For the books I had read had prepared me to find Japan no longer the grand, exclusive Dai Nippon of old, living her own life and thinking her own thoughts; but a modern hybrid Eastern state, aping Western manners and customs and running after Western ideals and ambitions of political aggression and tawdry commercialism. Whatever of truth there may be in this general indictment of the modern Japanese—of having lost their old-time grace and individuality ever since the Western madness had seized them—these people that I met by thousands in the streets of Tokyo had to all outward appearance distinct character and individuality about their person and manners. I, however, did not forget that I had been in Japan then but two days and first impressions I knew were bound to be one-sided and unreliable, still in this case each day and hour I lived in Japan, far from contradicting, went to confirm those first impressions. One after-

noon, for instance, all the saloon passengers of the *Tenyo Maru* were invited to tea by Mr. Asano, the president of T.K.K., at his home in the suburbs of Tokyo. To meet once again before finally parting from the dear friends of the *Tenyo Maru* was in itself a sufficient inducement to make me leave off sight-seeing for the afternoon and attend the party, but an additional attraction was provided by what I was told by my Japanese friends on board that in Mr. Asano's house I would see old Japanese architecture at its best, in all its native grace and simplicity, untainted by foreign influence. I accordingly went there and was received on the steps by the host and his grandsons and immediately after a pretty little *musumĕ* approached and prostrated herself on hands and knees and begged to be allowed to slip on felt slippers on " the honourable feet." Her prayers being granted and the honourable feet re-shod, one of the grandsons who had been educated at an American university took me round the house. When at the end of a quarter of an hour I had completed my grand " tour of inspection," I found that I had at last seen the Japanese home I had so often read of and so fondly pictured in my imagination,—of quaint light sliding doors and highly-polished floor, of airy, furnitureless rooms, with its wooden walls and ceilings painted in sections with pictures in the Japanese style. Delicate little screens hid dark corners and balconies with low balustrade projected on the four sides of the house and overlooked an ornamental cascade hurrying down into a little rivulet which, spanned here by a tiny bridge

and followed there by a baby walk, meandered lazily and ever refreshingly between Lilliputian mountains and close-clipped fruit-trees, between stalking bronze storks and roughly-hewn stone lanterns, all succeeding each other in haphazard sequence, yet all undeviatingly following a traditional plan. Touched by the unfailing courtesy of my young cicerone and charmed with the outlook of things in general, I sat myself down on the top floor and presently little Miss Asano, all smiles, came tripping down the room in quick little sliding steps with a tray in her hand, stopped for an instant a couple of steps away, made a low, graceful bow, then approached, laid the tray down, bowed again, retired a couple of steps, bowed for the third time, turned round and toddled away just as swiftly and as prettily as before. I partly got up and returned each bow punctiliously, but an American youth next to me sat grinning when the same dainty creature brought the tray to him and bowed, which so annoyed me that I could scarcely help "digging into his side" and whispering in his ear, "Get up, man, get up and bow." The tray had a tiny cup of tea with some sweets placed on a red-ochre paper. I sipped the tea and tasted the sweets and when I had finished, my pretty little lady *musumē* came running in again, went once more through all the elaborate ceremonial bowing, wrapped up the left-over sweets in the red paper and handing the packet on to me retired bowing. Shortly after we were taken down to what we were told was a drawing-room, where we were served with tea, cakes, and ices in the

ordinary way. This was the only room which struck a discordant note in the whole arrangement of the house, for it was filled with sofas and chairs richly lined in silk brocade, but got up in the worst taste of Tottenham Court Road. When we had finished tea for the second time, I was taken to Mr. Asano, who, having been told of my nationality, said that Jamsetji Tata had been his personal friend. Later on when the conversation turned upon Japanese painting he pointed to the ceiling and said it took him ten years to collect the square panels of which it was composed as he had to have a hundred of the best-known artists in Japan to paint them for him, each painting but one square panel of it. That being my second day in Japan, I was no end interested in every little new thing I was shown and each quaint custom I noticed at Mr. Asano's: still, for me the real enjoyment of the evening lay in seeing once again all the old familiar faces of the *Tenyo Maru*, specially the one fondly-watched and dearly-remembered face.

In the daily round of life we meet but seldom people who from the first exchange of glances seem to take strangely to us and for whom we in our turn take a special and instantaneous liking ourselves. And when for once and a wonder the happy coincidence is brought about and we meet one of our kindred souls and are happy in the consciousness of mutual regard and affection, should circumstances bring about the severance of the happy bond, we feel in the anguish of the moment as if we were deprived of the one pure joy of life which at all

events made life worth living. And yet extended travelling inevitably lays one open to such deprivations more frequently than ordinary routine life, for it is but natural that of the thousands we pass on the broad highway of the world we should now and again come across one or two who seem to have this mystical attraction for us and to part from whom would be a real trial, almost a calamity to us. In My Missionary's case, however, I was spared that trial, at any rate for that evening; for she was to be stationed in Corea and I was passing through it on my way to China, and so we knew we would be meeting once again before parting finally.

One afternoon I left Tokyo for that far-famed sacred city of Nikko. It is some three hours' run from Tokyo and that being my first experience of the Japanese countryside I watched each mile of the way with keen curiosity and noted in a general way the characteristic features of the Japanese landscape. Of these the most remarkable and the one that struck the outsider at once was the diminutive size of all one saw around one. The hills looked mere hillocks, the rivers barely rivulets, the trees really hardy plants, the cottages verily children's playhouses, the bridges purely ornamental, the roads simply enlarged walks and the little folk who worked in the fields and the little children who played by the cottage-doors were all of a piece and looked mere dwarfs of men and children. Everything everywhere appeared on a miniature scale and as if in a state of arrested development. This in the case of any other people or country would assuredly have made the

landscape look mean and uninteresting, but in Japan as a grand unity of feeling prevailed between Nature and her works and Man and his handiwork, not only did it not appear uninteresting or insignificant but on the contrary it told tremendously by its novelty and the quaint charm it seemed to possess in its very shortcoming on the stranger coming from the Land of the Rockies and Skyscrapers. Another thing which specially struck me was the unity and the intensity of National feeling I noticed all round me — a feeling so entirely unknown among the Eastern peoples and so totally at variance with their political traditions and philosophic thought. In all that long journey of three hours not a town did I pass the streets of which were not decorated for the Imperial Coronation, nor a single household in the endless villages which had not a tiny national flag flying jauntily on its roof at daytime or a pair of paper lamps with the imperial emblem proudly proclaiming its loyalty at night. And how deep-seated and all-pervading that National feeling was, I soon had occasion to realise for myself. For I had hardly been travelling an hour when all of a sudden the fields and villages became vocal with the loud cries of—*Banzai ! Banzai !*—which were immediately taken up by our train, the passengers standing up and shouting in rounds of swelling chorus the triumphant cry. The guard happening to pass by, I inquired what it was all for and was told that at that instant the Emperor was crowned at Kyoto and by an Imperial Edict all the people of the Empire were called upon to shout the great

national cry at that particular moment. It was, indeed, a soul-stirring manifestation! The mere idea that a whole empire from one end to the other should for a moment ring in one long united cry of joy and triumph was bound to appeal to the imagination of any man; it most powerfully appealed to mine.

It was almost dark when I got off at Nikko Station, and as I was being pulled up its main street in my rickshaw I saw in the gloom of the distance strange specks of lights, like so many ghosts dancing in the air. As the dancing specks approached me, to my surprise they resolved themselves into swaying paper lamps carried on long bamboo poles by a multitude of people. That, I was told, was the grand lantern procession night when throughout the Imperial Domains the people were desired to march through the streets in thousands and tens of thousands, each carrying a lamp of some kind in his hand. Poor old Nikko could muster its manhood only in tens and twenties, but there it was all the same in its full muster; and what the crowd lacked in number it more than made up by the irrepressible enthusiasm of its individual member. Next morning I went on a whole-day excursion to Lake Chūzenji up in the mountains some ten miles away. Hardly had the rickshaw trundled down the hotel road and with a sharp turn come on the principal highway when a splendid panorama of wooded hills and giant cryptomerias with a foaming mountain torrent rushing between them lay spread before me. One felt as one looked on this scene of splendour that

somewhere something was missing — that some connecting-link or a dash of some bright colour was needed to bind the masses of scattered lines and the patches of neutral tints into a harmonious whole. Scarcely had the thought crossed the mind when the Sacred Bridge of red lacquer emerged into view and supplied just that link, just that dash of colour one looked for to complete the picture. The way after that skirted a forest of giant cryptomerias and overlooked the broad reach of the Nikko River rushing headlong along a lofty range of hills which, bedecked in the loveliest of autumn tints, rose abruptly from the opposite bank and followed the river in all its long sweeps and sharp bends. For once *Madame Chrysanthème* seemed to have thrown aside her cherished ideal of being small and dainty in a passing desire to look grand and imposing. And marvellously well she looked even then! For her giant cryptomerias may appear pigmies before the colossal sequoias of California, but they are incomparably the handsomer and shapelier trees, and her lofty range of hills may look contemptible before the mountain-ranges of the other parts of the world, but never had I seen hills so magnificently wooded or so beautifully tinted as at Nikko. And this scene of grandeur and loveliness extended not for a mile or two but for miles in succession, and each mile seemed to bring in an aspect of beauty and a range of colours as fresh and lovely as any that went before. No wonder the Japanese say, "Never say *kikko* till you have seen Nikko," for really one does not know what *kikko* (magnificence) means till one has

seen the magnificence of Nikko. Revelling in this endless prospect of colour and beauty, I worked my way up the mountain-side when of a sudden a heavy mist descended from its top and blotted out in an instant hill and valley, sunshine and all, only lifting once for a few seconds to give me, it seemed, a glimpse of Kegon, the grandest of the Nikko falls. A little later we reached Chūzenji, but the mist hung so thick all round that I could see nothing of the lake except the little wavelets breaking on the lake-side: consequently, the purpose for which I had taken that three hours' rickshaw-ride came to nothing. But I was not a bit disappointed, for in these three hours I had feasted off the choicest bits of Nature and had no more appetite that day for any more of her viands no matter how toothsome they may have been. The following morning I made a little excursion to Kirifuri, a waterfall some five miles away. The fall was nothing to look at after Kegon but the autumn tints were as lovely as ever. However, the incident by which I principally remember this excursion was the procession of Japanese school boys and girls I met on the way. It gave me a further idea of how deeply the sentiment of loyalty and the feeling of National unity have permeated the Japanese people. For these boys and girls were little more than children, some of them so tiny indeed that they toddled and wobbled like grown-up infants, and yet they were all marching in small companies, four abreast, led by their teachers, shouting *banzais* as lustily as their elders and waving little national flags as high as their little arms could go. That afternoon

I saw the temples of which the Japanese think so much and for which Nikko is so famed in the touring world. The way to the temples lay along an apparently endless flight of steps, guarded on the two sides by the serried ranks of the giant cryptomerias. At the top of the steps stood in all the grand simplicity of line and mass the great granite *torii*, making an imposing gateway to the outer courtyard of the temples. The way then lay between a double row of maples, which being just then decked out in all their brilliant autumn colourings of pink and gold and crimson, looked indescribably fascinating beside the dark cryptomerias which stood as usual towering on either side of them. Never, I thought as I moved leisurely up the way, was the great philosophy of life better or more vividly symbolised than there. Never certainly did I see the elemental Gay and Grave of Life brought in such close and living juxtaposition as in that Maple Walk of Nikko. For I cannot imagine a tree more fitted to represent the lighter and gayer side of life than the ever-fluttering maple in its autumn garb, nor another better adapted to embody the darker and graver issues of life than the stately, sombre-tinted cryptomeria. Thus philosophising with my companion who happened to be both a priest and a guide, I reached in a little while the gateway of the inner courtyard guarded on either side by two hideously-painted statues of demons—their bodies stiffened into a sinister posture and their faces writhed in a diabolic expression of malignity and murder. On seeing them I remarked to my guide that they seemed to have

hit upon an unique idea of attracting visitors and votaries to their houses of God, and went on to inquire if the two guardian spirits gave an indication of what one was to expect when one stepped into the dimly-lighted interior of the shrines. With a profound bow he asked me to rest easy on the point, and explained that in the olden days the shrine stood in constant danger of being despoiled of its treasures by evil-disposed men, and consequently the demons were posted there to strike terror into the hearts of such persons and show them what punishment awaited them on the Day of Judgment. However, as had frequently happened before, the principal objects which had drawn me there that afternoon failed to interest me in any special way. In spite of all their wild and fantastic painting and delicate and elaborate carving, the shrines of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu—of "the architectural glory" of which the Japanese are so proud and the guide-books so eloquent—did not in the least impress me, studied as I had Oriental Art and lover as I was of Eastern Architecture. The most commonplace of structures would have been an object of attraction in such a lovely setting of maples and cryptomerias, and in that sense those shrines did, no doubt, attract me. But apart from their setting I doubt if they would have drawn more than a passing notice from the most enthusiastic of the tourists. Nor did the pagoda, the famous Dutch lamp, the sleeping-cat or the philosophic monkeys, and the rest of the show-things usually pointed out to tourists, go far to help me out of my disappointment. The only thing I

clearly remember of all the things pointed out to me was the big, oblong-shaped bell which for the last two hundred years and more has been going on announcing the time each hour of the day and night to the sleepy folks of old Nikko. When first I heard its strange, weird tone in a half-wakeful state at midnight, I felt as if our old earth had momentarily gaped and given utterance to the low, mysterious voice that lay muffled for ages deep down the dark recesses of its throat. With that same mysterious voice still rumbling in my ear I woke up early in the morning of the third day and left Nikko for Kamakura. For the first five miles I trundled down in my rickshaw through long vistas of pillared shade of the famous Cryptomeria Avenue of Nikko and then took train back for Tokyo and Yokohama, and having finally passed through very pretty hill-country arrived at my destination for that night. Kamakura is a much-frequented sea-side place, but its interest for the tourist lies principally in its Diabutsu, the far-famed colossal statue of Buddha. I drove to Diabutsu the following morning. The way to it lies through a pretty garden, but the statue, though enormous, looked disappointingly small beside the colossal height it is given in the pictures. The Master is seen seated in his usual attitude, rapt in meditation, with his hands folded, his lips compressed, and his eyes almost closed as if in a trance. In its balanced disposal of limbs, its decorative distribution of drapery, and in its subtle rhythm of line in folds, lips, and eyelids, it is a singularly representative specimen of Oriental sculpture, and

for its proper appreciation it needs some knowledge of Eastern art and the ideals by which it is guided. Without this knowledge a Westerner is apt to miss its true aim and significance and not infrequently indulge in foolish, petulant criticism. To take but one instance, Sir Frederick Treves, who otherwise is so keenly appreciative in his *Other Side of the Lantern* of Eastern thought and ideals, when speaking of this very statue, says, " The ponderous deity looks dull and stupid as well as infinitely bored. His sluggish eye measures four feet across." Criticism like this serves more to betray the ignorance of the critic than disclose the imperfections of the thing criticised. The sculptor not without purpose makes Buddha look " infinitely bored," for he has caught the Master's expression in the most memorable moment of his life when all his latent forces and all his highest feelings were brought into play at once—that transitional moment when, seated under the *bodhi-tree* weighed down by ceaseless vigil, meditating on the great problem of Human Suffering, the prophet gets the first glimpse of the Ocean of ineffable Calm, his thrice-blessed Nirvana.

The mountain resort of Miyanoshita being next on my programme of itinerary, I left Kamakura in the afternoon for it. I did the long journey by electric car. The route lay prettily along the seashore. The picturesque island of Enoshima being on the way, I broke the journey to see it. It was while going over the bamboo-bridge which connected the island with the mainland that I saw for the first time the sacred mountain Fujiyama, exactly as it is

represented on Japanese fans and screens with its snowy top rising out of a thick bank of mist. Its outlines were so softened by the general haze as to lend it a most mysterious aspect, as if some celestial mount where dwelt gods and angels was momentarily disclosed to my wondering gaze. It was quite dark when I reached Yumoto at the foot of the hills, and I could see nothing of the hill-road nor of Miyanoshita as the car, which had come down for me, whizzed me up the hill-side and put me down at the famous Fujiya Hotel. Next morning, however, when I took a day's excursion up a neighbouring hill to see Fuji from near, I found Miyanoshita most charmingly perched up a deep ravine between thickly-wooded hills, down which rushed a roaring torrent. It was a beautifully bright sunny morning with not a trace of haze in the atmosphere and one felt as one inhaled the pure mountain-air that it was a joy merely to live and breathe. It was an hour's steep climb to reach the hill-top, but on such a day and in such an atmosphere it was no exertion to go up that hill, and so I reached the top feeling practically as fresh and vigorous as when I first commenced to climb it. There stood Fuji before me in all its undimmed glory, with its outlines standing out sharp and crisp against the clear blue of the distant sky. It emerged from the widely-extending plains in a most beautifully-rounded curve and then rose for sheer twelve thousand feet in the shape of a colossal cone with its outline so pure and faultless that it looked as if it had been chiselled down in the prehistoric age by the unerring strokes of a cyclo-

pean master-mason. But in all its glory of aspect and in all its beauty of outline it did not possess my soul half as long nor half as fully as it did the previous afternoon; for with the disappearance of haze and clouds departed the mystical element, and Fuji stood like a bride unveiled, attractive enough and lovely enough in all the virginal purity of line and limb, but shorn, alas! of the mystery and fascination that hung round the bridal-veil. The following morning I went on a day's excursion to Lake Hakone some seven miles away up in the mountains. The road lay through the woods of Miyanoshita up a series of undulating hills till reaching the highest point it began to descend, and at a winding Hakone and the surrounding country lay open to my view. It was noon when I reached the head of Hakone. Dismissing my rickshaw, I hired a sampan to take me across it. As the lake lay nestled among wooded heights glowing in autumn tints, it may well be imagined what a sight of ever-changing light and colour it must have presented to one lying at ease in a boat lazily cutting across its well-nigh translucent waters. It was, however, when the sampan reached the far end of the lake and drifted hugging the shore that the Spirit of Autumn disclosed itself to me in all its unimaginable glory and splendour. An entire hill-side rising from the shore of the lake to a height of some three hundred feet was covered with tall, wide-spreading trees ablaze with colours the most brilliant imaginable, which left to themselves would have been well-nigh overpowering, but which, worked in as they were by the subtle artistry of Nature with

softer and more delicate hues, presented a scene of such enchantment and beauty as to bring home to me the living truth of those little-remembered lines of Byron:—

> "There are things whose strong reality
> Outshines our fairyland; in shape and hues
> More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
> And the strange constellations which the Muse
> O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse."

When the boat reached the far end of Hakone and we were landed, the guide inquired, "Mister like see Hell?" Having all my life panted to know and feel the horrors of Hell for myself, such a rare opportunity of making a first-hand acquaintance with a real, solid, earthly nether-world was too tempting to be lightly missed and so I replied at once I would most certainly. The guide thereupon led the way, and when we had been walking an hour or more through groves of firs and had reached the summit of a treeless height, he suddenly turned round and pointing his finger to the bare, crumbling, deeply cleft hillside on the other side from several parts of which issued hissing vapour and big clouds of smoke, said, "This is Ō-jigoku, our big Hell." Being curious to know what the vapour and smoke was due to, I took the hellward path and found on a closer examination that that vapour and smoke were really sulphurous fumes issuing hot and hissing from the numerous cracks all over the sloping hillside which was, in fact, the source of the thermal springs for which Miyanoshita is so famous in the Far East. After making a regular tour of the infernal regions,

I emerged out of the Big Hell and walked back to the hotel not much the worse for the nauseating fumes I was subjected to and all the richer for the unique experience I had of the proverbial hell-on-earth. That night at the hotel, the manager, desirous of giving his guests some idea of Japan of the feudal times, had arranged a kind of pageant of knights and retainers. The pageant commenced with an imposing spectacle of knights clad in strange suits of armour carrying all kinds of arms and weapons and ended with a brave show of retainers dressed in fantastic costumes, wearing hats the most comical imaginable.

Next day, ere it was quite dawn I left this beautiful mountain-resort of Miyanoshita for Nagoya. In the cold of early morn, trundling down the wooded ravine in a rickshaw with the fresh mountain breeze beating in my face and the unceasing roar of a mountain torrent filling my ear, was truly a most exhilarating experience. That morning I travelled by the finest train in Japan, the Imperial Express, replete with most of the conveniences of an American train-de-luxe, particularly that of an observation-car, with plush-lined chairs and sofa, a writing-desk and a small library, with large double-windows and an open balcony at the back. The observation-car was particularly welcome that day as the way lay over some extremely pretty parts of the country, now along the bank of a rushing river, then through a typical Scotch glen, then out again across the open country with endless stretches of waving rice-fields in which were seen merry little harvesters gathering the golden corn in the full blaze of an Eastern sun.

With me in the observation-car was an American friend of the *Tenyo Maru* with his wife and son. The last named, though but a lad of barely eight or nine, took yet a leading part in our conversation. He had at his fingers' end all the sights he had seen at Nikko and Tokyo, Yokohama and Miyanoshita, and, much to the delight and pride of his doting parents, even gave his opinion on the social topics we happened to be discussing during the journey. He incidentally put me in mind of the remark which *Rita* makes in her *America through English Eyes* that in Yankeedom there are no children but grown-ups and infants. Another thing I noticed in that American boy was the gold that sparkled in his teeth. His parents had likewise their teeth filled or capped with the same rich stuff, only they had it on a more lavish scale. To one not used to seeing such quantities of gold in a person's mouth, it was a trial to notice its sparkle in every other face one met. Throughout my American travels, no matter where I went, the gold-filled or gold-lined or gold-capped teeth pursued me like a nightmare. So used are the Americans to false and gold-encrusted teeth that some of them seem to have lost belief in the bare possibility of natural teeth after a certain age. I remember while in the Rockies a touring friend of mine, happening to notice my front teeth, remarked, "They are false, of course." Being taken by surprise at her strange remark I asked what made her think they were false. To which, in that mode of reasoning so peculiar to her sex, she replied, "They couldn't be natural." I hoped at any rate to escape

from this epidemic of gold teeth once I was in Japan. But even here the terrible nightmare pursued me as before—more relentlessly, in fact; for the Japanese people, being in the habit of smiling at every little trifle, displayed their teeth practically every time they opened their mouth and many a little *musumĕ* of mine whom I thought quite charming with her quaint little features and well-nigh perfect complexion, lost half her charms in my eyes the moment she parted her lips to speak.

Nagoya was reached late in the afternoon, and the same evening I went to a chrysanthemum show there. I was told at the entrance with much bowing and many apologies that the collection of flowers they had there was poor and not worthy of inspection by "the honourable eyes." By that time I had become sufficiently acquainted with Japanese manners and modes of speech to perceive that that meant I was going to see something exceptionally fine and all that belittling of one's efforts was only a matter of politeness. And so it turned out to be. For I had not been quite through one wing of the show when I found that even in my imagination I could never have pictured such a surprising variety of chrysanthemums in such brilliant tints and such varied sizes and shapes as I saw ranged before me that evening. There were chrysanthemums as small as pearl-buttons and as large as a big plate. There were some with petals fantastically fringed, while those of others fell as straight and regular as well-combed hair. Some plants were allowed to shoot at their sweet will and blossom in their own

natural way, while others were rigidly trained in a definite pattern by means of skilfully concealed wire framework, so that one saw swans and peacocks, fountains and vases magically blossoming out of ordinary chrysanthemum plants. There were crowds of enthusiastic visitors at the show, leisurely going round from plant to plant and keenly examining each individual flower as if critically weighing its merits and demerits. This love of the Japanese for flowers seemed to be one of the leading national characteristics, for whenever my eye chanced to light on a cottage or a house, there was for certain a pot of chrysanthemum in front and one flowering bush at least in the back courtyard. So deep indeed is their love of flowers that I was told people thought nothing of walking scores of miles early in the summer just to gaze for an hour or two at the azaleas at Nara or the irises at Horikiri and travelled long distances late in the spring just to sit and sip *saki* under the sweet-scented plum-blossoms of Kameido or wander admiringly under the thousand cherry-trees of Yoshimo. The following morning I went to see the golden dolphins at Nagoya Castle, which is a quaintly-designed building five storeys high, with small square windows running in a line all round at each storey and two golden dolphins almost doubled up are seen as if swallowing the two ends of the top of the roof. This last feature of the castle the Japanese think very highly of, and in Nagoya and neighbouring villages almost every other roof is crowned with a copy of these dolphins. With his passion for curves it appears the later Japanese

architect was puzzled and annoyed seeing the straight line at the top of his roof and did not know how to round it off effectively. In his perplexities the idea of dolphins seemed to have come to him and in them he probably believed he had found at last a happy solution; for he has made a rather free use of them wherever possible. Personally I considered them to be a singularly ugly feature and opposed to a well-known canon of art inasmuch as that a straight line not only relieves the monotony of the general curvilinear aspect of the roof but actually sets off, by way of contrast, the beauty of the curves themselves. The older architects seemed to have understood this well enough, for in the best buildings at Nikko, Nara, and Kyoto I found the top of the roof almost perfectly straight and defined. The more I saw of the curvilinear roofs the fonder I grew of this architectural feature. The explanation, I suppose, lies in the fact that curvature has some strange fascination for the human eye which straightness never has and never can have. And the curve one observes in the roofs of the older of the Buddhist temples is that same simple curve which of all others is so exquisitely delightful to the human mind and which one comes across so frequently in the works of nature and man—in the mid-rib of a leaf and the wing of a butterfly, in the crest of a wave and the keel of a canoe, in the sweep of a snow-field and the wind-filled sail of a fishing-boat. At Nagoya I was for the first time treated to a regular *cha-no-yu*, or the Japanese tea-of-honour. It was by pure good luck that I got a chance of seeing this

novel ceremony. I was reading after dinner in the general reception-room of the hotel when the proprietor, recognising me to be a stranger, came and asked me to which parts of his country I had been and what I thought of its people, their ways, and usages. Among the latter he happened to mention *cha-no-yu*, and when I told him that I had no idea what it was like, he said he would have a tea-of-honour prepared immediately for me by his wife. Shortly after the wife came in, followed by a *musumë* carrying a tray on which were various other objects besides a kettle and a bowl. The ceremony commenced with elaborate bowings on both sides, then there was brushing and cleaning of the bowl, which was in reality an ordinary slop-basin. I was told that every movement of the hand and fingers from the beginning to the end of the ceremony was fixed unalterably by long usage, any departure from which would be looked upon by the guests as a gross breach of etiquette. The bowl was to be cleaned by a silk handkerchief in a certain mode, the kettle was to be held up at a fixed angle, and the bowl was to be handed to the guest filled with tea in a definite way with the requisite number of bows. The guest in his turn was expected to hold the bowl in both hands in a particular fashion and at each quaff to turn it round in his hands in a set manner. But the most fearsome part of it all was that the guest had to drink up the contents of the bowl in exactly two quaffs and a half. It is the height of bad manners to gulp it down in two quaffs, but it would be positively offensive to take three full quaffs to finish it.

It was, on the other hand, particularly a mark of good-breeding if while drinking you drew in the tea so as to be heard at the far end of the room and smacked your lips and hiccupped when you had finished it to make it evident to your hostess how much you relished her "honourable" tea. Strange how radically customs differ in different parts of the world! Fancy a hostess in England offering tea to her guest in a slop-basin as a mark of particular honour and the guest returning the compliment by smacking his lips and hiccupping!

The following afternoon by the same Imperial Express I left Nagoya for Kyoto, the old capital of Japan; where the Emperor had his Court at the time and was carrying on his seemingly unending Coronation rites and festivities. In one of the compartments of our observation-car was the second son of the Emperor. At all the stations where the express stopped there stood at the salute as we approached and at attention for the rest of the time, the head of the local police, the station-master and his assistants, rigged up in their full-dress uniforms with white gloves on their hands and swords dangling by their sides. The little Prince returned the salutes punctiliously and his spare, small figure made a comical sight as it stood erect and immobile with his eyes fixed and vacant and his lips pale and rigid. All that pomp and parade of uniforms did not in any way surprise me that afternoon, for from the moment I set foot in Japan I had been noticing no end of saluting and sword-clanking and spur-jingling. Almost every imaginable government

servant had some kind of uniform on and most of them carried swords. Every boy of school-going age was similarly clad in a rough serge uniform and military cap and salutes were rigorously exacted on every possible occasion by the superior from his subordinate. Even the railway porters lined up as the train steamed out of the station and stood saluting the guard, the engine-driver, and the stoker. Every effort it seemed was made to bring the people up in the military ideals of discipline and obedience and special means were taken to put them constantly in mind of the past military glories of the nation. Military museums were established wherever possible and one knocked up against the trophies of the Chino- and Russo-Japanese Wars with appropriate tablets setting forth the gallant deeds of the national heroes in the most unexpected corners of the country —up a remote hill-resort or down some watering-place in an unfrequented part of the country. In other words, Militarism stalked rampant and all-defiant through the length and breadth of Japan. The beplumed and bemedalled military officers and stiff-and-starched government officials put me strongly in mind of their great prototypes of the West I had seen many years ago in Berlin. In fact, before I left Japan I had come to recognise in the Japanese the Prussians of the East. The comparison is made in no disparaging sense, for though I could not but dislike her aggressive national policy and her low commercial ideals, I, as one of the East, look upon Japan with nothing but feelings of pride and gratitude, for she, by the valour of her manhood and

the glory of her arms, has not only been a shining example to the rest of the Eastern nations, but has rehabilitated considerably the lost prestige of the Eastern peoples in the eyes of the Westerner and given him a salutary lesson that he cannot always expect to have the upper hand in the East. One of the curious facts I learnt discussing these matters with the Japanese was the low opinion they possessed of the people of India as a whole. One of them, an editor of a newspaper, quite frankly told me that though they were loath to give it out in public they really considered India as a degraded country and the Indians as a degenerated set of men without a spark of valour or manhood left in them and only fit now to be the subjects and slaves of others. I replied that knowing as I did their prowess in arms, I could quite understand how they came to entertain the notion they had about Indians, and then went on to prove that it was entirely a wrong notion, neither fair to us nor to those who had the destiny of India at present in their hands, and in the end served but to betray the ignorance of the Japanese about the real condition of India of modern times. But prejudices and prepossessions die hard! For, though the editor could not well deny the few facts I mentioned on the spur of the moment to disprove his theory, I did not leave him appreciably altered in his settled opinions on the subject.

The first day at Kyoto I spent in taking an excursion to Lake Biwa. The guide-books with one voice call the scenery along the lake-shore "highly picturesque." I at first thought the scenery very

tame and commonplace and anything but picturesque. However, it was when I got off the boat and walked up to a shrine on the thickly-wooded side of a hill that I came across some extremely picturesque spots. One spot in particular I remember by the side of a mountain river covered over with firs, the sombre shade of which was enlivened by pretty little booths, gay with the bright dresses of holiday-makers and loud with the song and laughter of a few young bloods that had gathered there. The song and laughter would cease now and again and in the hush one heard the moan of the river below and the rustling of the leaves above with the tap-tap of the pipes on the cinder-box and the klop-klop of the pattens on the flagged path. It was an ideal place for a day's rest and quiet holiday and except for the young bloods the rest of the holiday-makers fell in with the spirit of the place. There they sat on broad low stools two by two on their bended knees, sipping tea from their tiny cups or pouring out something much stronger into them from their little flagons, talking in low whispers and taking little snips of things from their wooden boxes, but, whether eating or drinking, bowing and smiling all the time. In the midst of its exquisite setting it all made a beautiful picture of peace and quiet human enjoyment and, falling in with the quaint scheme of things, I sat leisurely sipping green tea or eating a sandwich or two in the interval. The Hodzu Rapids are a sight in the neighbourhood of Kyoto, to go up which is one of the things every tourist is most anxious to do. Following the common desire I also took the trip one

morning by going on a kind of house-boat. For a short distance the River Hodzu ran smooth and calm with pleasure-booths overlooking the river bank filled to overflowing with the laughing joy-seekers. Then as the hills closed in, one began to feel a distinct rising of the waters and immediately afterwards the boat was seen rolling and tossing and swirling from side to side and vainly struggling to make headway amid the rush and whirl and foam of a perfect maelstrom. Three of the boatmen jumped off on the instant and holding a long rope in their hands, clambered up a faint track by the riverside and pulled the boat out of the maelstrom and up the Rapids, while the fourth boatman with a long bamboo in his hand stood on the prow and pushed the boat away from sharp, cutting rocks which projected so dangerously on either side that one unused to such experiences felt every moment the boat would dash up against any one of them and break to pieces. The higher we went up the Rapids, the nearer the hills approached and the track of the three boatmen lay over bare rocks; but the men, seemingly unmindful of the danger, ran up and down the narrow ledge and pulled the boat up as steadily and as vigorously as ever. It was tremendously exciting at first, but soon it began to get stale and then positively wearisome as I lay tossing and tumbling in the boat for an hour and more; so I had the boat turned round and it was then all smooth sailing shooting down the Rapids to Arashiyama. While going down I saw the strange sight of a gang of men working stark naked in the shallows of the Rapids regardless of the fact that

women went up and down that part almost all the time. Though the sight struck me as strange, it did not surprise me, for I had by that time lived long enough in the country to know the singular ways of the Japanese in this direction. From sights like these some Western writers hasten to draw the conclusion that the Japanese are bereft of modesty and the ordinary decencies of life. From my own observation, however, I found that the Japanese were not so much wanting in modesty and decencies of life as the sense of modesty and the common decencies of social life had not sufficiently developed in them. Being used from childhood to see people in nature's garb and being themselves seen by others in the same garb, their sense of modesty lay dormant and undeveloped and consequently they remained in this matter mere grown-up children all their life. Rightly Sir Edwin Arnold in his *Japonica* remarks: "Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses by this candour of Japanese manners as regards nudity; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum." I remember the *musumēs* at the various hotels I stayed entered my room at all times without giving me the slightest intimation by knocking or otherwise, but left the hot water or took away the empty jug perfectly unconcerned whether I was dressed or half-dressed —or not dressed at all.

Kyoto, besides being the old capital, is the great art-centre of Japan and consequently I spent a great part of the afternoons in going over the various shops, some of which had such varied collections of

art-ware that they looked like private art-museums. Of all the art-ware I saw and the processes of manufacture I inspected, the making of the cloisonné-ware was the one which appealed to me the most. On a rough copper base, the outline of a selected design is picked out in fine silver-wire, the interspaces are then filled in with a thick paste made out of ground precious stones, such as jades, agates, carnelians, lapis-lazuli, and several others. Six times the interspaces are thus filled in and fired before the vase or bowl or whatever other object it may be is put into the polisher's hand to be rubbed down to the requisite smoothness and finish. In the best type of work the rubbing goes on for some weeks and then the silver-wire and precious-stone filling-in present absolutely one surface with not a pinhole to indicate its original state. In some of the Japanese paintings and drawings I saw, the artist revealed an unmistakable possession of great imaginative power, while in others he gave equally unmistakable evidence of his tenderness and poetic feeling. A marked characteristic of the Japanese school is the sensitiveness of the artist to the various aspects of sky and landscape. It is the cool tones of early dawn, the gathering gloom of eventide, the depth and stillness of moonlit night or the lowering frown of approaching storm which seize his fancy and inspire his brush. But he depicts them in his own free, impressionistic way, betraying happy ignorance of the elementary laws of perspective and chiaroscuro. In this he is typically Eastern, for the typically Eastern painter as a rule sees nature through his emotions and conse-

quently evolves types and scenes from his inner consciousness, while the typically Western artist looks at nature primarily through the colder medium of the intellect and in consequence draws and paints the scene exactly as he sees it before him. It would be idle to say that this or that mode of painting is right and ought to be preferred, for it is a case of development in different directions—the Western artist towards realising effects of light and atmosphere, depth and actuality, the Eastern towards visualising the impressions which the ever-varying aspects of light and atmosphere make on his emotional nature.

Another attraction about Kyoto lies in its *Miyako* or, as the American globe-trotter calls it, cherry-dance. The dance, I was told, was originally held in the country round Kyoto to celebrate the bursting of the blossoms on the cherry-trees and in its present developed form it represents the quintessence of Japanese dancing. I went one evening to see it. We were first treated to a public *cha-no-yu* by a geisha of a singularly attractive person and looks whose beauty, the guide told me, was the rage of the town and the theme of many a local poet's verses. After the tea ceremonial we were led into a fair-sized theatre with a big stage in front and two small ones on the sides enclosing a gradually rising floor on which squatted long lines of spectators. On one of the small side-stages sat most gracefully a dozen pretty little geishas tingling their *semisens*, while the stage opposite was occupied by an equal number of equally pretty geishas playing small drums and

tambourines. The principal stage, however, was taken up by some fifty dancers clad in kimono the most gorgeous imaginable, yet tasteful and suited to the scenic effect around. They bowed and bent their dainty selves, waved and wheeled round their picture-parasols, turned half round this way and half round that way, moved up and down the stage in small, short steps keeping time with the music, now taking up a pretty posture then making a graceful movement—but it was all typically stiff, angular, Oriental dancing I was used to seeing from my childhood and which is so markedly in contrast with the free and easy, swift and airy movements of its Western analogue. As I sat half-moodily watching this celebrated Japanese dance, there rose before my mind's eye the airy likeness of Maud Allen whom I had seen some years before dancing with her incomparable verve and abandon to Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*. In what strange contrast was this tame, heavy-footed Eastern dance in front of me to that wild, fairy-footed Western counterpart of it before my mind's eye! Where was the spring of youth, the laughter of innocence, the happy abandon of uncontained joy? Where now the glee and the wonder, the pure ecstasy and the wild exuberance of Mendelssohn's Spring? Nothing but stereotyped gestures and strait-laced postures! Dance of the type of Mendelssohn's Spring is impossible in Japan, for joy, real joy, I believe, is a thing unknown in the East. The Eastern is much too sedate and serious-minded to be ever really possessed by *joie de vivre* in the full Western significance of the term with its

underlying thoughtlessness and happy unrestraint. Yet, of all Eastern peoples the Japanese possess the most of what little "joy of life" falls to the lot of the East. And of this I had a notable experience the very next day when a gala-night was proclaimed by an Imperial Order and in obedience to which all Kyoto turned out in the streets in fancy costume. Such dense crowds filled all the main avenues that all vehicular traffic was suspended that night. An unending stream of merry-makers went up and down on either side of the roads, singing and shouting and playing all sorts of innocent pranks on the passer-by. Seated in my rickshaw I quietly watched for a time all the fun and frivolity of the joyous little people till some one from the crowd thrust into my hand a little imperial flag and I was myself instantly seized with the general spirit of merry-making. So jumping off my rickshaw, I waved the little imperial emblem, shouting at the same time—*Areiacha*, which the rolling sea of heads answered with deafening cries of *Banzai*. On and on I went towering above the surging crowds of jolly Lilliputians raising rounds of *Banzais* to my *Areiachas*. The bolder of the crowds stretched out their hands to me and the more venturesome of the young fellows almost embraced me. Later on, much to my amazement, the rickshaw man told me that these venturesome young fellows were really young maidens in men's clothes. With reluctant steps I left the streets of Kyoto that night and the following morning Kyoto itself for Nara.

The environment of Nara is extremely pretty with rising hills and refreshing green all round, and Nara

itself being half-way up a hill is prettier still and more interesting besides on account of its rich historical past. The old city looks more or less like a public park with long strips of greensward and stately old trees, groups of shrines and temples and herds of sacred deer. I rickshawed up the park through regular avenues of old cryptomerias and between fine rows of still older stone lanterns, escorted by a herd of sacred deer which ran circling round the rickshaw snatching biscuits from my hand. Once outside the park I got off the rickshaw and walked up a steep hill and it was a fine view that met my eyes when I reached its top. There extended on either side of me a beautifully-wooded range of hills gradually rising and enclosing in its mammoth embrace green fields and still greener plains which rolled on and on as far as the eye could see. Coming down I went to that grand specimen of Buddhistic architecture—the Tōdaiji Temple, and saw inside it the giant statue of Buddha cast a full thousand years ago. Of all the Buddhistic places of worship I had seen in Japan this temple, on account of its noble proportions, purity of lines and simplicity of structure, I most particularly admired. But the temple which seized my fancy was the little red Shinto Shrine in its neighbourhood looking so joyous and bright underneath the shade of over-arching trees. It was its bright red colour that first drew me to it, but what made me linger beside it and reluctant to leave it that afternoon was the beautiful creed it enshrined. A reverend-looking Japanese standing by me, while conversing with me,

casually remarked that ancestor-worship and nature-adoration were the basic elements of Shintoism. Finding me interested in his remark, he assured me that whatever other religion a Japanese might profess, at heart he was always a Shintoist; and it was no wonder he was so, said my companion, "For who could be more worthy of our worship," inquired he, "than our own ancestors from whom we have received all that is best in us and to whom we in fact owe our very existence? And what could be more worthy of our adoration than Nature and all that is beautiful and lovable in it? We Shintoists believe that in the sunshine, in the waterfall, in the cherry-blossom, nay, even in the green herb about the meadowland there is a glory that is divine. Don't you feel a glow of pleasure when you look at those green plains down there or at the red leaves of the maple-tree above you? What is that feeling due to if not to the divine presence in them?" Ever since that afternoon I have been a partial convert to Shintoism, and I believe to this beautiful creed of theirs the Japanese owe all that is great in their national history and to it may be ultimately traced that peculiar romanticism of theirs which makes them chase and gather fireflies on autumn evenings and sit under the plum-blossoms sipping *saki* on spring mornings and partly also that imperturbability and unfailing good-humour of theirs which so much puzzle and surprise a foreigner. Indeed their imperturbability and general cheerfulness are the most surprising things a visitor to Japan notices in the people. The Japanese seem to have no

tempers at all. I was told neither cold nor heat, hunger nor fatigue depresses them, nor does death or misfortune, sorrow or suffering draw a word of complaint from their lips. This unbelievable and almost uncanny light-heartedness of the Japanese people, which makes them always so attractive to an outsider, becomes under certain circumstances intolerable and most offensive to him. In this connection I was given the instance of an Englishman who found to his cost what Japanese light-heartedness at times means to a stranger. He had been, it seems, residing in the country some months and had engaged the services of a Japanese to be a sort of personal attendant on him. The latter one day finding his master silent and grief-stricken, after much bowing and grinning, mustered up sufficient courage to inquire the cause. The master good-naturedly informed him that he had been that morning apprised of the death of his only sister and was, in consequence, much too upset to do anything that day. Upon which the servant profoundly bowed and went on grinning and so incontinently that the Englishman, being ignorant of the custom of the country and being naturally in an irritable mood, became annoyed at the outrageous behaviour of the man and losing his temper smacked the impudent fellow on the face and pushed him out of the room. Now the Japanese are most sensitive on the point of their person being roughly handled and the Japanese courts are equally strict in the matter and consider it a grave offence and mete out severe punishment to the offender, specially if he happens to be a

foreigner. The servant, being unable to assign any reason for his master's ill-humour, naturally felt very offended and so went straight to the police-station and lodged his complaint. The police, finding a foreigner involved in the affair, speeded up their inquiry and had a summons served upon the Englishman to appear before the local magistrate on a certain date. Before that date, however, his friends came to know of the affair and knowing as they did the seriousness of the offence in the eye of the Japanese law, strongly urged upon him to leave the country immediately if he did not wish to spend a year studying Japanese prison-life. Realising that prudence is often the better part of valour and connected as he was with the leading English steamship company trading with Japan, he had no particular difficulty in following the advice of his friends and betaking himself away from the vindictive justice of the Japanese courts. I myself had a passing experience of Japanese police methods when on my way to Kobé from Nara I broke the journey at Kyoto to make some purchases of Japanese art-ware. As I was returning after making the purchases to the station I found not only the main road leading to the station but even the side streets leading into it closed to public traffic. On inquiring I was told that the Emperor was that afternoon returning to Kyoto from a small wayside town where he had been for well-nigh a week worshipping the *manes* of his imperial ancestors. By long detours, however, I managed to reach the station and as the Emperor was expected every moment I stood just outside the

station behind a long line of coolies and rickshawmen to watch the Imperial Procession. I had not been standing a minute when a smart little police-inspector approached me and bowing said something in Japanese. I shook my head to tell him I did not understand him. He thereupon pointed his finger in the direction of the waiting-room. Pretending not to understand him I waved my hand in the direction of the route of the Procession to indicate that I was waiting there to see it pass: then directing his attention to the long line of coolies and rickshawmen in front of me I tried to convey to him that if these were allowed to stand why should not I be allowed to do likewise. But he cut the matter short by taking the end of my sleeve between his fingers and leading me inside the waiting-room and closing the door upon me. I was very nearly shaking off the little fellow from me, but the story of the Englishman was fresh in my mind and I could not let a trifling incident like that upset the whole plan of my tour. So I meekly entered the room, but I was not so easily to be put away from my purpose. I looked round for a window and presently came upon a glass-door through which I watched the whole Procession perfectly well and more comfortably besides. The Procession, however, in spite of all its pomp and circumstance, struck me as singularly devoid of good taste and looked on the whole artificial and ludicrous in the extreme. The whole affair was got up in dead imitation of the English Royal Procession. The return of the Emperor being only a semi-state occasion, the mode of procedure observed was the same

as in its English original. There were the same silk-hatted equerries riding by the side of the Emperor, the same silk-stockinged footmen seated at the back of the carriage and the same wigged coachman in front. This appeared to me all the more ludicrous when I considered that but a few hours ago the Mikado might have been seen squatted on the floor deeply engrossed in the elaborate ritual of invoking the *manes* of his ancestors, including his famous ancestor Tenno Jimmu who died according to Japanese chronicles more than 2000 years ago. I soon had occasion to see more of this debasing imitation when as I was having my luncheon at the station buffet in came a troupe of men in silk hats and frock-coats who had evidently been receiving the Emperor an hour before. A set of gentlemen so unkempt, so carelessly dressed and looking in a word so very unpresentable I had hardly ever come across. And the marvel of marvels was that with all their belief in the celestial ancestry of their Emperor they should have thought nothing of making their appearance before him in the garments they had on them! Even when the Japanese are dressed in well-made clothes, men of their size and build could never be expected to look well in tail-coat and tall hat; when indifferently dressed, they are apt to look ridiculous and almost disreputable. They cut a still more ridiculous figure in their uniforms; the infantry officers specially so, with their bunch of feathers standing a foot high over the peak of their caps. The mass of the people on the other hand make quite a pleasing sight in their national kimono which without doubt is the

garment for the Japanese to make the most of their short, thick-set persons. But even in their national costume they needs must make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of strangers by oddly combining it with any and every sort of headgear. Over this silly custom of theirs I remember remonstrating with my priest-guide of Nikko who came to offer his services to me decked out in a coloured kimono and a brand-new bowler hat. I asked him if it became a priest like him to have a foreign hat over his national costume. He instantly retorted by pointing to my felt hat and inquiring of me if that was my national headgear. I replied it certainly was not, nor were the clothes I wore, but then I was not a priest nor did I make an odd combination of Eastern and Western styles as he and his compatriots so thoughtlessly did. " Just consider what a comical sight your women would make in your eyes," I said, " if they appeared before you in a European lady's hat over their kimono! Picture that and you will get some idea of the sight you make in mine."

I reached Kobé that evening and stayed for the night at the Oriental Hotel, immortalised by Kipling in his *From Sea to Sea*, and there actually had at dinner the fried fish and potato-salad he goes into raptures over in his book. Early next morning I left Kobé for Miyajima. The nine-hours' railway journey that day lay through some particularly interesting parts of the country. Specially was this so when we came on the famous Inland Sea and ran along its old-world fishing-villages with quaint square-sailed boats cutting lazily across the peaceful

waters between numerous little islands and long line of mist-laden hills. This was all the more enjoyable to me, for the previous evening when approaching Kobé I had been passing through the industrial quarters of Japan and had silently noted in their gloom and congestion the price Japan had to pay for being allowed to keep her place among the great powers of the world. I wondered as I speeded along the Inland Sea looking at these old-world scenes of Japanese life and work whether what she had obtained was worth the price—whether Japan of to-day was happier and nobler for having acquired a weighty and assured position in the world's polity! At any rate, to maintain this enviable position in the comity of nations and give full play to her nascent Imperialism, she will have before long to take to a wide-reaching, all-embracing industrial career. And such an all-dominant Industrialism with her limited extent of territories will mean vast changes in the present happy and contented state of her social existence. When this inevitable change in the social conditions of the country is brought about, the present relations of the two sexes are bound to be affected the most and I do not know if it would not be for the better of both sexes. For the relations which I noticed prevailing were radically wrong and scarcely compatible with the march of progressive ideas. For in spite of all the bending and bowing the Japanese did to each other and their foreign visitors, they were apt to be stiff and casual to their womankind. And this the little Japanesé took in perfectly good part as if she thought it was

in the fitness of things for her sex to be so treated by one whom nature had intended to be after all her lord and master. And yet this little casually-treated creature is the gentlest and sweetest tempered of all I have seen of her sex over the wide world and worthier certainly of better things at the hands of the sterner sex. Sir Edwin Arnold has brought all the power of his big soul and Pierre Loti all the magic of his poetic imagination to describe the little Japanesé and, with an Eastern vein running strong in them, they have described the most adorable of her traits and the most enduring of her charms wonderfully well. And yet her traits are so novel and so undefinable and her charms so subtle and so elusive that to know her as she really is, one must go to her lovely country and watch her slyly at all times and in varying surroundings and must hold the fat chubby hands of an ever-smiling O Kiku San or look into the half-opened black eyes of a demure little O Tori San to feel the silent hold she has on the emotional side of the opposite sex.

Miyajima is very prettily situated at the foot of a towering hill on a little isle in the heart of the Inland Sea. Its fine situation and the natural beauty of its surroundings were bound to appeal to the artistic instinct of man and create in him a desire to embellish it with his own handiwork. And such a desire, it seems, they did create in him in days gone by, with the consequence that Miyajima comes down to us embellished with many a fine work of art in the shape of toriis and temples. Of these Ō-torii or the Great Torii, on account of its prominent situation,

immense size, and the bright red colour in which it is painted, forms not only the most conspicuous feature of Miyajima but it is quite the most notable landmark in the whole of the Inland Sea. The Great Torii besides is such a favourite of the whole nation and has made such a strong impression on the imagination of the Japanese artist that after Fuji-yama it has proved to him a most lasting source of inspiration and has already been painted and carved, embroidered and damascened in a hundred different ways taken at a hundred different angles. By a strange fatality the only hotel in the place, in which I had made arrangements to stay, was burnt down the previous night and I had consequently to live in a typical Japanese inn with wooden walls and sliding paper-panelled doors and no particular furniture to speak of. For a bath I was shown a small tank filled with hot steaming water in which the whole household, from the Manager and the guests to the *musumē* and the messenger-boy, was privileged to bathe one at a time or all together, just as it was convenient to each. Mount Misen, at the foot of which Miyajima lies, rises nearly a thousand feet high and commands, as the guide-book said, a splendid bird's-eye view of the Inland Sea. Having had no occasion since leaving Miyanoshita to go on a mountain excursion, I thought the ascent of Mount Misen, besides giving me a good idea of the Inland Sea, would provide me with a splendid opportunity of indulging in my favourite exercise of hill-climbing. So next morning, engaging a guide, I left my inn to

go up the mount. The first part of the way lay along the sea-shore and through the tortuous courtyard of the Itsukushima Shrine which, owing to there being high tide at the time, looked more like a floating pleasure-pavilion than an abode of peace for the celebrated dead. Once outside the courtyard the ascent commenced and wound charmingly round the maple-covered Vale of Momijidani. When the vale was passed, the path climbed up in endless rounds with nothing at all interesting to be seen on the way. The climbing, in consequence, became a rather dull and fatiguing affair and I anxiously looked out for the little wayside tea-houses which, with the Japanese eye for the picturesque and lovely in nature, invariably stood on some coign of vantage and provided one with a comfortable seat and the necessary rest and refreshment. At last after taking an exceptionally steep incline I emerged out of the thick wood and found myself on the top of Mount Misen. The Inland Sea lay calm and quiet far, far down between mist-clad mountains rising high and dark on either side of it: a cluster of little islands lay grouped, and white specks of sailing-vessels sprinkled freely on its bluish-grey waters. It was a fine, extended panorama and well worth the exertion of an hour and a half. Coming down the Mount I took another and shorter way, and it would have proved as dull and uninteresting as the longer, were it not that by that time my constant questioning had made my otherwise reticent guide sufficiently talkative to open out his mind to me and make the

way down pleasant for me. The novelness of his ideas and the quaintness of his mode of expression made him a particularly interesting companion. The conversation turning upon the War and the Americans, he gave out in his own inimitable way his analysis of the national characteristics. "The Americans," he said, "talkee-talkee; have much money but no like fighting. The English have also much money and like fighting; but they shave and want tea and food when fighting and feel cold and rub hands and say, 'very cold, light fire.' The Japanese feel no cold and want no fire, no food, no tea, but want to fight and fight always."

Late that afternoon I left Miyajima for the port of Shimonoseki on my way to Corea. Having arrived at the port late in the evening, I went immediately on board the Imperial Government's sumptuously fitted-up steamer to be ferried across the Straits of Tsushima to Fusan. I knew as I stood on deck that I was sailing on waters already become classic as being the scene of Togo's great achievement, but that night the Strait was much too rough to let me stay on deck for any length of time. Besides I was feeling somewhat depressed at the idea of leaving a land and a people that had in the short space of a fortnight so endeared themselves to me that they are now, to put in the words of St. Francis, "the delight of my soul." So casting a last long look at the fading lights on the distant pier, I went down to my cabin and was fast asleep dreaming of the slit-eyed babies and trundling rickshaws, of Ō-torii and

Fujiyama, of Nikko and Nara and the little *musumē* tripping down to me with pigeon feet and raven tresses and saying with a deep obeisance—" *Sayonara! Mata o me ni Kakarimas made, Sayonara! Sayonara!* " (Good-bye, till once again I hang in your honourable eyes, good-bye! good-bye!)

IN COREA, MANCHURIA, AND CHINA

"In respect to number of subjects, extent of territory, and amount of revenue, the kingdom of Cathay surpasses every state that has hithertofore been or that now is in the world."

Marco Polo.

CHAPTER VII

IN COREA, MANCHURIA, AND CHINA

WITH Sayonara! Sayonara! still on my lips, I woke up next morning and found on looking out of the port-hole that the Land of the Merry Little People had vanished in the womb of the great deep and that we were now steaming along the rocky, featureless coast of Corea. Shortly afterwards Fusan came in sight and a little later we were inside the harbour and landed. The first impressions of the place and people were anything but pleasant. The houses were small and mean-looking, the streets narrow and dirty and in places almost filthy and the people were quite in keeping with their surroundings. But that morning I had not much time to spare for the Manchurian Express was waiting to carry us to Seoul, the capital of Corea. The route lay through paddy fields and barren hills and treeless wastes, and the seven hours' journey to Seoul amid such surroundings would have been dull and tiresome in the extreme were it not that the train-service was extremely comfortable and I had provided myself with Alphonse Daudet's *Salome* and one of Victoria Cross's novels. A very strange thing I noticed going through Corea was that there was not a road to be seen anywhere. There were only narrow, straggling tracks going irregularly up and down, and these

seemed to be the only means of cross-country communication. However, the leading incident of the day was my meeting again or rather my final parting from My Missionary of the *Tenyo Maru*. She was stationed at a mission hospital half-way between Seoul and Fusan at a place called Taiku. She had promised to come and say good-bye to me if I wrote and told her the date of my passing through her headquarters. I let her know accordingly, and at mid-day, when the express steamed into Taiku, there she stood waiting for me on the platform looking so cool and conspicuous in her white linen dress among a crowd of Coreans. I jumped off the foot-board ere the train came quite to a stop and hurried towards her with both hands extended. I had no end of questions to ask her as to how she fared and what she thought of her new work and of the people among whom her destiny seemed to have been cast for a few years to come. But hardly had we exchanged a dozen sentences when the whistle blew for the express to start, and I had just time to say a bare good-bye to her and rush back to my compartment. She said not a word but quietly slipped into my hand a neatly-tied packet she had brought with her. When I had waved her my last farewell and she had finally faded out of my sight, I opened the packet and found it to contain something most unexpected—a boxful of very carefully-shelled walnuts. Much I liked her parting thought and much she came into my mind for days afterwards as I nibbled the nuts each afternoon after luncheon.

Late that evening I reached Seoul and was comfortably accommodated for that night and the following in the Imperial Japanese Government's hotel. The following morning I rickshawed round the different quarters of the city and found nowhere anything to interest me, except perhaps the malicious interest I took in watching the wonderful humanity that filled the streets. I had read that the Japanese treated the Coreans like coolies and were generally very severe with them. I personally never saw the Japanese treat the Coreans as they were reputed to do, but if they had, I would not in the least have been surprised, for a more despicable set of men or one more repelling it would be difficult to find anywhere in this round world of ours—their bodies so feeble and ill-made, and their faces so horribly plain and featureless that they seemed not to possess an iota of manhood or character in them. Not that other countries don't possess such men, but such men are the exception there while in Corea they are the rule. Besides, in other countries the dress comes to the rescue and partly covers up the deficiencies of nature; the Coreans, however, have devised a dress that not only accentuates their unmanliness but makes them look positively silly and ridiculous. Imagine a thin, pale-faced, narrow-eyed, goat-bearded man in long, loose white garment with a straight-brimmed, laughably-small chimney-pot stuck on the crown of his head and kept in its place by two black narrow bands tied into a bow under his chin and one has a still-picture of the Corean; give him an awkward shifty gait and

thrust a reed pipe full two feet long into his mouth and one has a moving-picture of him. I had enough of watching him that morning and he was beginning to get on my nerves when happily I came to the finely-situated quarters of my other missionary friends of the *Tenyo Maru* and stayed to lunch with them and passed two very happy hours in their company. Being no believer in proselytism, I take no particular interest in missionaries as a class, still I could not help noticing and admiring the work done by the American Presbyterian Mission in Corea. It was almost the first to open schools and hospitals in that benighted land. Some of the Coreans, I was told, have taken so enthusiastically to the Gospel that they think nothing of walking long distances to attend the service on Sundays. One aged woman I was surprised to hear actually left her distant village each Saturday afternoon to be present at the service and join the Bible-class the following day at Seoul. In the afternoon I went to the Imperial Palace. As the ex-Emperor still lives in the Palace I had to have a special permit from the British Consulate to see it. A man dressed like a petty functionary waited at the grand entrance, who on my handing him over the permit led me through the vestibule and then through a series of rooms filled mostly with odd collections of tawdry European furniture. The whole series culminated in a grand hall most gorgeously upholstered in gold and brocade with a canopied seat in the centre which the guide said was the Imperial Throne Room. Leaving the Throne Room we walked along a long

passage running by another series of rooms which being upholstered in the same tasteless, gaudy style, I thought I had had enough of the Palace and was wishing myself outside it, when coming up to a side passage I heard some one playing billiards in a room at the end of it. On asking the guide I was told I was correct in my surmise and that it was the Emperor who was playing billiards. His Imperial Majesty, the guide said, was very partial to the game and spent long afternoons playing it. On further questioning I gathered that at present the sole occupation of the Emperor was playing billiards, and the Imperial Person being debarred by strict Court etiquette from walking or taking any other form of outdoor exercise, the game was a godsend to his Corean Majesty; for, besides finding him an agreeable occupation, it furnished him with some means of exercising his Royal limbs. Most of the high officials of the late Imperial Household are still round the Emperor, though being now relieved of their high functions and responsibilities by the new Japanese administration they are content to serve their Imperial master in a more humble capacity. The Lord Chamberlain, for instance, is at present wholly occupied in accompanying His Majesty round the billiard-table each afternoon and the Lord High Comptroller of the Household now gives his time entirely to receiving tourists and showing them round the Palace and was, in fact, standing before me in the person of my guide.

The following day I left Seoul for Mukden, but broke the journey at Shingishū for the night. The same

paddy fields and barren hills and treeless wastes that had pursued me to Seoul from Fusan followed me mercilessly for the ten hours I was in the train that day. I remembered having been warned by a certain military officer on board the *Arabia*, who was in Peking during the Boxer trouble, that I would find Northern China bitterly cold if I toured in it in November. It was then very nearly the end of November and though as I proceeded north it was getting colder and colder, a little more perhaps than I should have liked, still the cold did not in any marked degree make me uncomfortable and was certainly not anything like what I was led to expect. There being a station-hotel at Shingishū I went straight into it the moment I got off from the express late that evening, and as I sat comfortably reading in the heated lounge I took quite a wicked delight in contemplating that my military weather prophet had after all proved false. Next morning I was advised to take the Manchurian Express from Antung which is on the other side of the River Yalu as Shingishū is on this. The distance is barely a mile and the road, besides passing along the scene of one of the bloodiest battles in the late Russo-Japanese War, goes over the Great Yalu River Bridge which stands a monument to the Japanese engineering skill and is consequently such a matter of pride to the Japanese. Little guessing in the well-heated rooms of my hotel the condition of things outside, I went out in my ordinary warm clothes and gloves with a light overcoat on. The moment I stepped into the waiting rickshaw, such a blast of icy-cold,

cutting wind blew into my face and seemed to penetrate my body through and through that my hands and feet went cold on the instant and became almost benumbed. My ears and nose tingled with a peculiar burning pain and I seemed to be fast losing all sensation in them. Fearing they would get frost-bitten if I stayed a moment longer in the rickshaw, I jumped off and attempted to run. But the wind was so strong and the cold so benumbing that leaving aside running I could barely walk. Nevertheless, I went forward, defiantly pinching my ears and rubbing my nose as best I could with my well-nigh benumbed fingers and somehow managed to reach the bridge. Once on the famous bridge I went forward with my head bent, scarcely daring to lift it to see or admire the great engineering achievement of the Japanese. All that I saw was the frozen river with the cold wind hissing over its still, hard surface, the bare remembrance of which, as I write, sets my teeth chattering. Shivering from head to foot I struggled on, and it seemed hours before I reached the other end. Once at the other end, the Antung Station came in sight, but by that time the intense cold had almost chilled my senses and I have no recollection of what I did after I left the bridge or how I managed to reach the station. All that I remember now is that a man with bags accosted me and took me into a narrow glazed room where I felt sensation slowly returning into my ears and nose and warmth into my hands and feet, and with that I gradually revived and found myself in the heated first-class compartment of the Manchurian Express. Later on as I speeded northwards

into Manchuria and saw all round me frozen streams and pools, fur-clad men and women, I wondered what my fate would be at Mukden if Antung so much to the south was well-nigh unbearable. However, my mind was partly taken off these gloomy thoughts by the reading matter I had provided myself with, but more so by the unexpected company I found in some Japanese military officers who were going on to Port Arthur via Dairen. They gave me interesting details about the Japanese Army and said they served their country for a mere pittance. The ordinary private got six sens a day, that is about a penny-ha'penny, and they themselves had to wait for years in the service and rise high before they got anything like a hundred yens a month, that is about a hundred and twenty-five pounds a year. The impression left on my mind in Japan of Japanese officers was partly modified after meeting these men. For at home they looked haughty and domineering and apt to click their heels and rattle their swords more frequently than it is pleasant for others to hear. But these were fine fellows, perfectly well-mannered and agreeable and quite interesting to talk to. I, however, exhausted before long what limited knowledge of English they possessed and so for the rest of the journey I had to content myself with the company of Alphonse Daudet and Victoria Cross. And they both bore me excellent company that day. Neither seemed to have any particular regard for conventional morality and consequently the manhood and femininity they portrayed were seldom if ever of the exemplary species. But for that reason

they were the more interesting and not the less true to nature. On the contrary, I fancied they depicted life and society more faithfully than most novelists with a moral credo ever on the point of their pen. I certainly thought the tainted Salome gliding in all her unhappy thoughtlessness over the leaves of Daudet made an intensely more living and undoubtedly a more affecting personality than the spotless Lady Rowena strutting in all her wooden perfectness across the pages of Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

Thinking of Salome and Rowena, I reached Mukden sooner than expected and having arranged to stay at the station-hotel I had no occasion to realise or even remember that evening in its perfectly heated rooms the gloomy anticipations about the cold that had taken possession of my mind early in the day. The following morning, however, when I drove out sightseeing I soon found that those anticipations had come to me not without good reason. The cold, if at all, was intenser, but as there was not that icy, cutting wind, driving, though far from pleasant, was not actually an impossible task. The most queer part of it all was that the sun was shining as bright as in the Tropics, yet it seemed to stand there only to freeze us. Here again one had to go to the British Consulate to get the permits to see the Palace and the North Mausoleum. The Consul after writing out the permits kept talking to me for more than an hour and as the Allies' troops had at the time landed at Salonica, he asked me to keep my eye on it as he expected to see some rare development on that part of our war-front, and with that

easy assurance so characteristic of the English with regard to war matters, went on to predict that "before many months have passed we shall cut off Turkey from the Central Powers and join hands with the Russians."

The North Mausoleum is some eight miles away from the city limits and driving to it over irregular roads over ice-covered fields in that penetrating cold was an experience not easily forgotten. But as all good and bad things must come to an end sooner or later, so did that drive, and I alighted at the entrance-gate of the Mausoleum. The gate was barred and the gateman stood across and putting out his hand said "*Commissau.*" Pretending not to understand him I drew out my permit and at the same time spread out my hands as much as to tell him that he must open the gates as I had the permit. But he coolly smiled and shook his head and said, "No *commissau*, no enter." A few bits of copper, however, performed the magic which the endorsed permit of His Britannic Majesty's Consul was unable to do. At the touch of the cents the gates flew open and I walked towards the Mausoleum between two rows of carved camels and elephants, horses and Corean dogs. These carved animal figures are a feature of the Chinese Imperial Tombs and as a rule such figures stand in pairs facing one another all the way to the tombs. Except for the beautifully-glazed tiles and six little porcelain urchins standing at the projected corners of the curvilinear roof, there was really nothing remarkable about the Mausoleum. On my way back I was shown the monument which Russia has erected over

the graves of her heroes who fell in the great Battle of Mukden. The battleground itself is now largely built over by the Japanese and is known as New Mukden. When I returned to the hotel for my luncheon the manager asked me how I fared during the drive. " Very badly," I replied, " your wretched cold at times nearly froze me." " It is really not cold," he rejoined. " It is only two degrees below zero when it ought to be quite ten at this time of the year." For a man to say it was " not cold " when it was thirty-four degrees below freezing-point was certainly the most interesting thing I learnt in the three days I had been travelling in Manchuria. In the afternoon I drove to the Chinese side of Mukden and walked through the bazaar. Being used to Oriental bazaars all my life, nothing in the Mukden Bazaar struck me in any special way except the long perpendicular signs printed on broad strips of cloth which projected into the streets and waved merrily with the passing gusts of wind. In what happy contrast was this humanity I met in the streets of Mukden to that I saw at Seoul not four days ago. The Manchu is a tall, large-limbed animal, full of muscle and energy, and would look positively a Hercules if placed beside the feeble-bodied Corean. The Manchu has without doubt the making of a soldier in him, and I was told that but for the regiments composed of him the new Chinese Army would be entirely a negligible quantity. Having already had enough of the Manchurian cold, I gave up going further north and turned my steps southwards towards Shan-hai-kuan and Peking. The

railway from Mukden to Shan-hai-kuan is under the control of the Chinese Imperial Government and I soon had occasion to notice the difference between the two systems of administration. While travelling on the Japanese railways, both in Japan and in its foreign possessions, I noticed the train, as in America, was never late even by a minute in any one instance; while on the Chinese line we lost time at the very start at Mukden and never afterwards made it up, but lost some more as we proceeded. At each station we stopped we found drawn up on the platform a company of Chinese soldiers with fixed bayonets who clumsily came to attention as we steamed into it. Being curious to know what all this wonderful display of martial ardour was intended for, I inquired of a Japanese fellow-traveller as to the reason and was informed that all that part of Manchuria was infested with daring robber-gangs which, were it not for the glint of those bayonets, would consistently stop the Imperial Express and rob the passengers. As it was, he further told me, they held up a train a week ago almost under the nose of the Chinese soldiery, and there was no saying, he concluded with a characteristic Japanese chuckle, what might happen the next hour. To hear all this was very cheering indeed; specially as the country looked so vast and dreary with not a soul or habitation to be seen anywhere for miles together within sight of the railway track. However, it seemed I was to be disappointed of the excitement promised me by my fellow-traveller, for we reached Shan-hai-kuan late that evening without any incident whatever. Still

that day, it appeared, was not to end without something unexpected and unpleasant turning up at the last moment. I was given in the train the advertisement card of an hotel at Shan-hai-kuan which said the hotel was under European management and promised both room and breakfast for a sum which in China would be considered quite high. When I got out at the Shan-hai-kuan station, a runner from the hotel met me on the platform and conducted me through a maze of narrow side streets and coming to a mud-walled shed stepped aside and asked me with a deep bow to enter the hotel. I stood staring at the structure in blank amazement and tried to explain to the man that I could not possibly stay inside it. Upon which he gave me to understand that if I did not care to stay there I was welcome to please myself, but as that was the only place for foreign visitors I would have to go without any shelter whatever for the night. It was past nine and the outside looked dark and gloomy with only faint lights burning fitfully here and there in the distance. To stand discussing in such surroundings would be pure waste of time, so I entered the place and was immediately taken to a partitioned-off portion at the end of it. Finding my division consisted really of three compartments I asked the man if they were all intended for my use. He bowed and replied all " the three rooms " were at my disposal. I bowed my acknowledgments in return, and now when I speak of my tour to my friends I tell them that once only in all my travels I indulged in the luxury of having a whole

suite of rooms for myself and that was at the Grand Hotel de Shan-hai-kuan.

I managed somehow to pass the night at the place, and the following morning I took the express for Peking. Beyond Shan-hai-kuan the country appeared to be more populated and villages were passed every few minutes. What particularly drew my notice in the open country spread round me were the groups of mounds big and small which covered parts of open fields in all directions and almost all the way. Under the mounds, I was told, rested the remains of the departed Celestials of hundreds and possibly thousands of years ago. So great is their number that, it is computed, they take up nearly a fourth part of the whole arable land of the Empire and are objects of such reverence and worship with the people that when they come in the way of any projected new road or railway-line, the road or line has to be taken round them. That morning I was considerably surprised to find Japanese soldiers mounting guard at all the stations, and later on the Japanese were replaced by the Americans who in their turn were relieved by the French when we reached Tientsin at mid-day. Here an Englishman entered my compartment and from his conversation I gathered that the Foreign Governments ever since the Boxer trouble had taken over the control of the railway-line from Peking to the sea in order to keep a safe passage for the withdrawal of their subjects in case of an emergency of a like nature arising in the capital in the future. On my inquiring as to how the Germans had fared in the Celestial Empire since the

outbreak of the War, my companion replied that contrary to what one would expect they seemed to be flourishing more than ever and that if I stayed at the Grand Hotel des Wagons-Lits in Peking I would notice that for myself. That night as I was having my dinner at the Wagons-Lits, I found the table next to mine occupied by a merry group of a dozen *bon-vivants*. The waiter being questioned, said they were a party from the German Consulate. The wines and champagne went freely round and as my railway companion of the afternoon had remarked, the Teutonic Group of China did not appear to be in particularly straitened circumstances. Having read that the best city in the Empire to see the Chinese art and life in all their varied phases was Peking itself, I stayed there for nearly a week and saw all that was worth seeing in it and its neighbourhood. One day I went to the Forbidden City and saw its palaces and museum. At the latter place there was a most wonderful collection of old china—the pick of the Imperial palaces from all over the country. Here ranged before me on shelf after shelf priceless pieces of porcelain to possess any one of which, the guide assured me, the art-collectors of the world would willingly part with a small fortune. Old china is perhaps the only branch of art out of which I have never been able to draw any really intellectual or emotional enjoyment, and so, while I could quite believe what the guide said, those priceless pieces, except for their appeal to my colour-sense, left me comparatively unmoved as uninterested. On another day I went round the Green Mount of which Marco

Polo makes a particular mention. " The Mount," he says, " is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees . . . the view of which altogether — the Mount itself, the trees, and the building—forms a delightful and at the same time a wonderful scene." Alas, as usual the cruel hand of Time had wrought sad havoc with this scene of wonder and beauty, for " the most beautiful evergreen trees " were there no more and the view of the Mount itself in its present neglected state was anything but " delightful." From the Green Mount I went to the Temple of Heaven and here again another disappointment awaited me. For Fergusson had prepared me to see in it " the most magnificent temple in the Chinese Empire," and when, after toiling up several flights of steps, I stood face to face with the heavenly edifice and had a look round the celestial surroundings, imagine my surprise and disappointment to find the Temple a mere round structure of glazed tiles with nothing in it or around it worth a stray thought or a moment's notice. Early one morning I went on a day's excursion to the famous Summer Palace some ten miles away from Peking. The Palace really consists of a series of structures piled up a hill-side and covering almost the whole of it. It overlooks a lake and as it is decked out wholly—roof, wall, and all—in glazed tiles, it makes as it glistens in the sun a fine sight from a distance. A covered passage runs along the side of the lake nearest the Palace. When we have walked through to the end of it there suddenly comes into view two strange-looking high-arched marble bridges and a

marble pavilion carved in the shape of a mammoth house-boat which is so cunningly erected in the shallows of the lake that it appears from a distance as if it were actually floating on the waters. Outside the Summer Palace and at a little distance from it are the headquarters of the Chinese Army, where some ten to fifteen thousand troops remain permanently stationed. I saw some hundreds of them drilling in the open plains. In their strangely got-up uniform they made an unforgettable sight as they shouldered and sloped their antiquated rifles. But the most amusing part of it all was the formidable artillery they brought rattling on the parade-ground. Many of the field-pieces were so handy indeed that I fancied if I chose I could easily lift one under each of my arms and run a race without being much handicapped by their weight or bulk. At any rate, I thought there were not many chances of that phantasmagoria of the Kaiser, the Yellow Peril, coming true for a good many years to come; though as one belonging to the East I noted with secret joy all this unwonted martial ardour of the Chinese and saw in it their determination to work out their own national destiny without being bullied or harassed by rapacious outsiders. They seemed, at length, to have realised, as all wise nations have realised before them, that the doctrine of " Might is Right " though ethically unsound was yet a great physical reality, that mere Right was of no avail in the world of international politics unless it was backed by actual Might, and that only by organising and developing all their available *might* could they

enforce their *right* to be treated with decency and honesty by the Foreign Powers. On a Sunday morning ere it was quite light I left Peking to see the Great Wall of China. Ordinarily the trip to the Wall takes two days, but that Sunday a special excursion-train was arranged for a party from the American Consulate and I was allowed to join it. Of the Great Wall I had heard ever since I was a child. My father was the first to tell me of it and it was the only interesting fact about China my school geography had taught me. Later on I had seen pictures of it soaring up into the sky and had read books in which it was described as one of the wonders of the world. With these ideas imprinted strongly on my mind, I was in high expectations when I got on the train that morning, and when at length, after three hours' tedious journey, I came within sight of it and later on actually stood on its parapet, conceive of my surprise and chagrin to find it so mean in height that the wall of a decent-sized fortress would have topped it four times over, and in places so low and so narrow indeed that with a spring-board I could quite fancy a first-rate high-jumper taking a leap clean over it and alighting on the other side without being much the worse for his risky experiment. The only remarkable point about the Great Wall is that it seems to let no obstacle stand in the way of its onward course to the heart of Tibet, fifteen hundred miles away, and rises up the steepest side of a precipitous height with the same *sang-froid* and headlong recklessness with which it plunges down the dangerous declivity of a deep ravine. However, what interested me in Peking

were the frequent rickshaw-rides I took through the Chinese quarters. Once outside the Legation Quarter there seemed to be no rule or order about the roads. Everybody did pretty much as his fancy seized him. The rickshaw-men systematically ran into one another at the corners and then roundly abused each other and employed the rest of their time in swearing at the pedestrians who, regardless of all their shouting, would not move out of their way. The police with big sabres dangling by their side looked helplessly on without moving a step to preserve some semblance of order among these chaotic masses of jostling humanity. But funniest of all was it to see in the midst of all this welter of noise and confusion, an armed patrol marching up and down the main streets every few minutes in perfect military order and precision. As in other Eastern countries the street hawkers did not cry their wares, but made their presence known to their customers by beating on a small drum or blowing a penny whistle or setting a resonant tuning-fork vibrating, each trade being assigned a particular instrument by its guild to draw the attention of the public. The vehicular traffic in the streets almost entirely consisted of rickshaws, but the mode of conveyance which found favour with the masses was the Chinese wheelbarrow with a single big wheel in the centre and seats on either side. However, the thing I most particularly remember of all the various sights I saw in the streets of Peking was my visit to a Chinese theatre. It looked more like a restaurant than a theatre, for most of the space was taken up by long tables and benches on which

sat the audience, eating and drinking, laughing and talking. Most of those that had gathered there paid scarcely any attention to the play that was going on all the time on a small platform in the centre. There were no intervals whatever. The only indication the audience had of the close of a scene or an act was the removal of the old scene and putting up of the new one in full view of the house. For instance, while I was seated two attendants came on the stage and removed a bed while at the same time four others stepped up with an archway and stood holding it. The rickshaw-man gave me to understand that the scene had then shifted from a bedroom to a corner by the archway in a particular street in Peking. And while these scenes were shifted a woman sang to the accompaniment of a peculiar flute, the shrill notes of which still ring in my ears whenever I come to think of it. On inquiring at the gate as to when the play commenced and when it was likely to end, I was told that it began the previous evening and had been going on all night and that morning and would not end before another day was well in. I stared at the man in amazement and thought he was tutored to say that for the edification of the wonder-loving American globe-trotter, but when I returned to my hotel and repeated to the Chinese clerk the extraordinary story I was told at the theatre, he laughed and said that I had evidently been to see one of their shorter plays, for their ordinary play ran much longer and it was nothing unusual for a popular play to go on for three nights and days in succession.

Being anxious to see a little more of the interior

of China and being told of the charms of the river-trip down the Yang-tse-kiang from Hankow, I left Peking one forenoon for the latter place. The distance is considerably over 700 miles and the daily Hankow Express does it in twenty-six hours. The line is under French control and the train service being well regulated and provided with most of the comforts of ordinary Western travelling, the long journey would have proved enjoyable if the provinces of Shan-si and Ho-nan, through which we went, were only passably interesting. But the vast stretch of the country covered by these provinces was then so brown and featureless with tall, yellow grass growing everywhere that the journey proved to be quite uninteresting and at times actually tiresome. The next afternoon, however, we reached Hankow and from the station I went to the river-steamer in which I had booked my berth. Having put my things in my cabin, I got off the steamer and strolled in the town. I passed through the Russian Concession and then through the British and finally came to the Chinese side of the town, and the contrast was so marked as regards the condition of the streets and the outlook of the buildings that in spite of my theoretical dislike of the westernisation of the East in any shape or form, I could not help noticing the practical advantage China has derived through these Foreign Concessions. The fine, broad drive along the river-front falls within the British Concession and the most conspicuous sight on it was the stalwart Sikh policeman. He in his black greatcoat and red turban, with whiskers twirled up and round

the ears, looked so big and formidable that the hundreds of Chinamen who were moving up and down the river-front looked miserably weak and insignificant as they walked or ran past him in wholesome dread of his towering height and strength. Wishing to make some inquiry, I approached one of the policemen, and the moment he heard me talk *Hindustani* he seemed to be overjoyed at seeing me. He complained that they got no news of the War and all that he knew was from hearsay and which was to the effect that the English were having the worst of the encounter. To put in his own picturesque language he said that he was told that Belgium was finished, a big slice taken off from France, and the backbone of Russia broken, and then bringing the fingers of his right hand together, he continued—"What can this little *Bēlat* do!" I said it was true that Belgium and parts of France and Russia were in the hands of the Germans, but that was some time ago, since when things seemed to be taking a turn for the better; that *Bēlat* was no doubt small in size but it was nevertheless the mainstay of the whole combination against Germany, and then went on to say that I was only a few months before in *Bēlat* and people there were full of praise of the gallant doings of the men of his nationality in Egypt, Gallipoli, and France. Upon which he smiled and salaamed as much as to say that he was very pleased to hear what I told him.

That night I left Hankow and next morning when I woke up and looked out of my cabin window I found we were sailing on a rather narrow strip of

water with a low range of hills scantily wooded running on either side of us. As we progressed the Yang-tse-kiang broadened perceptibly and the hills became lower and lower and receded in the distance and later on disappeared altogether. In the afternoon of the second day we touched Nanking, the old capital of the Empire, and though we were lying at anchor full two hours in the port, by one of those strange fatalities I missed seeing its famous Porcelain Tower. The wonderful scenery of the Yang-tse-kiang for which the guide-books had prepared me I could nowhere find, though we had been by then sailing down the river for more than forty hours and were within a day's run of Shanghai. It was, however, all very interesting to observe the river-life at the various small ports we touched and watch the Chinaman in his own home and among his native surroundings away from the tracks of Western civilisation. Between ports time passed agreeably enough talking to various English companions of mine on board. One of these who had passed most of his life in China gave me interesting details of the life and character of the people we had around us. Pointing to the junks and sampans we saw lined up by the river-side as we approached the different ports, he remarked that whole families lived in those tiny river-crafts, and most of those we noticed standing and working on them were probably born in them and would certainly die in them just as their ancestors had done before them. The people, I put in, must possess extraordinary vitality merely to exist in those rude river contrivances of

theirs, exposed as they must be in them to all conditions of weather and season. "That, no doubt, they possess," he rejoined. "Their vitality is the most extraordinary as it is the most puzzling thing about them. They seem to prove and disprove at the same time the theory of the Survival of the Fittest. For surely one looking at their miserable frames and emaciated faces would hardly venture to say that they of all mankind were the fittest to propagate and survive. Yet, fit or otherwise, that they had propagated the most and survived the longest of all mankind are the two most commonplace of all historical facts." To what special traits of theirs, I asked, would he attribute their apparently illimitable power of propagation and the unprecedented duration of their civilisation. On that point, he replied, no two authorities were agreed, but that in his long acquaintance with the Chinese he had noticed one remarkable trait of theirs—their really wonderful Adaptability which makes them tolerate things the most disagreeable and remain supremely calm and contented under circumstances the most distressing: to this more than anything else, he continued, he would attribute the two outstanding features of Chinese history. The conversation then turned upon the new Republican government and I asked how it compared with its predecessor. There was not much choice between the two, he said; if there was less of law and order in the old regime, there was certainly more of corruption and nepotism in the new. I said I had read and heard so often of Chinese probity. What was, I asked, his personal

experience of this traditional virtue of theirs. In this, he replied, as in the expression of most other opinions formed by Europeans of the Chinaman and his character, there was an element of truth and of falsehood. The probity and integrity of Chinese bankers and merchants were proverbial and yet in few countries was there so much of systematic peculation and such complete lack of common honesty as in China. And he then frankly admitted that the commercial morality of the Chinese was at its lowest where it came in contact with, what he termed, Western legality. Considering their vast numbers, did he think, I questioned, the Chinese were likely to play a prominent part in the modern drama of mechanical progress in which sooner or later they would be left no choice but to join. He saw of late, he said, distinct signs of new life on all sides, and with their numbers and their aptitude for dull, routine work, the Chinese were bound to play an important part in the coming industrial awakening of the East, though he would hardly venture to say that they would take a prominent part as they were lacking in enterprise and originality and were far too much given to copying and conservatism for that.

Late in the afternoon of the third day after leaving Hankow we steamed into the great emporium of the Far East. Lined as its quay was with a row of fine buildings in the Western style of architecture, I hardly suspected, seeing Shanghai from a distance, that I was looking at an Oriental city, till on a nearer approach I observed dense crowds of yellow-

visaged humanity that filled its busy streets. But once away from the quay and inside its narrow congested streets, the illusion was soon dispelled and there spread round me the China of pig-tails and waving shop-signs with which I had by then become quite familiar. But that was not all. I saw something more in Shanghai that I found nowhere else in all the thousand miles and more I travelled through the vast Imperial domains. And that was the clash of East and West with its inevitable influence on the modes and manners of the former. I saw quite a number of men and women partly or wholly taking to Western modes of dress and Western manner of living. I noticed in particular a set of smart young men faultlessly dressed dancing in the Town Hall at the free dances they have there each Saturday. And it was quite a common sight in the main streets of Shanghai to find a modern young Chinese lady in court shoes and open-work stockings walking side by side with a wobbling old woman in soft slippers and bandaged feet. Imagine a good-sized pear cut into halves and placed side by side with their cut surfaces touching the ground; stick a stump of smooth bamboo in each of the rounded halves and then wrap tightly round each half and stump a white bandage and you have the pair of feet of a Chinese lady of noble birth and ancient lineage. In my year's wanderings round the world I had been a witness to many a revolting sight and an observer of many a silly custom, but no sight I thought was more revolting nor any custom more silly than this of twisting and turning and actually torturing the feet into the

hideous shape of a half-pear. How this strange custom came into being, all books to which I have access give no reliable information. That it did not prevail in the time of Marco Polo is certain, for the great Venetian traveller does not allude to it. With his eye for the strange and *outré* he could not possibly have missed seeing, much less recording it, had it prevailed then. There is, however, a certain vague tradition that it owed its origin to the passing whim of an Emperor of old of an unusually despotic turn of mind, who finding his one and only daughter club-footed and desiring to save her from the humiliation of a natural deformity sent forth an Imperial Edict through the length and breadth of the Empire to the effect that thenceforth all persons of the female sex above a certain age should have feet of this size and that shape, and if any person of the above-named sex was found to possess feet different from the prescribed size and shape such feet would be instantly chopped off and the person would stand condemned at the same time of an act of high misdemeanour against the will and person of His Heaven-born Majesty. But this or whatever else might have been the origin of the custom, it passes one's understanding how generation after generation millions of women could be found to submit tamely to the excruciating pain and torture of this cruel custom. But more astounding than this is the fact that this horrifying disfigurement was considered and is still considered a point of beauty and attraction by the general masses, and that the narrower the compass and the more hideously compressed the

feet of a woman the more beautiful she is pronounced to be and the greater the attraction she possesses for men. However, it is not only in this matter of feet that ideas of feminine beauty differ radically in China from the rest of the world, but also as regards a certain other part of the body which lends such a charm and distinction to her sex. I mean all those distinguishing charms of line and curve in the upper half of a woman's body which make her at once the embodiment of all that is motherly and benign in nature and sweet and lovable in the eyes of men. All down the long ages in no part of the world have the men ever shown complete insensibility to this special mark of favour of Nature's to their womankind, much less looked upon it with feelings of aversion. On the contrary, no sooner had its sense of modesty been awakened and the sex taken to covering its person, than it had systematically employed all the resources of art and wealth to add grace and beauty to its natural charm and attraction. In China alone it is otherwise. There not only has this special gift of Nature's to women failed to charm the opposite sex and left the aesthetic sense of the sex itself untouched, but both sexes, I was told, look upon it with feelings of positive abhorrence; and as soon as the girl begins to grow up the most rigorous measures are taken by means of bandages and other ruder contrivances to suppress each waxing line and flatten down each rising curve. But the strangest part of it all was that these women who could scarcely stand on their feet and who had deliberately shorn themselves of all womanly attraction, managed

yet to have the upper hand of men. A Japanese friend of mine once very picturesquely demonstrated this fact to me with the help of his thumbs. He put them up side by side and raising the right a little above the left said, "In Japan we have thish way, man above, woman below, thish is very goot." Then he brought the thumbs on a level and went on, "Thish ish how we have in Europe, goot still but not so goot; but in China" (lowering the right and raising the left) "we have it thish way, that's bad, very, very bad." But nothing that prevails in China ought really to surprise one! For it must be remembered that China is above all and beyond compare a land of contrasts and contrarieties. "It is a country where," as Wingrove Cook so aptly and so humorously puts it, "the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the place of honour is on the left and the seat of intellect in the stomach; where the magnetic needle points to the south and everything else to the north; where white is the sign of mourning and scratching of the head of being puzzled." But surprised as I may have been at first observing these contrasts and contrarieties of China, I was never really puzzled by them in the end. For long before I had set out on my travels reading and experience had taught me what to expect of human nature. I believed that its likes and dislikes were based on no definite system nor on any well-tested principle, but were as a rule purely arbitrary and not infrequently perverse and contradictory. First-hand

knowledge of the world and coming into living contact with its varied modes and methods, manners and morals have more than confirmed me in that belief of mine. I am now extremely chary of passing any sweeping judgment on men and matters or condemning wholesale any race or type of men simply because they happen to hold opinions or cherish ideals contrary to my own. No amount of reading gives such an expansion to the mind nor any quantity of philanthropic work breeds in one such a living spirit of tolerance as a year round the world. In this, I think, lies the chief use of world-travelling and its justification. But neither that evening I landed in Shanghai nor during the days I stayed there was I thinking of the uses of world-travelling or searching out grounds for its justification. My mind was quite differently employed and my thoughts had taken quite a different direction. And the reason was that I received while in Shanghai three letters at the same moment from the three dear hearts I had left behind; so widely different in the nature of their contents and yet so markedly allied in the one sentiment they all jointly breathed that, strange as it may seem, Shanghai is now chiefly remembered by me on account of them. The more I live the more I find that in travelling, as in all other things of life, it is the human element that counts most in the end. The pride of Birth and Wealth and the glories of Art and Nature, all, individually and collectively, play important parts in the grand drama of life, but it is the Human Note alone that strikes deepest, rings truest, and lives longest in our being.

Full of these happy memories I left Shanghai one Sunday afternoon for Hong-Kong by the N.Y.K.'s *Kamo Maru*. Though not so big as the *Tenyo Maru*, this N.Y.K. boat was in a way more sumptuously fitted up, and being of recent date and less crowded was more comfortable to travel in. More or less all the passengers were of the commercial class and, except for Count Otoni, none of them in any particular way interested me. The Count, I gathered, was an Oxford man, extremely well-travelled and deeply-versed in ancient art and religious lore, and was, in fact, the brother-in-law of the Mikado. He was the head of a great religious sect in Japan, but he passed most of his time travelling in India which he said was the most ideally perfect country in the world, where one could have everything one's heart desired —whether it be cold or heat, beauty or philosophy.

I was perhaps more interested, though in quite a different way, in the man who sat next to me at the table. In him I traced an Anglo-Indian of a type now happily getting rarer in India—a type which except in the Official hierarchy can see nothing good in India or its people. He was a curator of a museum in Bengal and was at the time returning from Japan, where he had been sent by the Indian Government for zoological research work. One day, after recounting to me what he had been doing in Japan, he bemoaned that India took no interest in scientific research and had not produced a single zoologist worthy of the name. On another day he indulged in a running comment, not of a particularly complimentary character, on the viceroyalties of Minto and

Hardinge, and then ended his jeremiad with saying that it was a pity India had done really nothing for the War. " Indeed! " I exclaimed, " that is news to me! " It was evident, I said, he had not heard of the campaigns in East Africa, Egypt, and Mesopotamia and by whom they were mainly carried on, and his research-work, I went on, had presumably left him not much time to go into the details of the fighting in Gallipoli and on the French Front. " Can it be denied," I questioned, " that in those dark days of October, when the issue of the great Battle of Ypres was hanging in the balance, it was the appearance of the Indian troops at the critical moment that saved the situation and actually turned the scales in our favour? " " That may be as you say," he replied, " but look at the Dominions! How splendidly have they stood by the Mother Country! " Comparisons, I rejoined, were always odious and I would rather not make any. But that the Dominions should have stood by the Mother Country was not in the least a matter of surprise to me nor ought it to be to any one who was even slightly acquainted with Colonial history and knew what a deep sentiment of common ancestry and cherished race traditions bound the Colonies to England. But it was a matter of real surprise and wonder to all the world to find a people, bound to England by no common sentiment nor by any tie of creed or blood, spring to arms at her bidding and stand by her unflinchingly in the hour of her need. That, I reiterated, was what astonished the world and ought to be a matter of pride to England in a far larger measure than the fact of her

daughter-nations doing their obvious filial duty by her. The discussion dropped at this stage as we had by that time entered the Hong-Kong harbour and were busy getting ready to land. The entrance to the harbour, lying as it does between two chains of green hills, is very pretty: but Hong-Kong itself makes a prettier sight still, particularly that part of it called the Peak where one observed finely-built houses rising one above another all up the steep hillside. But prettiest of all is the view of the harbour from the top of the Peak. The moon was in its first quarter the evening I was up there with my friend, and once seated on a point overlooking the harbour, I could scarcely be induced to leave it, so enchanted was I by the wonderful scene spread before me. Ten thousand lights scintillated fitfully far down in the translucent waters of the harbour with not a shadow anywhere except where Kowlung cast its dark reflection in the middle distance. The hills all round half-veiled in a luminous haze seemed to have fallen into a deep slumber under the spell of the moonlight. When late at night I went on board the *Kamo Maru*, with this beautiful scene still lingering before my mind's eye, I was naturally in high spirits, and to make the bliss of that evening complete I found another letter from Ida awaiting me in my cabin.

HOMEWARDS

" God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each One spot should prove
Beloved over all."

Edwin Arnold.

CHAPTER VIII

HOMEWARDS

As the *Kamo Maru* stayed but for a day at Hong-Kong, I had, in consequence, to give up going to Canton. This was at first a keen disappointment to me as I had long looked forward to seeing this bit of old-world China so renowned for its art and craft. But I soon forgot all about Canton and China as we steadily steamed southwards towards the Equator. At one point we almost touched it and while running along it, as might be expected, it became intensely hot—so hot indeed that one afternoon we almost felt as if we were being roasted alive: and yet such are the vicissitudes of life that but a fortnight before I was well-nigh frozen to death crossing the Yalu in the teeth of an icy wind. Much to the relief of us all Singapore came in sight on the morning of the fifth day, and no sooner had we anchored than I left for the shore to go on a day's trip to Johore, the most progressive of the Federated Malay States. The Malay States Railway is most comfortable to travel by, and as it passes through well-wooded country, the three hours' run to Johore forms perhaps the pleasantest recollection of my voyage home. The train now skirted the public highway, running between an avenue of tall trees, then plunged into a forest of typically tropical wildness and luxuriance

with intertwining lianes and rare bird's-nest ferns. The train then emerged out of the forest and ran past tapped rubber-plantations and then through fields of pine-apples until finally it came to on what looked like a broad river with distant Johore peering between trees on the opposite bank. There is nothing of interest in Johore itself, though one takes the customary round and sees the palace, mosque, and gardens. On the return journey I found seated next to me a British officer, and talking to him about the War I was told of the two great changes that had taken place since I left Hong-Kong. One was that General French was recalled from active service and the other was the evacuation of Gallipoli. The first piece of intelligence was most welcome to me, for I had but little faith in the Field-Marshal's generalship, and what little I had had been swept clean away when the great expectations we were led to form from his two Offensives came practically to nothing in the end. The officer thought French had deserved well of his country and ought to have been kept on. How could he be, I questioned, for was it not admitted on all hands that the only consideration before us should be the winning of the war, to which past gratitudes and great reputations were to be systematically sacrificed? The only criterion of good generalship, I continued, was success—not paper success nor moral success but physical success such as would end in a continuous recovery of lost territories. General after general, consequently, should be tried and, when found wanting, should be mercilessly kicked out or more mercifully "kicked up-

stairs," till we got a general with the genius of Marlborough to lead our victorious armies irresistibly to the Rhine. Upon this my companion trotted out the old argument that in trench-warfare there was no room for generalship. To accept that argument, I said, we would have to turn our back on the whole history of warfare, lose all faith in the limitless capacity of the human brain, and admit that human resourcefulness had gone bankrupt. But while I rejoiced at the recall of French, I felt distressed at hearing the second piece of intelligence. I was always sceptical of the Allies achieving anything really effective either on the Eastern or Western Front, but of their success in Gallipoli I never for a moment doubted. I had read, of course, from time to time of the growing difficulties they were experiencing in the Peninsula, but I knew what English doggedness meant and that, I thought, if nothing else, must inevitably carry the day and leave us in possession of both Gallipoli and Constantinople. It was the worst piece of news I had about the War since I left England, and knowing as I did the value the Orientals set on mere success, I feared about the evil effect it was likely to create when it spread in India and the East generally. And as I pondered over the Gallipoli Failure I wondered if it would not have been more glorious to have fought to the last and failed than to have thus so readily given up the struggle and withdrawn, when we had half the original Expeditionary Force practically intact and were almost within sight of Constantinople.

After staying for a day and night at Singapore we

left it and proceeded up the palm-fringed Straits of Malacca and reached Malacca on the afternoon of the following day. We had two hours to stroll round that port so dear to the heart of Catholics all over the world for having temporarily enshrined the mortal remains of St. Francis Xavier. The place, where the great saint was interred, is marked by a tablet in the old Portuguese church which makes now a very picturesque ruin up a small hill overlooking the Straits. The wonderful tale of St. Francis' life came to me with special force as I sat that evening beside two American missionaries and contrasted the life of ease and comfort they led on board with the long travail and trial of the saint's earthly pilgrimage.

A day's steaming from Malacca brought us to Penang. I landed the moment we were anchored and saw the finely laid-out Botanical Gardens so beautifully situated part-way up two thickly wooded converging hills. It was while returning on board that evening that we got the news of the torpedoing of the N.Y.K.'s *Yasaka Maru*, which the captain said was the latest and in a way the best of their fleet. My Japanese friends on board, who looked so merry and self-satisfied the two weeks we were together, seemed for once to have lost their traditional cheerfulness and equanimity. One of them was quite beside himself with anger and exclaimed, "What ish British Navy doing? Ish it shleeping? We know their Army ish ushless and cannot do anything in War; but we thought their Navy could do shomething." My friend being short even for a Japanese,

looked so indescribably funny as he brought down his fist on the table which stood by him that in trying to repress my laughter all that I could say was that the British Navy was indeed sleeping, but sleeping like a watch-dog up in the North. But even had I said anything more it would have been all thrown away on him, for the Japanese have somehow come to form a particularly poor opinion of the British Army and it is almost an *idée fixe* with them and nothing could shake them free of it. I remember at Nagoya talking to an Englishman on the subject. He said he was in the Government employ and had been living in Japan for some time past and knew enough Japanese to amuse himself each morning with scanning the local Japanese papers. Not a day passed, he said, without some ha'penny rag coming out with a long article addressed to our War Office or Lord Kitchener giving them free advice as to what the plan of campaign should be and seriously warning them that unless they immediately acted upon their plans there was no hope of the Allies making any progress in the West. I repeated the story while in Mukden to another Englishman, who said he was not at all surprised to hear it, for the arrogance of the Japanese in matters military was something unbelievable and at times became positively offensive to an outsider. Then he told me of a Japanese officer who had the impertinence to suggest in his presence that were the Japanese on the Western Front at the beginning, only two hundred thousand of them would have been sufficient to send the Germans flying over the Rhine. My little friend of the *Kamo*

Maru once remarked that the Japanese Army was the finest fighting force in the world. The way he proved this rather disputable statement of his was simplicity itself. The German Army, he argued, was admitted on all hands, provided the best model; the Japanese Army was based on the German model, but they had made great improvements on it; consequently, the Japanese Army was the finest fighting force in the world!

While in Penang I made a trip to the well-known Buddhist Temple there, spoken of so highly in the guide-books, but which after those that I had seen in China and Japan appeared to me to be hardly worth a visit. However, I was not sorry to have taken this trip, for the five miles to it lay through groves of cocoa-nut trees and it gave me a fine opportunity of seeing the native quarters of the town. The thing that drew my attention in these houses, more so in those at Singapore and Malacca, was their front door. As a rule these doors were elaborately carved, at times fantastically painted and not infrequently chased in brass and even silver and kept scrupulously clean and polished. The day we left Penang was Christmas Day. A most elaborate menu was got up for dinner that night on board and various things were displayed on the side-tables revealing in all their tempting variety what adepts the Japanese were even in gastronomics. But the holly-leaves with which the table was decorated carried my thoughts back a year and to my dear distant English home and "mother" and left me quite cheerless

and much too absent-minded to enjoy the sumptuous feast that was spread before me.

It is a four days' run to Colombo from Penang and as I had no particularly interesting companion with me on board, the time would have hung heavy on me had not the ship's library come to my rescue and provided me with Lord Roberts' *Forty-One Years in India.* That noble tale of human valour and endurance I found immensely interesting, and told as it was with all the verve and directness of a grand simple soul, it made a most fascinating reading. What humanity those pages breathed, what toils they recounted, what a gallery of great souls they portrayed! In them for the first time I felt the throes of the Great Mutiny! I had known, of course, before then of the details of the Mutiny, and had to study, in fact, standard works on the subject when I read for my M.A. degree; but I had no more idea of the real Indian Mutiny studying those fat volumes than I had of the real Dinosaur looking at its huge fossil in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. In the volumes of Roberts and only there the dry bones of the Mutiny are reclothed in flesh and blood and we see the great men of that period stalking across its pages, doing their great deeds as if in our very sight and presence. And in them alone we get an idea what a matter of touch-and-go it was with the English in India then and how the situation was saved by the sheer English doggedness of those in command. As the Gallipoli affair was just then a subject of discussion on board, my mind involuntarily took to contrasting the spirit of those who

weakly gave in at the Peninsula with that of their ancestors who stood their ground unflinchingly at the Mutiny, and I wondered within myself were the former in command in India during those terrible times what course would the events have taken—would India have been saved for England or lost as Gallipoli was? I was in some doubt then, but now that I have read Sir Ian Hamilton's Despatch and know to what lamentable incapacity in the higher command the failure was due, I am no longer left in doubt as to the direction in which the events would have taken course. It is not only in the matter of Gallipoli, but I think in everything else connected with the present national crisis, one comes to perceive a strange shortcoming in British character and intellect. Not that there is any noticeable deterioration in either; on the contrary, there is enough evidence, I believe, to show that taken *en masse* British character was never so vigorous nor British intellect never so keen as now. But in spite of all its accumulated vigour and all its collective keenness, considering individually, there is no sign as yet of that old-time superior vigour in the British character nor of that old-time superior keenness in the British intellect which the great trial times of the past evoked in the nation and which shone the more brilliantly the darker the fortunes of the nation grew. I shall, of course, be told by my critics that the national character and intellect have been tried in every possible direction and have stood the test splendidly and shone, if at all, more brilliantly than ever. This most assuredly sounds patriotic, but it

is not patriotism. It is a species of seductive self-laudation which leads people to make brave resolutions about the brave things that they "are going to do," instead of making them do them. All the brave things that have been done in the world that I know of, have been done without the doers having made any brave resolutions about them. Nelson did not talk of destroying the French Fleet when he set out in its pursuit in the Mediterranean, but destroyed it at Aboukir and said nothing about it before or after. Lieutenant Robinson did not tell breathless audiences that he was going to bring down a Zeppelin, but he brought it down and said nothing about it before or after. On the other hand, a famous Cabinet Minister once proclaimed to applauding patriots that our troops were on the eve of doing something in Gallipoli that would astound the world, and those brave words ended only in something that astounded the speaker more than the world. Another Cabinet Minister equally famous saw a vision of the Bengal Lancers riding in triumph through Unter den Linden and the Gurkhas taking their ease in the gardens of Potsdam, but we know that the Gurkhas and Lancers are now further away from the spots of their great triumphal ride and rest than they were at the time the noble seer saw the vision.

Early on the morning of the fourth day of leaving Penang, Colombo came in sight, and no sooner the boat was anchored than a number of Ceylonese came on board and alternately read and excitedly discussed something they found in the newspapers they held in their hands. Being curious to know

what all the pandemonium was about I approached one of the excited fraternity and inquired if Peace had been declared or some important personage had died. "No, sir," he replied, "no peace nor any great person dead, but *Ville-de-Ciotat* sunk." "What of that!" I interjected. "Surely, it's not the first to be sunk." "But, sir, our Ceylon Contingent was on board," he rejoined. That, of course, explained what all the excitement and pandemonium was for, but I did not stand discussing the news, as that morning I was in a hurry to land and see as much as possible of Colombo and proceed to Kandy in the afternoon. With that intention I was moving towards the waiting steam-launch when an Indian police inspector came up and inquired who I was. I asked him what made him put that question to me. He replied that as seditious literature was imported into India from Japan and America, he had orders to search the baggage of all Indians passing through Colombo on their way home. Believing the search would be a mere formality I let him see the contents when on landing my bags were opened for Customs examination. But the man, instead of making a general search, began to pry into my private correspondence. Upon my remonstrating, he coolly replied that he was carrying out his instructions, which were strict on the point, and he must examine every bit of written or printed paper I possessed. As the man had the letter of the law on his side, there was nothing for me but to repress my enraged feelings and let him have his way. However, when he came upon letters that had seen no eyes but mine—the

fondly-guarded and dearly-treasured missives from three dear distant hearts, and saw the wretch take them out roughly from the envelopes with those horrid fingers of his, I could endure the sight no longer, and fearing lest I should be tempted to do something that might end in keeping me in Ceylon longer than I wished, I hurried away to the end of the pier and looked out into the sea. I had not been there many minutes when the man came up with an expression of triumphant satisfaction as if the thing for which he had been long searching he had at last succeeded in laying his hand on. " What is this, what is this? " he questioned, holding up to my face some newspaper cuttings. " Can't you see what they are? " I retorted. " Well, how do you account for them. They are German." " What makes you say that? " I questioned, and then sneeringly asked him, " Can't you read English? " " But, why have they above them ' Through German Eyes '? Please don't get angry. I am doing my duty." Instead of replying, I bluntly put the question, " Do you know the *Times?* " " What *Times?* " " The London *Times.*" " Yes, I know." " Well, then," I said, " you ought to know what those cuttings are." The fact was those cuttings were from the well-known column of the *Times*, which " mother " had cut out and sent to give me some idea of the state of things as they prevailed in Germany. My duty-bound inspector having stumbled across them in one of her letters and the word " German " being on his brain, the moment he saw the fatal word he jumped to the conclusion that his long and diligent search had at

last been rewarded by coming upon something unmistakably incriminating against me. But his high hopes being somewhat rudely shattered by my counter-questioning, he gave the whole thing up as a bad job, closed the bags and with one more "please excuse" walked away.

The upshot of all this red-tapeism was that I lost a couple of precious hours and in consequence could only manage to have a hurried rickshaw-ride round Colombo. But for all my hurried ride round Colombo the peculiar charm and beauty of the Galle Face Promenade did not escape me. I stood there long and silent listening to the solemn moan of the waves as they chased each other up its palm-clad shore, and to complete the enchantment of that fairy scene there came wafted across the open face of heaven the perfume-laden breezes of "Araby the blest." While thus lost in contemplation of the scene around me I was rudely interrupted by the rickshaw-man coming up and saying, "Time, sir, Kandy train." So taking a last long look I turned away and before long was hurrying across rice-fields and through cocoanut-plantations towards that great seat of Southern Buddhism. The country all along the railway line was as green as it could possibly be and became wilder and mountainous the nearer we approached Kandy. As I was having tea looking at this ever-changing panorama, an Englishman seated opposite to me, observing the various labels on my bags, said he noticed I had been travelling in America and asked me what the feeling was about the War there, and then incidentally remarked that

it was marvellous how the great struggle had brought the Empire together and how fast the racial feeling was disappearing within its limits. I replied that I was not quite so sure of the last-named fact, and then narrating the incident of the morning I asked him whether he would have submitted to his private correspondence being pried into as mine had been by a petty police officer. Much to my surprise he replied that he would most certainly have submitted. As a matter of fact, he remarked, his letters and those of his wife's were censored each mail, though being a Government official the censor and his staff were perfectly well acquainted with his name. Times are such, he went on to observe, that one must put up with all private inconveniences where public welfare was at stake. I said I quite followed his argument and I should have had no objection whatever to my bags being searched along with those of others as was the case with his censored letters. But that I should be singled out from the rest of the passengers because I happened to be born in India and have to submit to the ignominy of being searched in the presence of my fellow-passengers by a petty police-man who could make neither head nor tail of what he read, was what I thought monstrous and ought to be put a stop to if there was any sincerity in the new desire of doing away with the prevalent racial feeling. His British sense of justice and fair-play was touched and he said, though he saw the necessity of some regulation to stop seditious literature from being imported into India, it was a pity the man did not use his discretion and pass my baggage with only a formal examination.

By that time we had very nearly reached our destination and I got off a station before to see the famous Peradeniya Gardens. Unfortunately I had not been many minutes looking round the beautiful gardens when the rain came down, and as it was then getting dark, I had to take a rickshaw to Kandy without seeing the gardens as leisurely as I should have liked to. The following morning I went and saw the well-known Temple of the Tooth, so appropriately built under the shade of a great bodhi-tree which centuries ago came as a sprig from the sacred bodhi-tree of Budigaya under which Buddha sat meditating and, while seated there, came to him the great illumination which was instantly to transform his own life and later on the moral concepts of half the then known world. More interested than in the tree or even the Temple itself was I in the rude frescoes which covered the outer wall of the priest's abode. They depicted the torments of the sinners and criminals in the infernal regions, and I had not been looking at them many minutes when I traced a remarkable similarity between this Buddhistic and the early medieval conception of Hell that I had seen six years before in the Uffizi at Florence. To us of the scientific age these conceptions seem so terribly childish and so totally at variance with the idea of Godhead as some of us conceive it, that it is a standing wonder how the great minds of the ancient and medieval times came to associate such gross barbarities and loathsome cruelties with the name of the All-Merciful! After seeing the Temple I took what is known as Lady

Horton's Drive which winds so prettily up a hill through a forest of trees and gives occasional glimpses of distant hills and verdant valleys. But of all that I saw that morning what I most enjoyed was the leisurely rickshaw-ride I had round Kandy's lovely little lake. It's a veritable gem—that glassy piece of water, enclosed as it is with quaintly-designed villas and a perfectly-paved road which wriggled in and out between palms and flowering shrubs and completed the circle amid greenery of every known shade and imaginable variety. From Kandy I had originally intended going to Nuwara Eliya and carry out my long-cherished desire of climbing up Adam's Peak. But the sailing of the P. & O. by which I had intended going home being cancelled, my arrangements were upset and I had to leave Kandy that afternoon if I did not wish to be left kicking my heels in Ceylon for another fortnight. Accordingly I went down to Colombo and got on the *Namur* that very evening to do the last lap. The morning following we left Colombo. As I was seated in the dining-saloon having my breakfast, in came a well-known judge of the Bombay High Court accompanied by a friend of mine who was just then a very prominent figure in the public life of Bombay. His Lordship's judgments appealed to me more than those of any other of his colleagues on the Bench, as they always had something of originality in them, took a more human aspect of things and displayed a certain living sense of justice rather than mere particular applications of law as judgments of most judges do.

And though I was a regular reader of his contributions to local papers yet I could not claim the privilege of knowing him. So my friend introduced me to him and said among other things that I had written a book on Fate. Upon which his Lordship remarked that he supposed I believed in Fate. I replied that I did and was all-in-all for it. In that case, the Judge said, I must be fully in sympathy with all that the Germans did. Not necessarily, I answered. That was at any rate, the Judge argued, the logical outcome of my doctrine. It certainly was not, I contended; all that could logically be deduced from my doctrine was that what the Germans did was inevitable. A believer in Fate might say, I went on, a murder is inevitable, therefore he need not necessarily be supposed to be in sympathy with the murderer. The conversation then turned upon some other topic, but just as we were nearing the end of our breakfast the Judge seeing me order something from the menu-card in my hand, turned round to his companion and in a triumphant tone remarked, " Look, S . . ., Wadia just now ordered something from the bill-of-fare, that conclusively proves he has free-will." " No, it does not," I contended again. " All that it proves is that I have certain tastes." And then went on to say that those tastes were not the outcome of my will and choice any more than his Lordship's were the outcome of his. Thereupon the Judge said that long ago he had solved the problem in one of his articles and shown why Fate was impossible, but as his Lordship did not deign to go over the

same ground in my presence, I was denied the pleasure of learning something new on that subject of perennial interest. Apart from that little discussion on Fate, I found the Judge's table-talk very entertaining and not less instructive. It seemed he had laid by him as the result of his long and varied experience in India a rich store of little anecdotes and "catchy" stories full of wit and humour. At each meal he liberally dealt out to us a few choice bits of his gathered riches, and as he made a particularly good *raconteur* he sent every other minute a couple of Americans who were seated next to us into paroxysms of laughter.

I had now been touring for fourteen months and had in that period covered some thirty-five thousand miles. As each morning dawned and I went up on deck and saw the old *Namur* gallantly cutting her way and every minute bringing me nearer and nearer home, my heart was filled with a rare delight, the nature of which only those will understand who have travelled as extensively and been away from their home as long as I have been. The day that was to see me back in my home and in the arms of my near and dear ones at last broke and as it wore on to afternoon I got the first distant glimpse of the dear old City. Almost immediately the well-remembered landmark of Malabar Hill, the Light House, and the Taj Mahal Hotel came into sight, and a moment later I had completed the Circle: and as my American friends facetiously remarked, I had become a full-fledged Globe-Trotter and a Knight of the Round World.

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